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THE COURT OF CHANCERY.\*

SELDOM has antiquarian research produced a work of more practical utility than the "History of the Court of Chancery."—The mass of information it contains will do much to remove that popular ignorance in which, alone, sinister interest can hope to perpetuate its existence; while it teaches, with the irresistible force of experience, the salutary lesson, that the vanity of those "who put their trust in princes," is wisdom, compared with the emptiness of leaving the reform of the law to the parties who are to profit by its abuses. Indeed, if a history be to derive its title from the *facts* it records, we do not know whether Mr. Parkes's volume might not, with equal justice, have been inscribed a "History of the Imperfections of the Law, and the Selfishness and Bigotry of the Lawyers."—The grievances of the Court of Chancery are so interwoven with its fundamental constitution, that it is well observed by our author, (p. 4)—"To probe the evils, and ascertain the remedies of Chancery abuses, it will be requisite to inquire into the origin of Equitable Jurisdiction. The history of its progress, and of the various partial and proposed reforms, will throw great light on the causes of the present grievances. It will exhibit a deep-rooted and growing evil, and as dissection reveals the seat of physical disease, such an historical investigation will demonstrate, with the cause, the cure of the abuses in question." Acting on the same principle, we propose to follow him in his historical sketch of "Equitable Jurisdiction," supplying, from other sources, such information as may occasionally be required to complete the outline; and well would it be for the petitioners for justice in this country, if, instead of a living mass of corruption, it were only a dead carcass, the anatomy of which we were exposing.

It was not likely that an explorer in the track of English law would have proceeded very far without stumbling upon a fiction. Mr. Parkes, accordingly, early meets with the apothegm of the lawyers, that "the King is the fountain of justice;" and here takes occasion to show, that, instead of being the fountain itself, he was never any thing more than its *guardian*: a fountain, though, by-the-by, which, even from the first propounding of the maxim, was described as "one which gold only could unseal." This guardianship was originally delegated to him by the Wittenagemote, or national council of the Anglo-Saxons; and it is

\* A History of the Court of Chancery, with practical Remarks on the recent Commission, Report, and Evidence, and on the Means of improving the Administration of Justice in the English Courts of Justice. By Joseph Parkes, Solicitor, Birmingham.

stated (p. 11) that "the first appointment of the officers of Forste, King, Dux, General, and Judge, was, though not entirely, yet principally, for the administration of justice." As the increase of civilization brought with it an increase of business, the king was compelled to seek the assistance of a secretary; and his chaplain, as the only person about the household who in all probability knew how to write, was appointed to the office, under the title of "chancellor." As the executive organ of the general administration of affairs, and ordinarily the most powerful individual in the state, the king was necessarily constantly beset with suitors of all descriptions—"To receive the petitions and supplications of the subjects, and to make out the writs and mandates," accordingly became the business of the secretary. About the same time, the occasion for an official mark of ratification to the national documents, gave birth to the existence of a great or royal seal; and the duty of seeing it properly affixed, together with the custody of the seal itself, formed the office of a lord keeper. The general similarity of their functions produced the frequent union of chancellor and lord keeper in the same individual. The offices themselves were, nevertheless, originally distinct. Statutory enactment, first in the reign of Henry III., and afterwards of Elizabeth, provided for their conjunction; though, an instance of separation is to be found in the person of Sir Samuel Harcourt, who, in 1710, was created lord keeper, and, three years afterwards, chancellor. The original Court of Chancery appears to have been nothing more than the office in which the business of these two functions was conducted, for we find (p. 16) "The Chancery in the time of William I. was a college of clerks, instituted to form and enrol the king's writs, patents, and commissions; it was managed by the keeper of the seal, and was anciently held in the Exchequer, where the great seal was commonly kept, and the writs generally sealed."

Circumstances, however, were gradually merging into a judicial dignity the mere ministerial functions of the chancellor. An ordinance passed in the reign of Edward I., reciting, that the "people who came to Parliament were often delayed and disturbed, to the great grievance of them, and of the court, by the multitude of petitions laid before the king, the greatest part whereof might be dispatched by the chancellor, and by the justices, provided that all the petitions which concerned the seal should come *first to the chancellor*, and those which touched the Exchequer to the Exchequer, and that [only] if the affairs were so great, or if they are of grace, that the chancellor and others cannot do without it the king, then they shall bring them with their own hands to know his pleasure." Mr. Parkes asserts, that, by the reign of Edward III., the chancellorship had become an important *judicial* office; and Selden, speaking of the increase of work and power of the chancellor, about the period of Henry VI., says, that he was raised "from being the king's secretary, to be the kingdom's judge"—"in a word, he is become the *kingdom's darling*"—a circumstance which we fear may induce many of our readers to suspect the identity between the ancient office of chancellor, and the more modern one which bears its name. It is probably to this delegation of the office, originally confided by the national council to the king, that the chancellor is indebted for his title of "keeper of the king's conscience;" if, indeed, as the royal chaplain, he had not previously been entrusted with that honourable, but somewhat weighty burthen. The precise period at which this personal trust of the monarch became thus transferred to his secretary, is a matter of anti-



quarian controversy. "During the whole of this period," says Mr. Parkes (p. 56) [down to the reign of Edward IV.] "it is scarcely possible to define the relative powers and duties of the council and the chancery. The creation of the *Consilium Regis* to, or its conjunction with, the Court of Chancery, is one of the most doubtful points of English history; and involves the still more doubtful origin of the judicial power and appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords." From the reservation of deciding on the more important causes, it may, however, be presumed, that the judicial functions of the monarch gradually fell into a mere general power of reviewing the judgments of his officers, usually exercised with the assistance and concurrence of his privy council; and this, at a later period, may have given way to, and introduced the jurisdiction of the Lords.

The growing importance of the office made it a matter of interest to the haughty barons that the election of the party to fill it should be somewhat under their control. Among the subjects of their petition for redress of grievances which they presented to Henry III., was the demand that "the chancellor was to be chosen by twenty-four commissioners, twelve to be appointed by the king, and *twelve by the barons*." Whether successful in this particular application, does not appear; but, in another part of the work, it is stated, upon the authority of several ancient writers, "that both the chancellor, and other great officers, were originally appointed by Parliament." "Although," says Selden, "the king might make election of his own secretary, yet the *Parliament* would first know and allow him that must be trusted with the power over the estates of so many of the people; and therefore, in these times, both place and displace him as they saw expedient." An attempt was at a later period made to regain the salutary control over the appointment which had intermediately been lost; and "in the celebrated petition and advice of both houses of Parliament, to the king, 2d June, 1642," was the proposal, that "the lord high steward of England, *lord chancellor, or keeper of the great seal*, the two chief justices and chief baron, &c., may always be chosen with *the approbation of both houses of Parliament*." "The king," says an early writer, as might well have been presumed, "received this 'with just indignation,' and the propositions he treated with 'mockery and scorn.'"—(p. 116). By whomsoever appointed, however, the characters of the chancellors did little credit to their election. Mr. Parkes mentions (p. 22) that for the first twelve centuries "the greater number may be fairly judged by the character of one of these ecclesiastical chancellors—Robert Bluot, Bishop of Lincoln, a *wholesale dealer in church preferment* (very unlike our present chancellors!), and who died in prison for his misdeeds (where many more ought to have expired), of whom Coke dryly observes, 'that he lived without love, and died without pity, save of those who thought it pity he lived so long.' The external circumstances of later periods forbade power to display itself in the same scenes of lawless violence and open rapine, which marked the career of the earlier chancellors; but to the same principle of irresponsible power it is owing that it was not until comparatively recent times that the justice of the Court of Chancery ceased to be aware of ill-disguised traffic in the hands of its profligate administrators; whilst its high functions were constantly perverted to aid the cause of tyranny, persecution, and all unrighteousness. The lord keeper Finch did not scruple to declare from the bench, that a resolution of the

Council Board should always be sufficient for him to make a decree in equity; and they must have been low indeed in the scale of character, of whom James I. could say, on receiving the seals from Bacon, "Now, by my soule, I am pained at the heart where to bestow this; for, as to my lawyers, I think they be all knaves."—(p. 93). In the custody of the king's conscience they evidently lost the keeping of their own, and with a few—a very few exceptions,\* their personal history has been but one long record of political subserviency and venal corruption. Clarendon, speaking of the part played by the Lord Keeper Williams, in the political struggles of his time, says that, "like most of the lawyers, he took retainers on both sides." So insignificant a consideration, indeed, in the elevation to office, was judicial competency, that this very Williams, a Welch divine, celebrated only for his knowledge of *Hebrew*, and the *dead languages*, was appointed to the administration of equity, though himself confessed that it would be better to retire to his original profession, "a keeper of sheep." In the reign of George II. Lord Chancellor King acquired the name of "the *sleeping* chancellor," from the frequency of his *naps* on the bench. Such are the results of the union in the same individual of political and judicial functions—such the consequence of holding out the first law office of the crown as the reward of political apostasy!

The precise subjects of the early jurisdiction of the chancellor are involved in a good deal of obscurity. Mr. Parkes thinks, that for the first twelve centuries the court was almost destitute of any *equitable jurisdiction*. His opinion is confirmed by the reports of some early cases in Chancery, which have lately been published under the authority of the commissioners of public records; by which it appears, that the chief employment of the court was affording redress in those cases of trespass, assault, and the like, in which the protection of the sheriff of the county, or some powerful baron, prevented execution of the common law process. As the courts of common law increased in power, this branch of its jurisprudence was gradually given up to them, though about the time of Wickliffe we find an application for its redress against certain of his followers, for an assault committed by them upon a luckless clergyman, who had been inveighing against their heresies. The moulding of the common law, however, into a narrow and technical system, whilst the infancy of society as yet contained little power of anticipating the wants of mankind, necessarily left many cases unprovided for, and gave birth to many individual hardships. These it became the province of equity to supply and to redress; and indeed we might almost suspect that the *interpretation* of the law itself may have been among the earliest occasions for the equitable bill of *discovery*, for Brady pronounces the law, even so early as the reign of Henry III., "a *very sublime mystery, very intricate and involved*," a reputation in which, we believe, the doctrines of equity may now very fairly participate, without being open to the charge of swaggering in borrowed plumes. It is very certain that the encroaching spirit of the chancellors rendered them often little scrupulous in en-

\* We may be excused for gratifying ourselves with the relation of an anecdote recorded by one of these exceptions, as it serves to illustrate the judicial character of the court. Sir Thomas More, being presented by one Mrs. Goaker, with a pair of gloves, and forty pounds of angels put into them, he said to her, "Mistress, since it were against good manners to refuse your new-year's gift, I am content to take your gloves; but as for the *lining*, I utterly refuse it."

trenching upon the more peculiar province of the common law judges. These encroachments were the long and frequent subjects even of parliamentary remonstrance; and to affix a limit to the jurisdiction, was a part of Bacon's project of reform, "equity," as he said, "being made to supply, and not to subvert, the law." The fact was, the importance of the office for a long time very much depended upon the personal character and ambition of the individual who filled it. During the chancellorship of Lord Somers, Sir Robert Atkins, a lawyer of high reputation, in his "Inquiry into the Jurisdiction of the Chancellor in causes of Equity," pronounces this branch of the chancellor's office an usurpation, "not only not founded upon any good authority, but carried on by the potency and greatness of the chancellor." And Sir E. Coke declares, "The Court of Equity increased most of all, when Cardinal Wolsey was lord chancellor of England." Indeed Wolsey took a very effectual way of snatching the jurisdiction of the common law altogether out of the hands of the judges, for it formed one of the articles of his impeachment. "Also, when matters have been near at judgment by process at your common law, the same lord cardinal hath not onely given and sent injunctions to the parties, but also sent for your judges, expressly by threats commanding them to defer the judgment, to the evident subversion of your lawes, if the judges would so have ceased."—(p. 62). Blackstone attributes to Lord Nottingham the subsequent reduction of equity into a system, built upon what he calls "wide and rational foundations—which have also," he goes on to add, "been extended and improved by many great men, who have since presided in Chancery. And from that time to this, the powers and business of the court have increased to an amazing degree."—(p. 211). The increase of business will readily be comprehended—the "wide and rational" foundations, we trust, will not be taken upon the bare *ipse dixit* of the great apologist of English law. The supervision of the common law may be considered the remedial jurisdiction of the court—a species of jurisdiction which it shares with several foreign codes. It is stated, in a clear and able sketch, furnished by Mr. Henry\* to the Commissioners on Criminal and Civil Justice, in the West Indies Report (Jamaica), p. 101, that in all those courts which are founded on the Roman law, and particularly in those of the Dutch ceded colonies, this species of relief "is divided into two kinds, *sovereign* and *judicial*;" the former, afforded by the sovereign or his delegate, being applied only "to those cases in which otherwise the party would be stopped by his own act from making any defence, though made under circumstances which would render it unjust to enforce the claim at common law:"—the latter, administered by the judge himself, is "chiefly a relief against errors, or slips in pleadings, or defaults, and is generally granted upon terms so as not to prejudice the other party." Extensive, however, as is this remedial branch of its jurisdiction to the English Court of Equity, its *original* jurisdiction occupies a far wider field; embracing not only those cases which, being anciently reserved to the more immediate judgment of the crown, were never delegated at all to the courts of common law, but those, in which neither the latter, nor the other tribunals of justice, afford a remedy; and, those which statutory enactment have at various time added to it. The abolition of the Court of Wards cast

\* Senior Commissioner of Legal Inquiry into the Administration of Justice in the West Indian and South American Colonies, to whom the public are indebted for the recent translation (by order of Lord Bathurst) of Van der Linden's "Institutes of the Laws of Holland."



upon the chancellor, as the delegate of their original patriarchal protection, the management of the affairs of infants. As the representative of the same paternal prerogative, the affairs of lunatics were subjected to his personal government—a government, the administration of which, now appears, from the evidence of the late chancellor's secretary, to occupy, on an average, nearly one hundred days in every year, or something above a *fourth* of his time! To the administration of corporations he has succeeded in the same right; and to other public charities, partly in virtue of that, and partly by statutory provision. The enumeration of all the burthens which successive statutes have accumulated upon him, is not within our limits. The bankrupt jurisdiction alone, which was imposed in the reign of James I., would form an ample source of employment to any single individual; and, indeed, from the piles of business from time to time heaped upon him, it would seem as if our ancestors, in the depths of their wisdom, had mistaken the chancellor for the fabled supporter of the world.

In the administration of these various subjects, the constitution of the court has most effectually secured that, with the *maximum* of remuneration to themselves, its numerous subordinate officers should afford the *minimum* of service to the suitors. One document, of unquestionable authority, cited by Mr. Parkes, will speak volumes on the subject (pp. 149-50):—"If we look back into ancient times, we shall find the business of the Chancery to be but little, and the officers and clerks but few; namely, a chief clerk, who was master of the rolls: three attornies, or writing clerks, who dispatched the business now done in the Six Clerks' Office; one register, and one examiner; all which, except the chief clerk, were writing clerks, for dispatch of the business of the court, and taking care of clients' causes, and, for such their care and pains, *they received all the fees which the clients paid*, except only what was due to the master of the rolls; and, *then*, the labourer receiving his full wages, *the business was well and soon dispatched*, and the records well kept." With the increase of business, the attornies increased to six, and the examiners to two. These quickly delegated the discharge of their duties to inferior clerks, whom they employed at a lower scale of payment; and then "wholly withdrawing themselves from the duty of their places," put the difference into their pockets, as the political economists would say, in the shape of *rent*. The amusement of their retirement "was to *contrive rules and methods of practice*, with many *tedious and unnecessary formalities*, in such manner as that no business might pass by them undiscovered, nor any fees unpaid; and this occasioned *great expense to the clients*, and much more pains to the under clerks than was necessary! Whether this noble occupation still continues to fill up the leisure of the six clerks in our time, is a problem we do not dare to solve; but the entertaining loss which one of that industrious body was at, before the late Chancery Commissioners, to state the duties which they *do* perform, leaves us at liberty to indulge in all sorts of whimsical surmises.

The author of an able pamphlet on the then existing evils of the Court of Chancery, written in 1650, cited by Mr. Parkes, and referring to these practices of the six clerks, prophecies of the court, that it "is like to become *a mere monopolie to cozen the subjects of their monies*." The laudable example set by the superior officers of the respective departments, was assuredly not thrown away upon the inferiors. It lives to the present hour, in the exquisite device which, with an ingenuity little short

of that which manufactures a small piece of flax into a yarn that would reach over miles, dexterously expands a meagre sentence through a dozen sheets of official foolscap. It must be observed, that in the above enumeration of offices, no notice is taken of the masters in Chancery; nor does it seem that their duties were anciently any thing like so extensive as they are at present. Mr. Parkes quotes the assertion of Mr. Ravenscroft, that "the first reference to a master in Chancery, was during the chancellorship of Sir Christopher Hatton, and, in consequence of this chancellor's ignorance!" Any account of their origin, indeed, is altogether omitted in Mr. Parkes's work, though it is known they had a very early existence; and, in ancient times, were accustomed to live with the chancellor, at the Royal Palace, wearing his livery, and receiving their board at his hands, together with a certain number of tuns of wine, the same as the rest of the royal inmates, and considerable salaries in addition. "De sorte," says the clever author of the *Lettres sur la Cancellerie et Jurisprudence Angloise*, p. 81, "que déjà du temps de Richard II., on disoit, en parlant d'eux, que leurs esprits lourds étoient absorbés par la graisse de leurs corps et la pesanteur de leurs bourses; en ajoutant encore, qu'ils étoient les plus grands paresseux du monde, travaillant fort peu et recevant beaucoup." Whether in the "wearing of the livery," or the "travaillant fort peu et recevant beaucoup," they present any point of resemblance to certain individuals who, at a somewhat early hour of the day, are to be seen driving away from Southampton Buildings, London, we leave our readers to discover. The abuses of the office, and the incompetency of the masters, were, however, an early subject of complaint. Among the proposals presented to Parliament in the time of the Commonwealth was one:—"That a certain number of Godly and able men be appointed, instead of masters of the court, to take oaths, and to hear and determine matters of account, and such other things as the court shall refer unto them;" p. 154. In an enumeration of legal abuses existing in the reign of Queen Anne, and contained in a pamphlet, cited by Mr. Parkes (p. 283) it is said:—"10. Above all, there's the great charge and delay before the masters, the very worst part of the business of that court, and more than all other wants to be redrest. 11. The ordering money into a master's hand, and he to put it out on security to be approved of by himself, by which means he becomes in a great measure judge how long he thinks fit to keep the money: and by this means orphans' money frequently lies dead (to them) a long time. But, whoever thinks the master makes no use of the money, nor makes more gains than formerly, must be at a loss for a reason why they now GIVE £6,000 for their places, which at the revolution were sold only for about £1,000." And Mr. Parkes, speaking of the time of George I., remarks (p. 300):—"It is scarcely necessary to inform the legal reader, that the masters in Chancery of this period, not only embezzled the interest money of the suitors, but also the principal." Indeed the office of accountant-general was instituted as a remedy to their abuse. The charge of peculation certainly does not overhang the masters' offices of the present day; and if suitors continue to be defrauded by the appointment of incompetent individuals, useless prolixity, or unnecessary delay, it is the fault less of its administrators than of the system itself. In the adjustment of disputed accounts, the inquiry into matters of fact, the ordering of sales of property, and the like, the masters exercise a species of judicial function. Their decisions, however, under the technical term of

reports, always require the confirmation of the chancellor, before practical effect can be given to them; and from causes little honourable either to the system, or to the dispensers of it patronage, "*exceptions*," or, in common language, objections to these reports, add not a little to the many other distractions of the chancellor.

The commissioners of bankrupt were instituted as an inferior tribunal for the *primary* administration of the bankrupt jurisdiction. To what extent *they* relieve the chancellor of this part of his burthens, the evidence of his lordship's secretary will have pretty correctly instructed our readers. Though an officer, as we have seen, of great antiquity, the master of the rolls was not anciently an independent judge, but sat only in the absence of the chancellor, and as his deputy. The constant repetition of these sittings conferred upon him, in process of time, an original jurisdiction; but so comparatively small is their present amount, that he still preserves the *legal fiction* of sitting only as the chancellor's *substitute*. "The overwhelming pressure of business," says Mr. Parkes (p. 356,) "on Lord Eldon, and the complaints, 'both deep and loud,' of the whole country, at length induced an attempt to remove the evils of delay by the creation of an additional judge." And the only remaining judicial officer of the court was, in the year 1813, accordingly created in the person of the vice chancellor. The three jurisdictions, of lord chancellor, vice chancellor, and master of the rolls, are concurrent; but that of lord chancellor is an appellate jurisdiction to each of the others.

It would have been nothing short of a miracle, if such a court as we have exhibited had not, by its cost, its delay, and its abuses, become the eternal theme of complaint. The Court of Chancery was certainly not destined to renew the age of miracles; and the industry of our author has collected the most abundant, formidable, and conclusive evidence, that for centuries the reform of the law has been the almost ceaseless cry of the people, while for centuries has this reform received the almost unvarying opposition of the lawyers. Down to the Commonwealth, the attempts at the reformation of the Court of Chancery are very much blended with the general reform of the whole law; but so early as the time of Edward III., we find the commons petitioning the crown, "that the writs of the Chancery may be *at reasonable prices*, and the clerks, &c., do content themselves with the king's allowance." In Richard II.'s reign, they petition that the chancellor be made "to redress the *enormities of the Chancery*;" and they renew their complaints to Henry V., alleging in their petition, that the liege subjects "are a long time *delayed* in the sealing of their writs sued in the Chancery." The reign of James I. commenced with parliamentary attacks upon the Chancery; and Bacon, in his inaugural speech, complains sorely of the "*delays of the court*," the "*needless prolixity*," "*idle repetitions*," "*open or wasteful writings*" of its proceedings, and the "*exaction of new fees*." "In 1621, a debate appears in the Journals, in which Mr. Alford asserts that causes in Chancery lasted *twenty or thirty years*; that injunctions were obtained *without hearings*; that the officers were corrupt, and the judicial power *too great for any one man*." (p. 921). And, in the same month, we find Coke asserting, that "*the Chancery embraces so many causes, as the chancellor and master of the rolls cannot possibly determine*." (*Ib.*) As a pretty substantial proof that they were not exaggerating, we may quote a cotemporary instance mentioned by Mr. Parkes (p. 87), of



a suitor who is found bewailing that, "after *sixty-four orders*, and *twelve reports*, made in the cause; nay, after motions, hearings and rehearings, *four-score in number*, I beheld all overthrown, without a new bill preferred; so that we, that did every day formerly give bread to others, must now *beg bread* of others, or *else starve*, which is the miserablest of all deaths." (*Ib.*)

These complaints were too loud to pass altogether without notice; and the Parliamentary Records contain occasional accounts of trifling, but abortive, attempts elicited by them for reformation. To the *Commonwealth* was reserved the honour of instituting the first, and the *only* efficient, scheme of reformation which the History of England can produce. When the short downfall of feudal and kingly despotism first allowed the people to look around on their grievances, with the hope of redressing them, numerous were the pamphlets, the parliamentary speeches, and addresses, which the abuses of the law called forth. To a Parliament, who "lived, and moved, and had its being" in popular sympathy, it was not likely that they would be addressed in vain. We find, accordingly, the institution of a committee for the reform of the law, and acts, consequential upon their recommendation, among the earliest subjects which occupy the Journals of the House. Valuable as were many of these, they were at first less directed to the Court of Chancery than the other branches of judicature. This did not, however, long escape their attention, and from some debates which ensued on the subject, it appears richly to have deserved it. From a relation of their proceedings, written by a member, and cited by Mr. Parkes, it is said to have been confidently affirmed, by "knowing gentlemen of worth, that there were depending in that court *twenty-three thousand causes*; that some of them had been pending five, some ten, some *twentie, some thirtie yeares and more*: that there had been spent in causes many hundreds, nay thousands of pounds, to the ruine, *nay utter undoing* of many families" (p. 129). "What were the precise intentions," says Mr. Parkes (p. 157), "of this Parliament, with respect to the Court of Chancery, cannot be ascertained from the Journals." The entire subversion of equitable jurisdiction has been very industriously propounded to have been one of them. The falsehood of this charge has been most completely established by Mr. Parkes. The proposals tendered to Parliament, which were alleged materially to have influenced the members, contain, as their fundamental proposition, "That the *court*, as it is *now used*, or rather *abused*, be wholly taken away; and that some of the most able and honest men may be *appointed for keeping of the great seal*" (p. 153). This pretty well exhibits the object they kept in view; and shortly before the breaking up of the Parliament, a member deplored its premature termination, just when "the committee, for regulating the law, had ready to be offered to the House several bills of *very great concernment to the good and ease of the people*" (p. 156). The expectations their labours had raised, may be ascertained from the observation of Mr. Parkes (p. 156).—"The suicidal dissolution of the Parliament on the 12th December following, blighted the hopes of the country, which had anxiously viewed with high expectation *these sound and well directed plans of legal reform.*"

The arbitrary "ordinances" of the Protector succeeded the more legitimate resolutions of the Parliament. The first of these was for the better regulating and limiting the jurisdiction of the "High Court of Chan-

cery." We find its object to have been (p. 162)—"That all proceedings, touching relief in equity, to be given in that court may be with *less trouble, expense, and delay* than heretofore;" and that it provided, among other things, "for the *reduction of the number of officers and their fees, the simplification of the process of Chancery, and the prevention of delay.*" It is well that arbitrary power is rarely so well directed, or the human mind would soon submit to, and become paralyzed under its dominion. Cromwell, at a later period, takes great credit to himself for the reformation of the Chancery. If these ordinances, however, were not of a temporary character, their operation ceased when his own stern mind no longer existed to give them efficiency; and, under the weak dictatorship of his son, no attempt was made for their revival. On the Journals of the Rump Parliament, very early appears the resolution, "That the Court of Chancery be throughout reformed and regulated." "The history of this fag-end of a piece of Parliament, however," says Mr. Parkes (p. 178), "reveals no further information on the reform of the law." The subject, notwithstanding, continued to engross the attention of the country. It gave birth to innumerable pamphlets—became *even the theme of the pulpit*; and no less an individual than Sir M. Hale was engaged in devising schemes of reform. The dusty pamphlets of their opponents appear to have been ransacked to furnish other arguments, by which the same system of abuse still continues to be defended. Speaking of the loud and reiterated complaints which, a few years ago, provoked the remedial appointment of a vice chancellor, Mr. Parkes remarks (p. 355):—"Clamour and party spirit were the stale and convenient imputations on the motives of every public representation of judicial grievances: and the never-failing plea of the '*antiquity of the English Constitution*,' supplied an argument for every abuse of long standing." Speaking of the more ancient, and therefore the more venerable opposition, he quotes a cotemporary writer to prove, (p. 187), that "The old argument of *antiquity* was their chief weapon, and all their reasoning was comprised in their title pages; their antagonists they were pleased to style a parcel of '*clay-pated, ignorant, green wits*;' as if assertions were proofs, and *nick-names* incontrovertible logic." One of them is too interesting to be omitted:—"It was gravely contended," says our author, "that the law abuses were necessary to keep men from contriving mischief in the Commonwealth." Possibly the same reason still obstructs their removal. With the custody of the seals at the restoration of Charles II., Lord Guildford appears to have been keenly sensitive to the *delays and expenses* of the court, and having bestowed much attention on its practice, "did intend to have drawn up a well-considered and digested set of rules and orders for a more thorough and sweeping regulation of the practice, 'which had gone a great way towards purging out the peccant humours of the court;' but the short period of his chancellorship did not allow him sufficient time to realize his praiseworthy resolves." The subject was also taken up by the Parliament. "Some general bills," says Mr. Parkes (p. 227), "were brought in, at different sessions of this reign, for *reducing fees*, abating litigious actions, and other wholesome judicial reforms; but *no effective measures were carried.*" And, again, speaking of James II., he observes (p. 246):—"The Parliamentary journals and debates reveal no projects of law reform during this inactive and inglorious reign." The "*disorders*," "*delays*," and "*unnecessary expenses*" of the Court of Chancery seem,

in the succeeding reign, to have attracted the attention of the lords; and a bill was introduced for the general reform of the Chancery Courts. Nothing appears to have come of it; and Mr. Parkes says (p. 265), that, at the same period, "the House of Commons *amused* themselves and the country with some *abortive* attempts at judicial reform." The reign of Anne imposed certain restrictions upon the filing of bills, and "several legislative plans for the *reform* and improvement of the *practice of the Six Clerks' Office* were contemplated," (p. 280); but the legislature was more successful in the creation of new law than the redress of "old;" for, says Mr. Parkes (p. 288), "Her Majesty's Parliaments made law in abundance, by adding to the statutes three hundred and thirty-eight public, and six hundred and five private acts." Even the scenes of judicial corruption and abuse which were, in the reign of George II., disclosed in the trial of Lord Macclesfield, failed in producing the slightest reform; yet that reign Mr. Parkes affixes as the commencement of a real *investigation* into the abuses of Chancery. Investigation and remedy are, however, two very different things in parliamentary language: and, though a very valuable report followed the issuing of a commission of inquiry, only a few immaterial additions were made to the orders of the court, and "no legislative attempts whatever," says Mr. Parkes, "were made, or even contemplated, to remedy the abuses of the Court of Chancery, or to reform the general system of English jurisprudence." One thousand four hundred and forty-seven public acts, and one thousand two hundred and forty-four private ones, were, nevertheless, added to the statute book.

The reign of George III. opens with the *discouragements* of his Chancellor Loughborough to every attempt to remedy the grievances of his court. With the short interregnum of Lord Erskine, Lord Loughborough was succeeded by Lord Eldon, and the liberal patronage which he bestowed upon reformers of *every* class, is too well appreciated to require enlargement. The legislators of George III., with a strange inconsistency, here, for once, mistrusted "the wisdom of their ancestors." Their ancestors had declared, by the most solemn and repeated declarations—ancestors, paternal and maternal—ancestors, both on the whig and tory, the aristocratical and democratical sides of the tree—their enormous extent; yet, strange to say, "It was not, indeed, until the close of the reign of George III., that the legislature would even admit the existence of Chancery abuses! It was not till the perseverance and public spirit of a few individuals, had, year after year, denounced those abuses in the House of Commons, that the subject of popular complaint could even be endured. All attempt at inquiry was *crushed*, to use a technical expression of the highest tribunal in the country," (p. 355). With what reluctance the late Chancery Commission was wrung from the legislature, our readers will not require to be reminded. Of its *results* we confess ourselves unable to inform them, unless, indeed, an order which has just issued from the court, the operation of which will be to *increase the expense* of the Chancery subpoena, may be included in their number. Mr. Brougham's motion has been followed up with another commission. It remains to be seen whether "any good thing can come out of Nazareth."

Such has been the eventful history of English law reform. Such the oft-repeated miscarriage of an undertaking, which, with a singular—an anomalous harmony—it was the interest no less of the people than of the



aristocracy and the church to push forward; and the interests of the crown did not intervene to oppose. Can it be doubted by any rational mind that it was indebted for its failure to *sinister interest*—and can that sinister interest be other than the interest of the lawyers and of the official retainers of the court? That a direct pecuniary interest will insure the opposition of sinecure officers, and of those who are “*travaillant fort peu et recevant beaucoup*,” we think no man out of Bedlam will deny. Indeed, the former, instead of being grateful that they are not made to disgorge under the operation of a *national bill* “*for an account*,” openly talk of the privilege of exaction as their “*freehold*.” “We have bought our places,” say they. “If you take them from us, we must have compensation.” That the majority of the profession will fail to be remotely operated on by the presumption, that reformation will reduce its general lucrateness, would, we think, be a bold proposition to maintain;—a presumption, though by-the-by we take leave to observe, founded in the purest ignorance—first, because a diminution of the cost of the luxury of justice would increase its sale; and, secondly, because its present price tempts into the market so many dealers, that competition, necessarily, reduces to the *minimum* of profitable return the individual traffic of each. But there are other influences upon the mind than those of either direct or remote pecuniary interest. Schooled in a technical science, the lawyers fall very naturally into the habit of making its rules the horizon of their moral vision; and they seldom seem to realize the idea either of the mischiefs caused by the narrowness, or the inadequacy of their own system. Their reasoning will generally be found rather of a technical than of an enlarged character. In the bill for Englishing the proceedings of the courts, Mr. Parkes relates of Whitelock (p. 137), that, “after elaborately stating the arguments *pro* and *con*, he seems to give a casting vote in favour of the bill, because ‘*Moses* read all the laws openly before the people in their mother-tongue;’” and sorry are we to declare, that many of the arguments by which some of the details of Mr. Brougham’s proposition was lately opposed by one of the great law officers of the crown, evinced as much of the lawyer, and as little of the jurist. Clarendon, speaking of the lawyers of his day, says—“I do not at all wonder, that, in the *great herd of the common lawyers*, many pragmatical spirits, whose *thoughts and observations have been contracted to the narrow limits of the few books of that profession*, or within the *narrower circle of bar oratory*, should go along with the stream in the womanish art of inveighing against persons, when they should be reforming of things,” (p. 109). It would seem, in the opinion of one of the profoundest observers of mankind, that, after the lapse of a couple of centuries, they have sustained little alteration; for, in his celebrated speech on American taxation, Burke, after lauding Mr. Grenville as a man of business, is driven to account for the narrowness of his policy by his earlier professional studies:—“He was bred to a profession—he was bred to the law, which is, in my opinion, one of the first and noblest of human sciences; a science which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding, than all the other kinds of learning put together; but it is not apt, except in persons very happily born, to *open and liberalize* the mind exactly in the same proportion.” Be this as it may, it is too notorious to be denied, that in its professors the law finds its *only* but its *warm* admirers. The reverential awe with which Mr. Justice Blackstone approaches even the most glaring imperfections of the system, scarcely equals the veneration with which the Bramin opens the

sacred volume of his Pundit; and the lavish admiration the learned apologist bestows on the whole, becomes, in the hands of those who can appreciate its truth, such exquisite irony, that the study of the Commentaries is to them almost as entertaining as the perusal of Tom Jones or Joseph Andrews. A late pamphlet, by a lawyer, high in reputation, who, it is rumoured, is to be one of the Chancery Commissioners, proves, that if the *wig* of the judge have not yet pitched upon the head of the learned gentleman, at least the *robe* has dropped upon his shoulders,

But let us turn from abstract reasoning, to see how our conclusions are borne out by the experience of history. "It is a singular and interesting proof of the sagacity of our ancestors," says Mr. Parkes (p. 31), "that in order to ensure simplicity and integrity in the construction of their laws, and the disinterested performance of parliamentary duties, practising lawyers were, by repeated acts and ordinances, disqualified from sitting in the House of Commons." An earlier enactment declared that "no lawyers in the House of Commons should thenceforth have any wages" (p. 33)—a provision, by-the-by, which shows how little our ancestors were aware of the difference between money and money's worth. When we inform our readers "it was thought they got into Parliament as a goodly opportunity of making their court to the minister, and for the emolument of the attendance," (p. 32)—we hope none will be so rude as to draw points of resemblance between those ancient worthies, and certain individuals who are found thronging the treasury benches of modern parliaments. At what time the lawyers were permitted to resume their seats, does not appear. They are, however, to be found figuring in the House again at the time of Elizabeth. Subsequent attempts were made to exclude them; and Ludlow, speaking of the commonwealth, says, that "lest the judges who were members of the House might, by their influence there, *prevent the intended reformation of the law*, it was resolved that no member of Parliament should be a judge in any court" (p. 176). Prynne's disgust at the craft makes him rather a prejudiced, though otherwise a sufficiently-honest witness; but if reliance may be placed on his authority, it might have been well for the public weal if these attempts had been more successful. He asserts that it "shortened the duration of the sessions, *facilitated business, simplified much the verbiage of acts of Parliament*, and had the effect of restoring laws to their primitive Saxon *simplicity*, and making them *short, like God's commandments*" (p. 32). When the statute of Edward III. enacted, "that in future all pleas should be 'pleaded, shewed, defended, answered, debated, and judged, in the English tongue:' the lawyers, always on the alert, appended a proviso that they should be 'entered and enrolled' in *Latin*, and the old *customary* forms and terms retained" (p. 43). The reports and statutes were accordingly still preserved "with the additional obscurity of the Gothic black letter." It was not until about three centuries afterwards, that, after a severe struggle with the lawyers, plain English was substituted for this barbarous jargon. Coke's benevolent motion for its retention, "lest, by the publication of them in the vulgar tongue, the unlearned might be subjected to errors, and trusting to their own conceits, endanger themselves," is a fair specimen of the legal reasoning of the time. To the extensive reforms of the commonwealth, almost all the writers of the day agree in ascribing the lawyers to be the obstacle. "These different writers confess it is difficult to reform the corrupt system, because *so many are concerned in its continuance; the corrupt interest of the lawyers, and the temptation to ad-*

vance themselves, prevailing against their consideration of the public:" "they will not deny themselves" (page 139). From Ludlow these contemporary authorities receive the most distinct confirmation. In narrating the history of the period, he says, "In the mean time the reformation of the law went on but slowly, it being the interest of the lawyers to preserve the lives, liberties, and estates of the whole nation in their own hands" (p. 145). The instance he gives is tolerably convincing: "So that upon the debate of registering deeds in each county, for want of which, within a certain period fixed after the sale, such sales should be void, and being so registered, that land should not be subject to any *incumbrance*, this word 'incumbrance' was so managed by the lawyers, that it took up *three months* time before it could be ascertained by the committee" (p. 145). Mr. Brodie, speaking of the protectorate, says, "In the lawyers, Cromwell was disappointed; the reformation in the legal proceedings which was contemplated, as it threatened to *lower the importance of the profession*, by rendering the law accessible to every one, and simplifying the forms, is alleged not to have been acceptable even to these eminent individuals (St. John, Whitelocke, and the lawyers), while it was greatly disliked by the more vulgar practitioners, who had no ideas beyond the dull routine of their little practice" (p. 164). Their opposition did not, however, meet with much consideration at the hands of Cromwell. In a debate which occurred, on one of his ordinances, between the Council and the Commons and Lenthall, Mr. Parkes informs us (p. 169)—"the Master of the Rolls expressed himself strongly against the ordinance. The Council, however, cut the discourse short, and dismissed the contumacious lawyers, gravely admonishing them 'to be careful not to oppose his Highness's intentions for the common good.'" At the Revolution the same part was played over again. In the reign of Queen Anne, we find petitions against the contemplated reforms, presented by the numerous officers of the court; and Burnet records that, when a bill for the correction of certain proceedings in the common law and in *Chancery*, that were "both dilatory and very chargeable," went through the Commons, "it was visible that the interest of under officers, clerks, and attorneys, whose gains were to be lessened by this bill, was more considered than the interest of the nation itself" (p. 279). With the exception of the remedial creation of an accountant general, to which we have previously referred, the reign of George I. seems to have been barren of any schemes of reform to provoke opposition. In the reign of George II., however, we have the important evidence of a parliamentary committee, given in one of the reports. "Resolved—That it is the opinion of this committee, that the interest which a great number of officers and clerks have in the proceedings in the Court of Chancery, has been a principal cause of *extending bills, answers, pleadings, examinations, and other forms, and copies of them, to an unnecessary length, to the great delay of justice, and the oppression of the subject*" (p. 311). It is sufficient to state, that the evil exists to the present hour. Of the reforming spirit of the lawyers in the reign of George III., we have already put our readers in possession. Possibly the chemical researches of the present reign may produce some political bleaching liquid for the whitening of blackamoors.

But it may be urged against us, that we have read history only to distort it—to a Blackstone, a Loughborough, and an Eldon, may be contrasted a Guildford, a Hale, and a Bacon;—to our charge against its private professors may be opposed the name of the most distinguished



jurist of either the past or the present century—the name of Bentham ;\* or we may be told of the valuable labours of Mr. Humphreys—the noble exertions of Mr. Brougham. True ; but where points the balance ? For past generations, we confidently appeal to the page of history, which we have already quoted from ;—for the present, to the daily debates of the House of Commons.

The secret of this mischievous power in the lawyers consists mainly in their being enabled, by their own representations, to mould the popular opinion of their system. Like the Rosicrucians, they have hung their hidden lamps themselves, and they can humbug the believer with what stories they choose to fabricate for his deception.—Parliamentary lecturers on their own craft, they exhibit the complete personification of Gratiano's great man—

“————— I am Sir Oracle,  
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark.”

The country gentlemen are as excellent listeners now as they were in the time of Lord Keeper Guildford ; yet Roger North, in his life of that great man, after telling us of his introduction into Parliament of certain schemes for the registry of titles to lands, goes on to enumerate, among the causes of their failure, “ besides, the matter being a subject of great skill, as well as foresight in the law, the gentlemen of the country are afraid, and *hearken to the learned as when they settle their estates ;* and such learned gentlemen, *admitting they were willing to it* (as they are reputed, for the sake of interest in practice, *not to be*), they would be scrupulous enough ; but *being averse*, they raise a mist of scruple on every such bill, and represent the possibility of frauds in the offices to be so dangerous to men's titles, that the country gentlemen, who *do not take upon them to judge*, and will trust nobody, fly back, and *there falls the bill*” (p. 397). We leave our readers to apply the parallel. It is a fact which no sophistry can gainsay, that the most comprehensive, rapid, and efficient reforms of the law which have ever been accomplished, or even attempted, throughout the whole of English history, were the results of committees, not of mere lawyers, but in which a very large proportion were laymen, who chose to investigate for themselves, and in which the frequent recurrence of generals, colonels, and majors, would lead us to suspect that the old maxim of “ *cedunt arma togæ* ” was reversed for “ *cedunt togæ armis*.”—If the framers of Parliamentary committees are *in earnest* in their exertions, the hint might not be thrown away on them.

Our limits here compel us to bring our article to a close. The numerous excellent suggestions for the reformation of the Court, partly original, and partly the selections of this industrious labourer, from the writings of the many great men whose attention has been attracted to the subject, are without the limits of a single article. We recommend them to the deliberate perusal of all those who think, with Burnet, that, now that “ a happy peace gives us quiet to look to our own affairs, there cannot be a worthier design undertaken than to reduce the law into method, to digest it into a body, and to *regulate the Chancery*, so as to cut off the tediousness of suits, and, in a word, to compile *one entire system* of our laws.”

\* By-the-by, we never heard of Mr. Bentham's having been a *practising* lawyer.

## MEDITATIONS ON MOUNTAINS.

OF all the productions of nature, mountains are the finest subjects for contemplation. Any one who takes a common walk, even in the purlieus of the metropolis, where the eminences are mere heaps of rubbish, without any one element even of the hill about them but mere elevation, and very little of that, must feel the force of this. Look at London from any street or square, and the shops of fifty tradesmen, or the knockers and porticos of a score of lords, are all that you can see. Look at it from the elevation of St. Paul's, and what is it? It looks like a great tile, broken into fragments; and the people like beetles and millepedes, crawling through the fissures. But go to Highgate, or Hampstead, or Herne Hill, and choose the fine pure air of the morning, ere the million of fires send up their smoke; or a balmy day of the brisk south-west, when the massy atmosphere is driven "east away," to fatten the calves of Essex, and give the true Whitechapel body and flavour to the veal; and then you see what London is. The choicest painter may paint and paint again; but one glance at the reality is worth ten years of poring over even his *chef-d'œuvre*.

Down below, you are tied to the individual object and the individual use; and if you remain there, your mind gradually narrows and narrows, until it comes to the small dimensions of the wheel that you are doomed to turn; you lose the intellectual character—the "*os sublime*," which your Maker intended as your proper badge and characteristic, and become kindred to the wheel. You work that you may eat, and eat that you may work again; but speculation in you there can be none, and, as a rational being, you can have no enjoyment.

When you climb up, however, you feel an expansion at every step; and when the summit is gained, and the "other half" of the world rounds out the beautiful horizon, your mind is over the whole of it in an instant. Admiration, and wonder, and inquiry are all instantly at work; and, from every point of the compass, there pours in a tide of information and pleasure, more broad, full, and refreshing, than if you were lord of the whole, and mewed up within the four walls of the finest room that ever was fashioned by the hand of man:—a carpet in the centre, full twenty miles in diameter, worth a thousand millions of pounds; a lamp, which causes light and life, at the distance of two thousand millions of miles; and walls and a ceiling, of which even imagination itself cannot guess the dimensions. If there be any truth in the doctrine, that our power of participating in pleasure, and our actual participation of it, depend upon and are mainly produced by the objects that are about us, then there is nothing of man's making that can please and profit us so much as this. If there be no truth in the doctrine, then burn London, bury all its glories, back to the woods again, and fight for acorns with the hogs. For, assuredly, the whole labours of society, in all the years and ages of civilization and improvement, have tended to the single point of having something to look at, which we think more splendid than what we had before. It is for this, and for this only, that the labourer toils, and the artist contrives—that the miner digs down into the earth, and the mariner bounds over the ocean—that the philosopher trims the lamp, and the poet strikes the lyre;—for this that assemblies meet, and debate, and weary themselves with labour;—aye, and for this

that the cannon roars and the sword smites:—for this, all the pain and labour of civilized man is undertaken, and all the formalities and restraints of the social compact are borne.

If, then, there were nothing about the mountain but its mere elevation, and if we had no power of doing any thing but gazing, there would be something in it quite enough to attract both the eye and the admiration; but that is so small a part of the subject, that it is lost in the multitude and the magnificence of the other parts. Mountains are, in the economy of the world, the grand ministers of life; they are the caskets of its gems; and they are the grand monuments of the revolutions of nations, and of the mighty changes of the earth itself, by which it has passed from the earliest crystal that enters into the composition of the primitive granite, to that wonderful combination of powers, which, in Newton, stretched the measuring line over the heavens and flung the sun and the planets into the scale, and, in the mechanico-chemists, taught man to stand by and enjoy his pleasure, while the elements are performing his work. To those too (if there be any such) who cannot enjoy and appreciate these, the mere aspect of these giants of the earth has something captivating about it; and we invariably find that the most merely mechanical man alive has a story to tell, when he comes from the mountains, which stirs even his mood ten times more than the whole history of the richest and best cultivated plain.

Even on the calm and tranquil day, when you go forth from the white-washed house, that lies so snugly among its trees, at the top of the lawn sloping southward to the river, and protected from the angry north, first by the brown hill, and then by the blue mountain, spotted at the top with patches of snow that defy the power of the summer sun;—you turn instinctively to the mountain, and thread your way by the rugged path in some ravine. At first you are charmed with the exquisite freshness of the vegetation. Those little glades, softer than any texture of the loom, and of brighter and more transparent green than any emerald that ever was polished; with those stately oaks and beeches around, upon which never an axe or a pruning-hook perpetrated deformity; upon them no angry wind has lighted; they have not felt the blight and the “insect breeze” of inconstant April; not a bud has been blasted—not a leaf withered; all is living, and luxuriant, and perfect. Then the little stream, now dancing over the ledge of rock, now turning round the great stone which the winter flood has dashed down from the summit, and anon expanding and luxuriating in the little pool, as transparent as air, and all unruffled, save by the arrowy line formed by the trout, as he darts from your side to the opposite one. It is well that fishing is best in troubled waters; for, while you stand on the margin of one of these little pools, and observe the exquisite symmetry of his form, the beauty of his spots, and the gracefulness and rapidity of his motions, you would rather fast for the day than cheat him to his destruction under the hypocritical pretence of giving him a dinner.

Then, as you climb upward, the hoary points of rock begin to jut out. Here they are hung with creeping plants, and gay with saxifrages; and there they stand, beetling and naked. In one place, the masses of red sandstone are firm and regular, as if they formed part of the walls of some ancient castle; and there, the schistus lies in confused and curled plates, as if old Chaos had been the sole architect. At one place, a mass of claystone, eaten away by the frost, shews the sides bored into caves;



and, at another, a vein of jasper presents its more formidable barrier, and sports in the leaping stream all the glow of its brilliant colours. Now you have left the oak and the beech behind; there is a hazle coppice in the gulley, on one side; among the rocks, on the other, the weeping birch forces its roots, while its white trunk rises to the height of many feet, and its delicate depending branches—fathoms in length, and not thicker than a packthread—reach down below the base of the tree, and lave their points in the stream; and an old pine, from which both greenness and bark have faded away, throws its withered arms between you and the sky. The little rills leap down on every side, as if they were things of life; and, roaring above ground, or gurgling under, fill the lonely air with melody that is equally mild and delightful.

A deeper sound now falls upon your ear, and swells and dies according to the power and direction of the gusts of wind, that play whirling in the ravine. A little farther, and the cascade bursts upon you—first springing from ledge to ledge, like a gymnast acquiring velocity—then collecting all its power into a narrow collar of the rock, which does not seem a span across—and, lastly, dashing into the air in countless thousands of pearls, to the least brilliant and perfect of which there never came a rival from Ormus or India. The beauty is greatly heightened by those trees—fresh in their leaves, fantastic in their branches, and more so in their roots, grasping the rock like the talons of eagles—which extend in partial curtains between, and live upon the falling crystal which they adorn. As the fantastic clouds sail away, and the sunbeam dances into the cavity, the rising spray sports all the colours of the rainbow with a brilliance that you never beheld in a summer-cloud. All this glory, too, is finely set; and the *chiar' oscura* has a perfection for which you might look in vain in Somerset House or Suffolk Street. Those eastern masses of quartz and gniess are washed milk-white by the pelting rains of the south-west; and their upper edge is fringed with gold and purple, by the lichens and trefoils, and the heath and foxglove, which mingle on the top. Westward, the rocks are purpled with shade. The surface of the water where the cascade strikes is altogether beamy light, upon which you cannot look, save perchance a point or two of rock, the blackness of which adds to the brilliance of the other. From this bright centre, little circles and curves of foam come out, expanding in their width, and diminishing in their brightness; and they fill the cauldron, which Nature has placed there to catch the falling stream, with a mantling mosaic, whose figures are ten thousand in an instant, and which melts off and off, by the softest gradations, into the thick darkness of the caverns at the extreme sides; from which, however, it contrives now and then to fling a singular ray of dark-coloured light, which startles you even more than the white gleam of the centre.

All this, when you see it for the first (or the fiftieth) time, is very fine; but it cannot be given in words: and though the first-rate describer that ever forced the ignorant to suffer a book, should write “about it, goddess, and about it,” for a month, one ignorant of the spirit of the scene could not have a much more accurate and adequate feeling of it than the juvenile suburban, whose ideas of water are limited to the little duck-pond in the half-rood of pleasure-ground, foul with mud, green with lemna, and reeking with vapour, can derive from the cascade of tinfoil, which winds round two rollers, to the sound of a grinder's wheel, and amid the thunder of the gods, in some holiday spectacle at Old Drury or Covent

Garden. Fine as it is, however, you owe it all to the mountain, that collects the drops of a thousand showers, and the dews of every even and morn—lodges them in its hidden stores, and deals them out in living fountains, which the heat of the summer cannot reach—and pours all their rills and runnels into this stream, which, swoln in volume and increased in rapidity by the excess of water which the hoary giant shakes from his sides during a rain-flood, has tugged and torn away the softer rocks, formed the ravine by which you have ascended to this spot, and is now grinding away the ancient granite—the “thwes and sinews” of the globe—by the attrition of sand; just as a lapidary cuts a gem upon his wheel. Yes, you owe it all to the mountain; for did it not attract the cloud, ply its subterranean pumps by the alternations of atmospheric pressure, and afford the collected water a slope down which to roll, the scene would be different indeed.

Look at the countries, of considerable extent, in which there are no mountains; and, be their position on the globe what it may—under the burning line, or near the freezing pole—you find none of the charms that delight you here. Is it in the great central plains of Africa and Asia? There is not a river—no, not even a drop of rain. Salt, sand, and sulphur—these are the elements of the cloud; and, when the whirlwind plays its eddies, you have no fertilizing shower, and no “clear-shining after rain,” with the opal-tinted drops upon the green leaves. The mass of dry and burning sand rises up, and reels towards you, thundering and lightening, and armed with more deadly power than a modern host with all its artillery; or, if you escape that, the burning wind steals upon you—your pant and die, and the next moment your limbs may be severed by a touch. In the wide flats of South America, you fare not quite so ill; but then the country is a desert for more than a million of square miles; and it is so, *because there are no mountains*. The flat part of North America, between the Canadian lakes and the Stony mountains, is foul and fenny; and the flats which skirt the Arctic Sea, in Siberia and the government of Archangel—what are they?—*Nec tellus sunt, nec mare*—Ice and mud, so blended together, that you are unable to say which is earth and which is water. Compare the aromatic dells of Yemen, and the delightful slopes of the Libanus, with the flat deserts of Sahara and Irac; or the glorious bloom of the Brazilian hills, with the howling wilderness which stretches westward to the Andes; and you will see that the mountains are the prime ministers to every thing that grows or lives—the grand *Aquarii*, that bring drink to the whole children of nature; and wherever they bring it not, these die, and death lords it over the dust, and pollutes the air—not only pollutes it there, but sends thence a pestilence which invades other lands. Because there are no cloud-collecting mountains in Barca, the sirocco invades the shores of Sicily and Naples; and because Atlas rears his snowy barrier between, the same wind of destruction passes not over Murcia and Grenada.

The mountain before you is your book, and this is one of its lessons, as you have wearied yourself with the waterfall, and are looking for some path by which you can scramble out of the ravine, and again catch a sight of the parent, with the ways and workings of whose child you have been so delighted. The rocks by the cascade you need not attempt—they are lofty, overhanging, and slippery; and one false step would launch you into that boiling deep, which, though grand to look at, is not exactly the place which you would choose for a bath. So you must retrace your

steps for a little, and clamber up as you best may, by the outlet of that jet which comes from among the hazles. Should you be fatigued, and can bear a shower-bath of Nature's making, you may strip and stand under the jet; and (trust me) you will neither repent nor lose time; for there is a bracing power in water, pure from the rock, which you never can find in that which has had to be filtered from the *secula* of fat fields and frowzy cities; and, for the few minutes that you spend here, your feet will feel all the lighter, and your lungs labour all the less, as you bound over the moss and heather, of which you will probably meet with not a little ere your object be accomplished. In supplement, in case you should be among those mountains where there is a "dew" not distilled by the atmosphere, you will not be the worse though you bathe your inner man with a little of that; but, for your own sake, let it be in small quantity, without any admixture; and the instant that you have taken it, quaff your fill of the stream;—it is the internal union of the dew and the water which gives you the living fire—more of it than if you respired half the dull atmosphere of a street. Taken in this situation, and taken thus, it hurts neither your head nor your health, but makes your whole body glow with renovation; and as you climb, and clutch, and jump, and gain the top of the bank, you feel as if you had left your mortal part behind, and, by an elevation of some thousand feet, become an ethereal existence.

You may now turn and look back upon the river and the plain; from where the former issues out of the great pass in the mountains westward, through all its windings, till it be lost in the green bay with the white ripple, which appears a daisied meadow, stretching interminably into the east, between yon two bold headlands, with their beacon lights and flags. You mark the weir across which the flood dashes in an oblique line, and you fancy you hear the roaring of its anger at the interruption; but it is only the rush of the cascade, which is now concealed by the hazle coppice in the dell, and the stunted but fragrant birches on the bank. At the point where the stolen water is given back to the river, stands the mill—the emblem of activity and of bread,—an object, by which, in any place, and more especially in a place like this, if you be not interested, you had better stick to your wheel, in the cellar—or saloon, as it may be: eat, drink, and die. There, where the river takes a bend toward the south, round the margin of a gently rising ground, the trees are of more ancient growth, and, at intervals, of darker foliage, than the rest:—that little grey speck, between the dark and rugged ones, is the corner of the church spire, and they are the old yews over the sepulchres of countless generations, all of whom have stood where you now stand, when all around, save the few dots and scratches that man has made upon the surface, was just as you see it. The history of man, even back to yon grassy mounds and yon upright stones, the epoch and the use of which man has clean forgotten, is but a line or two of the last page of that volume of time which nature here opens gratuitously for your instruction and delight.

Though the action of the stream upon that rock be incessant, it has not, within the memory of man, or even the record of the place, worn one foot of the rock over which it now falls. Then who shall number the years that it has been occupied in scooping out that ravine, which (as you must have observed in your progress), is on both sides mostly composed of rock, and of rock, too, which, though not quite so hard as the gra-



nite with which it now contends, and though composed of beds and *laminae*, while that seems one compact mass, is yet of no soft and yielding texture?

Invigorated by the bath and the dew, however, your's is not the mood of meditation; and thus you plunge, mountainward, through the fragrant coppice, the other side of which the mountain seems almost to touch. Be not deceived, however; for it will look much farther off when you have come a good deal nearer to it. It may not be amiss, though, to pull a few handfuls of those berries, whose glowing purple from below their little neat leaves, outshines that of the choicest grape; or of those strawberries, that look so tempting by the side of the rock. You need fear neither scratches nor poison; for the mountain-berry has no thorn and no stupifying effect. There are some brambles in the approach, and deadly nightshade in the plain below; but you have got above them now: the air here is too keen and pure for nursing poisons; and the mushroom, which would be foetid and deadly if it grew in yon water-meadow, would become fragrant and esculent if you transplanted it here.

You clear the coppice, and stretch forward over the moor, which you now perceive extends a mile or two, before you will have much climbing. Your path lies upon short heather, mixed with grass, and moss, and white lichen, the last of which is delightfully elastic under your feet. That stripe of greener texture than the rest, which terminates in the little morass, where the cotton-grass is waving its snow-white tufts, is a winter-spring. The channel is now dry and cracked, and that light stuff which you see lying about, like rags or felt, is what was once the softest and greenest moss living in the water. If, in the dry season, you go to such a place as this, in the hope of quenching your thirst, you will be disappointed. Find where the loose gravelly surface joins a bank of clay, or where the solid rock appears at the bottom of a little slope, and you have every chance of finding a fountain there—perennial, and of uniform temperature—refreshing as the ice-brook in summer, and, in winter, bursting up through the frozen surface, till it cover a long track of the snow with clear and polished ice; or, if it be powerful, preserving a little vent to “the day,” while all around is far, far below the freezing-point.

As you gain a little eminence, a black cloud sails past you; the cotton-grass lies level with the morass; and the whirlwind moans in the channels of the watercourses, and rustles the heather on their sides, twirling the little withered pieces into the air. The whirlwind passes by you; and the cloud, faithful to its purpose, sails on to deliver up its precious store to the mountains; but the passing cloud cooled and condensed the air, and there blows a refreshing wind from its track.

Ha! what is that?—the perfumes of Arabia, on a dull expanse of mountain-heather, on which there is not so much as a tree of the most hardy race and most stunted growth! Look yonder, where the surface shews a trace of soft blue. That is a bed of wild hyacinths, literally “wasting their sweetness on the desert air;” and you need no one to tell you how sweet they are.

You move onward; the ground is low and humid, and a little shrub creeps along the surface. Every foot that you now lift exhales a perfume. Is it that of the bed of wild hyacinths?—

“Ah! no—it is something more exquisite still!”

You are on a plantation of bog-myrtle, of humble aspect, but richer, and more refreshing in its odour, than any thing else of which the vegetable kingdom can boast ;—save, perhaps, that modest violet, which wraps herself the livelong day in a leaf, in order that she may pour all her sweetness upon the air of night.

Ascending one slope, and descending another—now jumping a rill and again fetching a circuit, in order to avoid a quagmire—you come to the foot of an elevation loftier than the rest, and crested at top with immense masses of stones, of very fantastic shapes. If it were not for a certain “*land-blink*”—a volume of air which has a mysterious gleaminess, just over the stones, you would fancy them to be the fringe of the mountain, and that, if you were on the top of them, you would be half way to the summit, at the least. Emboldened by the prospect, you march forward ; but, though the road be long, and, in some places abundantly steep, the provoking mountain keeps gradually growing out of the earth, ascends as you ascend, and seems to recede as you approach. As you come nearer to the rocks, the ground becomes a little more grassy ; and you perceive a black thing near you, which appears to be animated. You go toward it, and it hops about as if lame, yet bounding with great strength ; and, at the distance of many yards, you can see the gloss of its keen black eye, and the size and point of its formidable bill. “*Curcq, curcq, curcq !*” hollow as ever enchanter muttered a spell, and dismal as is the voice of the doomster, when the jury, without retiring, have said “*guilty !*” and hope there is none—“*Curcq, curcq, curcq !*” It is the mountain-raven, cowardly to strength a match for his own, but voracious, cruel, and savage, and sparing nothing over which he has power. To grouse, and Alpine hares, and lambs, and sheep when they are lame, he is more formidable than the eagle, because more treacherous. The eagle sails aloft in the open day—leans in the air against the sun, and sends down his shadow as a declaration of war ; and, if he fails in his “*stoop*,” he degrades not his royalty by stratagem and bush-fighting. But this dark-grey ruffian, with his hollow and sepulchral “*curcq*,” steals upon his victims unawares, and, if possible, when they are asleep—darts first at one eye, and then at another—drives that strong, sharp, and leaden-coloured beak right through the centre of the ball—and, while they are in darkness and in agony, digs into their vitals. Even if you were to slumber near his haunt, your bones would bleach in the wilderness, if he should steal upon you with a second thrust of the beak. The villain understands anatomy, too ; for, in the case of the smaller animals, one thrust can divide the vessels of the neck, with more rapidity, and equal certainty, than if the deed were done by a butcher. The very sight of the raven convinces you that there is no good in him ; and, as he hops about, as if lame and in pain, you give him chase, thinking to rid the world of one black villain. But he disappoints you, at the very moment that you think yourself sure of him—bids you defiance in his “*curcq, curcq, curcq !*” and flies on strong wing to the loftiest and most inaccessible cleft of the rock.

When you come to the stony barrier, you have to clamber up on hands and feet ; but you are paid as soon as your labour is at an end. What a scene ! The mountain is still some miles distant ; and, in the intermediate space, there is an amphitheatre, of the existence of which you did not even dream. From the sides of the mountain, the deep gullies of which are now thrown into shade by the far westward and

declining sun, streams come down, foaming and white, appearing like threads of silver on the changing purple of the pigeon's neck; and, in the centre, there expands a lake, which here glistens like burnished gold in the sunbeam, and there sleeps as a mirror in the shade, giving back, clear and unbroken, all the varied tints of the mountain, and all the glades and coppices on its shores. It lies so calm and so still, that you would think a ripple had never passed over its surface. The mountain is divided: one part appearing grey with rock, and spotted with snow, over a mass of white and fleecy cloud; and the other part, of richer and more varied tints, coming out below the same, and terminating in the softer scenery by the lake. Those coppices, planted by no human hand—those swells and forms of glade and lawn, which art cannot imitate—and the gay green of the whole, doubly gay from the contrast of the brown heather that you have been crossing for the last three or four hours, give charms to the place which you never found in a place before. And there are cottages, too—humble in size, but snug in situation. There are the bleating of flocks upon the slope, the lowing of herds on the meadows, where the winding rivulet—the very one whose fall you saw—steals quietly away from the lake; and there are blue smokes curling through the trees, and proclaiming to the shepherd, the herdsman, and the wood-cutter, that, when the horn calls the sheep to the fold, and the man from the hill, there will be the homely, but hearty evening meal; and you will be welcome, thrice welcome, to the first and the finest share.

This again you owe, at least the choicest part of all this, to the mountain. The lake—the lake is the charm! It is the cause of all the greenness and fertility. In its fifty or hundred fathoms of depth, there is a charm which all the frost of winter cannot bind, and which, with the shelter of the mountain, makes it delightfully temperate when the air over the plain below is covered with *spiculæ* of ice. If the air be free of moisture—or, rather, of that which would be moisture if warm enough—cold is a matter of indifference; but, if you must give the vital heat of your body to thaw the air as you move along, you are chilled almost to death.

Now who ever saw a lake worthy the name, save in a mountainous country? On a plain it is a puddle, a fen, or a quagmire, according to its age and size; and mildew and ague are the blessings which it brings. In winter, it is shallow, freezes easily, and is productive of cold; in summer, it is full of poisonous plants—for every thing that grows in a marsh or a puddle is noxious; and the reptiles that it contains are hideous and loathsome. The water stagnates, the vegetables decay, the animals die; all sorts of offensive things are blown into it; and the whole is boiled and fermented in the summer heat, till the steam be ranker than imagination could picture the fumes of a witch's cauldron.

The information and philosophy of Shakspeare were as accurate as his power of poetical expression: indeed these are the soul of his poetry, and but for them the body must have died long ago; and where does Shakspeare draw the deadliest of his plagues—those which are imprecated by *Caliban*? Why, from “lakes” in level countries.

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed  
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,  
Drop on you both!



And again:—

All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him  
By inch-meal a disease!

And did Shakspeare, or any one else, ever think of fetching any thing pestilent from a *mountain lake*? Never.—But you are now near the hospitable hut, and more disposed for food and rest than for observation and reflection. Well, go; taste that cup of unsophisticated kindness, into which the offerer does not squeeze one drop of selfishness; and, for one night at least, feel that you are happy, and calm enough to know it. We shall meet again. VIATOR.

#### THE DREAMER.

There is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may, and will, interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever.—*English Opium-eater.*

Rest from thy griefs!—thou art sleeping now;  
The moonlight's peace is upon thy brow:  
All the deep love that o'erflows thy breast  
Lies, 'midst the hush of thy heart, at rest;  
Like the scent of a flower in its folded bell,  
When Eve through the woodlands hath sighed farewell.

Rest!—the sad memories that through the day  
With a weight on thy lonely bosom lay;  
The sudden thoughts of the changed and dead,  
That bowed thee, as winds bow the willow's head;  
The yearnings for voices and faces gone;—  
All are forgotten! Sleep on—sleep on!

Are they forgotten? It is not so!  
Slumber divides not our hearts from their woe;  
E'en now o'er thine aspect swift changes pass,  
Like lights and shades over wavy grass:  
Tremblest thou, Dreamer? O Love and Grief!  
Ye have storms that shake e'en the closed-up leaf!

On thy parted lips there's a quivering thrill,  
As on a lyre ere its chords are still;  
On the long silk lashes that fringe thine eye  
There's a large tear gathering heavily;  
A rain from the clouds of thy spirit press'd!—  
Sorrowful Dreamer! this is not rest.

It is Thought, at work amidst busied hours;  
It is Love, keeping vigil o'er perished flowers.  
—Oh! we bear within us mysterious things,  
Of memory and anguish unfathomed springs,  
And passion, those gulfs of the heart to fill  
With bitter waves, which it ne'er may still!

Well might we pause ere we gave them sway,  
Flinging the peace of our couch away!  
Well might we look on our souls in fear;  
They find no fount of oblivion here!  
They forget not, the mantle of sleep beneath—  
How know we, if under the wings of Death?

F. H.

“ MEXICO;” AND “ MEXICAN ILLUSTRATIONS.”

THE outward appearance, as well as the internal manner, of these two books, differ—as it were, characteristically, and in accordance with the different position and profession of their authors. Mr. Ward is a man in office, and a diplomatist; and he comes out in the form of two massive volumes, containing each at least six hundred solidly-printed pages; with an appendix of historical and political documents; maps, corrected to the latest dates or discovery; elaborate tables of calculations; and drawings of some of the most considerable points which the author visited. It is a book which most persons will read with pleasure and with instruction; but which, when they do read it, they must *sit down to*. Mr. Beaufoy is quite another sort of person; formerly a captain in the Guards, and obviously very sorry that he is not so still: transparently averse to thinking, or writing (long) upon any subject: holding no comparison, we can venture to pronounce, between the perils of leading a storming party, and those of listening to a parliamentary speech: and he waits on the public in the likeness of a sharp, three hundred page, post-chaise volume; a pleasant, red-hot, rhodomontade, irregular production; sometimes very superficial, but never very tedious; an affair to look over in running down by the fast coach to Brighton, but not necessarily to lose all recollection of in the course of a week's stay there. The tone, too, in which the two books are written differs, as, from the circumstances of the writers, it would be likely to do. Mr. Ward always speaks like a man who speaks under a certain quantity of responsibility. He is an *employé* of the state; what he says will be judged, here and in the place where he comes from. From his “position,” too, he has mixed in circles, and probably received attention from persons, whom it would be neither very wise nor very grateful that he should offend. Consequently, as far as the public affairs of Mexico—its political condition or commercial prospects—are concerned, he speaks plainly, and, no doubt, with good opportunities for judgment; but, in his notices of comparative civilization, and general sketches of society, he is something meagre; passing over many points with a paucity of comment, which looks as if he were very well disposed to omit them altogether. Mr. Beaufoy, on the other hand, on both these points, makes ample amends for his contemporary traveller's silence; and speaks right out with all the prejudices of a man who sees a new country for the first time, and all the freedom of one who does not propose to see it a second. His business in Mexico is over: and, why he should not be merry, especially as he often makes his readers merry also—at its expense, he clearly cannot see! and we profess that we are not inclined to shew him. Accordingly, he writes on, almost as freely as Captain Head rode—though not with quite so much good temper; jotting down a circular curse for all poetical tourists (and Mr. Bullock at their head), every time a hard peach sets his teeth on edge, or he finds an Indian changing his shirt only once a week; and taking a long shot at the imaginative surveyors of new countries—and Baron Humboldt—whenever a fresh fall scars the knees of his horse, or a rut coaxes a

\* Mexico, in the years 1825, 1826, and part of 1827, by H. G. Ward, Esq., His Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires in that country. 2 vols. Royal 8vo. Colburn.

Mexican Illustrations for 1825, 1826, and 1827, by M. Beaufoy, late of the Coldstream Guards. 1 vol. 8vo. Carpenter.

wheel off his carriage. But, in spite of these broad distinctions of character—perhaps from the very effect of them—both the works are interesting; and neither will be dull (we predict, from an attentive perusal of both), even to those who may have recently read the other. As it would be utterly impossible, however, for us to do more with a couple of productions; one only of which (that of Mr. Ward) contains the observations of an experience of three years, upon the history, laws, commercial and political relations, natural history, religion, prevailing opinions, and natural capabilities of a country [Mexico alone] larger than Great Britain, France, Austria, Spain, and Portugal put together: "so little understood, too," says, Mr. Ward, "even as to geographical position, by the million, that I have been repeatedly asked, since my return to England, whether Captain Head's description of the Pampas is correct? although Mexico is nineteen degrees *north*, and Buenos Ayres thirty-four degrees *south* of the line!"—as it would be hopeless for us to attempt more, even with a single work embracing these topics (not to speak of the whole history of the South American revolution, and an examination of the mining prospects of the English speculators in that country), than merely to direct the attention of our readers to those objects upon which, by an inspection of the volumes, they may amuse or satisfy themselves, we shall take Mr. Beaufoy's "Manual" (as the more manageable book of the two), for a review of twelve pages, to pick out points from as we run along: occasionally checking the looser theories and observations of the captain, by a reference to the more cautiously taken latitudes and cooler judgment of his literary *contemporain* and brother traveller.

In the year 1825, during the height of the fever for South American speculations in England—when the good people of this country devoutly believed that gold and silver grew in the streets of Mexico and Buenos Ayres, only that the natives were such noodles that they had not sense to pick it up; and that a sort of magical process was at last invented, by which persons paying their three or four pounds "deposit" into a London banker's, by public advertisement, became actually parties engaged in a trade of enormous risk and arduousness, as well as extent, of the location of which they certainly knew but little, and of the conduct of which they could not find any body who knew any thing at all, but from which the extraction of enormous fortunes to every man of them was nevertheless matter of entire certainty—at this happy period, Mr. Beaufoy was engaged by one of the Mexican mining associations, to proceed to Mexico to extend their purchases, and watch over their interests: and, after touching at some of the West India islands, of which brief but rather lively descriptions are given, he arrived, full of hope, and Robertson, and Baron Humboldt, and Bullock's Museum, in the harbour of Tampico.

The land was made under rather tumultuous auspices. A storm of thunder and lightning threatened ignition to the sea, and would have set the Thames on fire to a certainty! A tremendous surf was beating on the bar: sharks flying round the ship, rampant in the prospect of a dinner: and a woman newly carried off by an alligator, and eaten—all but *one leg*, which her friends "had the satisfaction of rescuing." To mend the matter, no pilot came off. All the salutes and signals of the ship were unattended to; and an American who lay near—one of the Job's comforters that people are always sure to meet with in distress—said, that he had been already in the port ten days, without being able to land *his*



cargo. An intelligent person, however, happened to be on board Mr. Beaufoy's vessel, in command of a commercial undertaking, and who had been in Mexico before. This man of experience jumped into a boat, and rowed to the shore. The moment he landed, his quick eye detected an old serjeant whom he had once seen—in the pillory, or elsewhere; but he flew to embrace him, cramming money into his pockets all the while during the operation. This serjeant, who could read and write (these accomplishments in Mexico have still some value from their rarity), is the right-hand man of the "governor of the fortress;" and the latter perceives in a trice, that it would be heinous that "worthy Christians, who bring money and industry to the republic, should find a difficulty in landing." Horses are brought; and the searcher of South American hearts gallops ten miles to the house of the commandant of the district.—"Here, I am," he says to that great man, "once more in this fine country: and have brought presents for all my friends!"—"Indeed!" returns the other, knocking out the ashes of a cigar—"then my house and all I have is at the *disposicion de usted*:" which profession means (says Mr. Beaufoy), in Mexico—"I will keep all I have, and get as much more from you as I can:"—which is pretty nearly—as it strikes us—what it means every where else. Orders are now dispatched, however, to the bar for every accommodation for an instant landing; and the salute of the English vessel returned, after being a considerable while standing.

When this compliment (the salute) was paid to Mr. Ward and his friends at Vera Cruz, the Mexicans forgot, by some accident, that *their guns were shotted*: and the whole British commission, sent out to recognize the independence of South America, was within an ace of being farther dispatched—as Sir Joseph Yorke put his point the other evening—"to testify that recognition in Heaven." By good luck, however, this time the landing takes place in safety: and in the town our author is bitten by fleas; and at dinner wages constant war "with the flies, that settled on every morsel of meat."—"It is of no use," said an American, who was seated near; "in republics, the flies will eat as well as you and I." Mr. Beaufoy accordingly takes heart, and eats—flies and all—and protests "that they are not so very ill tasted." In the evening he observes, in the front of each house, the family picking the vermin out of each other's heads, which he conceives is very nasty; but "they might have done worse"—which is perfectly true, for they might have left them in. The party remains, however, at this place of course no longer than is absolutely necessary to complete their arrangements for removal; and, at the end of two days, the speculation moves forward towards Mexico.

The best description of South American travelling which the book affords, is found in a more advanced stage of our author's progress. As we have but a certain space to allow him, we shall take the liberty to introduce it here:—

"The modes of travelling in Mexico are various. A well-constructed road of two hundred and sixty four miles did once exist between Vera Cruz and the capital; and, though it has long been in a ruinous state, it is still possible, with seven mules, and four others running by the side to relieve them, to drag a coach over the distance in eight tedious days. A lighter vehicle, resembling Sterne's *chaise de poste*, and derided in the appellation of a *volante*, can be made to run over the same ground, by means of three mules abreast, in six days and

a half; but, of course, halting a day or two in addition, to rest the weary animals.

"A sort of covered sofa, called a *litera*, carried on poles, which serve as shafts to a mule in front and another behind, is often made use of from the coast to Xalapa; and in wet weather may be even taken on to the metropolis with advantage, as the journey can then be accomplished in six days; but by far the most usual, and, I think, the most agreeable way of proceeding, is to ride; driving before you two or three animals loaded with your linen and comforts, and at least one additional horse for the saddle."

It should be observed, that this road is, for "the republic," a road of a thousand; and Mr. Beaufoy professes that the "table-land" of M. Humboldt, where that author assures his readers they may roll in their carriages for fifteen hundred miles together, has as much pretensions to any thing like a level surface, as the fields of ice on which Captain Parry (and nobody else) expected that he should be able to travel from Spitzbergen to the Pole. "If you choose to make *détours* of many leagues," Mr. B. says, "and follow the course of the different ranges [of hills], there is generally some one spot over which nine stout mules *will* draw a strongly made coach, by dint of sticks, stones, shouts, and kicks in the belly." Baron Humboldt, however, meant to speak, probably, of the country, such as it may become. The understanding that travellers are to carry their beds and breakfasts with them—those who desire such accommodations—prevails nearly throughout Old Spain: and, from the description of the first inn at which the author reposes, the advantage of taking the same precaution in Mexico seems to be hardly capable of dispute:—

"We entered a court, round which was a stone building one story high, with sixteen doors numbered in succession; and on one of these being thrown open so as to admit the light, for there were no windows, I advanced to the entrance, but quickly made my escape on observing the brick floor teeming with fleas, and depositions of filth and nastiness of the most disgusting and offensive nature.

"My servant and the muleteer advanced boldly into this pandemonium; and by the free use of cold water, with a sort of wooden shovel and bundle of twigs, soon rendered it less horrible. In the mean time, I had leisure to contemplate a perpendicular sun, which seemed purposely to pry into every corner, and deprive us of shade; while the loaded mules quietly bent their knees under them and laid down, so as to rest the weight of the baggage on the ground.

"When I had ascertained they could not roll over and damage my portmanteaus, I would not allow them to be disturbed until the room was cleansed; but then the muleteers, by dint of kicks and large masses of stone thrown against their flanks, forced the poor animals, after various gruntings, to rise and be unloaded.

"I now explored my intended domicile; and, finding I did not sneeze quite so much as at first, took notice of four bare walls, a roof, a broad board elevated on upright sticks for a table, and two boards stretched out for my resting-place. To these latter I speedily turned my attention, knowing from sad experience what I was to expect; and, having armed myself with a resinous piece of pine-wood, deliberately held the lighted torch under every crevice, till I had roasted all the inhabitants.

"The animals being now relieved of their various trappings, rolled themselves well in the dust, and one was mounted by a man with *lazo* in hand, who drove thirteen of them through the town to the watering-place, which is frequently half a mile or more from the inn: they returned, bearing green maize or other forage, and were then shut up in a shed, with the addition of

Indian corn and barley for their food. At night, if another den could not be procured, my English servant used to spread his bed at the side of my own; while the Mexican servants and muleteers contentedly placed themselves outside the door in their serapes, and slept till daybreak, notwithstanding the extreme chilliness of the air.

"In the morning, before it was light, the whole party was on the move: the beasts were driven to water, and, if possible, more corn given them; while I, to the utter astonishment and even alarm of the natives, who expected to see me suddenly stricken to death for such temerity, went through the usual European operations of shaving and washing.

"As soon as every article was packed up, the mules were brought out to be loaded; and, having a pocket-handkerchief placed over their eyes, were first encumbered with an enormous sort of wadding or pack-saddle, then, by means of cords, the portmanteaus, &c. were suspended in equal weights on each side; and the said cord being passed twice round the stomach of the poor creature, a man on each side placed one foot against the beast, and with both hands pulled most strenuously, as if the animal or its belly could in no way be affected by their merciless exertions.

"The mules in general stood with their legs firmly planted, and only shewed their knowledge of what was going on by grunts, and puffing furiously, while I momentarily expected to see the poor creatures' bowels protruding through their skins; but I soon learnt that the operation was only a trial of stubbornness between the animals and their masters; for so effectually do the former swell out their sides, that in half a mile the cargoes are quite loose, and the cords again want tightening.

"When all was ready, I headed the *mêlée* in a broad Mexican hat, blue military jacket, and loose fustian trowsers, with large spurs, and my many-coloured serape or cloak fastened to the crupper with thongs. From the elevated pommel of the saddle, hung on either side a cow-skin, to protect my legs in wet weather, the pockets of which were convenient for stowing a compass and memorandum books, &c. A sword was suspended over the left skin; over my back was slung a barometer, thought by the natives to be an engine of war, and I carried one of Manton's double-barrelled detonating fowling-pieces in my hand. Thus accoutred, and with two good servants also armed, and sometimes a muleteer or more, I rode about the country like a hog in armour, unmolested and without danger. Indeed my gun was quite as much dreaded as admired, because the people said it required no flints, but could go off under water just as well as any where else."

The aversion of the Mexicans to the use of soap and water, on occasions of travel, amounts to horror: a firm belief existing among the people that to wash or bathe at such a time is unwholesome to a degree of deadliness. By a curious fatality, too, it happens that Mr. Beaufoy, having persuaded one of his Mexicans to wash on a journey, the man—as though especially to discredit English infidelity—*does die* before he arrives at the end of it. A Mohammedan strictness of ablution, however, is no where, if our author's observations are to be credited, considered a requisite to gentility: the greater part, indeed, of the people, even of the higher class, hold themselves very independent of all such processes.

"'I cannot think,' said one of the belles [this was a lady of particular nicety], at a ball given by the foreigners, and so loud that many besides her partner heard her—'I cannot think why the gentlemen admire Miss — so much? Do you know she never washes her teeth; while I am quite uncomfortable if I don't wash mine twice a week, and with a brush too.'

"The Creoles, if not gambling, generally retire to bed before ten o'clock, and in the morning have a cup of chocolate, with some sweet biscuits, served to them before rising; a little water is then brought and poured slowly over the hands, which sometimes convey a drop of the liquid to the eyes and the



mouth; but the teeth and nails are left to themselves, and shaving takes place only every fifth or sixth day.

"The labouring classes are very early risers; for, as they lie down in their clothes with no other covering than the serape, they have only to rub their eyes, yawn, pull the cloak over their shoulders, and the whole toilette is finished.

"The serape, however, is the great curse of the Mexicans, the bane of industry, and the conservator as well as propagator of infectious diseases: it is made like an oblong blanket, with a slit in the centre to put the head through, and is, among the mass of the people, almost invariably of a sombre dark colour.

"When the sun shines hot, the inhabitants cover themselves up to the eyes to keep out its rays; when the chilly mornings and evenings make the cold more piercing from the intense heat of the day, the serape is again made use of, to keep its owner warm: but, in either case, so long as this cloak is not thrown off, no kind of work or exertion can be undertaken."

In his examination of the City of Mexico, Mr. Beaufoy seems to take one course very likely to lead him into error. He clearly looks at every object less with reference to its actual value, than to the terms in which some other writer—Mr. Bullock particularly—happens to have described it. On a great number of points, however, and material ones, his strictures are confirmed by the more guarded and considerate account of Mr. Ward:—

"Mexico is decidedly the most regularly built and the handsomest town I ever saw, but is situated on a vast flat, of horrible aspect; a wet marsh on one side—a barren level, covered with depositions of soda, on the other; houses built on piles, which frequently sink deeper into the swamp; and streets so devoid of the slightest inclination, that, after a heavy storm, the water will remain stagnant in them for hours together.

"When this metropolis was a second Venice, rising from the bosom of an immense lake which washed the very bases of the mountains, it must have had a far nobler appearance; but, after three centuries of strenuous activity, the Spaniards have succeeded in driving back the sheet of water to the distance of three or four miles, although they never could contrive to drain the aguish marshes they had thus so prudently created.

"The streets of this beautiful city are all straight and at right angles to each other, most of them a mile or a mile and a quarter in length, as wide as Pall Mall; and, from the peculiar style of architecture, with flat roofs and ornamented fronts, there is nothing seen in any direction either monotonous or shabby. The outskirts, however, like those of all Spanish cities I have ever heard spoken of, are full of ruins, rubbish, and filth; and even in the really splendid interior of the town, there are many handsomely-decorated fronts which conceal the most dirty and wretched abodes of the poorer classes.

"The houses are of stone, and much superior, I think, in construction, to any thing we can boast of in Britain. They are built round an open court, either with two or three stories above the ground-floor, and balconies to each, which are usually filled with pots of flowers or small shrubs.

"The roofs are flat, and form a pleasant terrace to walk on, being also sometimes ornamented with flowers and shrubs; but much more frequently are tenanted by large ferocious dogs, which effectually deter thieves from attempting to swing down into the balconies of the inner court, and rob the houses.

"The pavement of the principal streets is excellent, being of small stones, with a narrow covered channel in the centre as a drain, and with good flag footpaths on each side; they are lighted with large glass lamps, containing oil; and water is conveyed by pipes from the aqueducts to the different houses."

The theatre is described as a neat building, but wretchedly furnished with performers; and horribly offensive, from the fumes of tobacco with which it was filled. When the author, however, was *last* there, the cigars were given up by the ladies in the boxes. The airing of the Alameda, which is a more favourite species of diversion, is described with great spirit and neatness in the second volume of Mr. Ward—from whom we extract it:—

"Amongst the many curious scenes that Mexico presented at the end of 1823, I know none with which we were more struck than the Alameda. As compared with the Prado of Madrid, it was, indeed, deprived of its brightest ornament, the women; for few or none of the ladies of Mexico ever appear in public on foot; but, to compensate this, it had the merit of being totally unlike any thing that we had ever seen before. On a Sunday, or *Día de Fiesta*, the avenues were crowded with enormous coaches, mostly without springs, but very highly varnished, and bedizened with extraordinary paintings in lieu of arms, in each of which were seated two or more ladies, dressed in full evening costume, and whiling away the time with a cigar *en attendant* the approach of some of the numerous gentlemen walking or riding near. Nor were the equestrians less remarkable; for most of them were equipped in the full riding-dress of the country, differing only from that worn by the lower orders in the richness of the materials. When made up for display in the Capital, it is enormously expensive. In the first place, the hind-quarters of the horse are covered with a coating of leather (called the *anquera*), sometimes stamped and gilt, and sometimes curiously wrought, but always terminating in a fringe or border of little tags of brass, iron, or silver, which make a prodigious jingling at every step. The saddle, which is of a piece with the *anquera*, and is adorned in a similar manner, rises before into an inlaid pommel, to which, in the country, the lasso is attached; while the plated headstall of the bridle is connected by large silver ornaments with the powerful Arabic bit. Fur is sometimes used for the *anquera*; and this, when of an expensive kind (as black bear-skin or otter-skin), and embroidered, as it generally is, with broad stripes of gold and silver, makes the value of the whole apparatus amount to four or five hundred dollars (about 100*l*). A common leather saddle costs from fifty to eighty dollars. The horse usually mounted on these occasions must be a brazeador, fat, sleek, and slow, but with remarkably high action before; which, it is thought, tends to shew off both the animal and the rider to the greatest advantage. The *tout ensemble* is exceedingly picturesque; and the public walks of Mexico will lose much in point of effect, when the riding-dress of England or France is substituted, as it probably will be, for a national costume of so very peculiar a character."

In the midst, however, of all this costliness and splendour, an inconceivable mass of misery is found among the lower orders: and the Lazzaroni population, Mr. Ward says, at the end of 1823, rendered the suburbs of the capital almost too horrible for foreigners to enter:—

"Twenty thousand of these Leperos infested, at that time, the streets, exhibiting a picture of wretchedness to which no words can do justice. In addition to the extraordinary natural ugliness of the Indian race, particularly when advanced in years, all that the most disgusting combination of dirt and rags could do to increase it was done. Dress they had none: a blanket full of holes for the man, and a tattered petticoat for the woman, formed the utmost extent of the attire of each; and the display of their persons, which was the natural consequence of the scarcity of raiment, to a stranger was really intolerable."

By a strange dispensation, these wretched people, in the depth of all their degradation, possess some faculties which should seem

to belong to a better condition—those, particularly, of an aptness for modelling and drawing—in a very extraordinary degree. The same faculties, by the way, are found to exist, and almost in as decided an extent, among the very lowest of the serf population of Russia. "Among these unhappy people," Mr. Ward says, "the Indians, are found men endowed with natural powers, which, if properly directed, would soon render their situation very different."—

"The wax figures, with which Bullock's exhibition has rendered most people in London acquainted, are all made by the Leperos, with the rudest possible implements. Some of them are beautifully finished, particularly the images of the Virgin, many of which have a sweet expression of countenance, that must have been borrowed, originally, from some picture of Murillo's; for it is difficult to believe that the men by whom they are made could ever have imagined such a face. It is Humboldt, I believe, who remarks, that it is to imitation that the powers of the copper-coloured race are confined: in this they certainly stand unrivalled, for while the Academy of San Carlos continued open (a most liberal institution, in which instruction was given in drawing, and models, with every thing else required for the use of the students, provided at the public expense), some of the most promising pupils were found amongst the least civilized of the Indian population. They seemed (to use the words of the Professor, who was at the head of the establishment) to draw by instinct, and to copy whatever was put before them with the utmost facility; but they had no perseverance, soon grew tired of such little restraint as the regulations of the Academy imposed, and disappeared, after a few lessons, to return no more."

On the state of society in Mexico, generally, Mr. Ward's notes (as we have before hinted) are not very copious. He has some very interesting travelling notices in his "Personal Narrative," but he commonly avoids characterizing the people. Mr. Beaufoy disposes of the subject with great vigour and brevity, setting out with the declaration, that—"There is not any thing that bears the slightest resemblance to good society in the whole republic."—

"A book in the hands of a Mexican gentleman, to pass away the weary time, or improve his mind, is a novelty I cannot task my memory with ever having witnessed. They talk very little, often paying visits of several hours without uttering ten words; a cigar is their inseparable companion and comforter, at all times and on all occasions; indeed I learnt at length to hail its presence myself, as the least offensive of a multiplicity of unpleasant odours.

"Lawyers smoke while reading a legal document—priests during the pauses of the service; visitors, who intrude at your dinner-hour, which is very customary out of the capital, quietly draw a chair to the table, and while you eat they puff; and this is seasoned with the most violent and repeated eructations and spittings—neither one nor the other being considered ungentle, but quite the reverse: your carpets and floors, your furniture and curtains, are indiscriminately covered with saliva, and its disgusting appendages.

"The amusements of these intellectual gentlemen consist in cock-fighting, billiards, cards, and gambling of every description; which are passionately followed by all classes of people, to a degree scarcely credible. Gaming at once levels all ranks, all distinctions; a most perfect equality prevails, in knavery as well as excitement; and I have frequently seen a general, or a governor, bet his dollars against a man whose only covering was a blanket, full of vermin."

This is the case with the gentlemen; and, in despite of Mr. Beaufoy's professional gallantry, the ladies are not much more civilly dealt with:—



"As a nation, the women must be pronounced unpardonably plain. I was astonished, after all I had heard and all I had read, not to find above a dozen really handsome ladies, with good figures, in all my excursions; and even they lost most of their attraction, if seen in the mornings, by the habit of being then peculiarly slovenly; for it is impossible to speak of the Mexican ladies as 'when unadorned—adorned the most.'

"All have a great quantity of dark hair; but it is not fine, or in natural ringlets. Indeed that of the lower orders is so coarse, long, and black, that when, of an evening, I have seen women walking about in great pride, purposely turning round to display fully their straight locks hanging down their back, my imagination has irresistibly reverted to the tails of the Life Guards' horses in London.

"Seldom is one lady found paying a visit to another; such things are either unpractised, or considered an improper sort of espionage. They go to mass in the morning, to the theatre at night; and the intervals are passed in lolling at home, doing nothing but smoke little white paper cigars as big as a quill, or in a drive to the Alameda.

"In the evening, the saloon is thrown open to such male acquaintance as choose to call, where the female part of the family are seen sitting in a row against the wall, flirting their fans with a velocity and dexterity of movement which is highly creditable. Working I have seen once; reading never; piano-fortes twice; singing to the guitar I have heard frequently; but as they usually pitch the voice to the highest key, it thrilled through my head like a most abominable octave.

"Spitting, smoking, and eructating are considered just as indispensable accomplishments among the ladies as the gentlemen; and if a *Senorita* wishes to shew you particular attention, she puts her hand into her bosom, pulls out a number of cigarritos, and entreats your acceptance of one."

If the manners of the Mexicans seem here to be treated with little ceremony, upon their morals (as described by our author) we are not disposed very particularly to touch. In justice, however, to Mr. B., we should add, he admits that, even during his stay, from the intercourse with Europeans, matters were improving. The ladies, in general, were discarding the use of tobacco: and the richest and prettiest paid their countrymen the compliment of declaring they would only marry foreigners.

The enormous extortions of the Catholic clergy, and the tyrannical rule that they maintain over the lower classes, and especially the Indians, are spoken of by both the authors before us; and the military writer shews no mercy to the dissolute nature of their lives. The fees demandable upon the performance of religious ceremonies may be gathered from an anecdote, related by Mr. Ward, of an Indian at whose hut he halted. This man's *house*, when he set out in life, had cost him *four* dollars, and his *marriage fees* were *twenty-two*! He had paid this sum, but was still indebted to the padre for the baptism of a child; the fees for which he was then endeavouring to raise. These extortions, however, according to Mr. Beaufoy's account, form but a small part of the revenue of the church, which puts a direct tax, in cases of necessity or pleasure, upon the daily gains and wages of the people. Mr. B.'s conclusions are sometimes hasty, but he gives an example in proof of this fact, as to which no error could well arise:—

"At a place where I was visiting, the men employed in the mines, amounting to nearly a thousand, were paid each Sunday morning after mass; and at the different pay-tables stood a person with a plate and small silver crucifix. As each individual's name was called out, he exclaimed on advancing, 'The

sacred Virgin is the purest of the pure!" and, if he received a dollar, the man with the crucifix took threepence; if two, sixpence was deducted; and so on. Far from this tax creating any apparent dissatisfaction, all submitted to it with the most praiseworthy humility; and on one occasion only do I remember a man, who, by some means or other, had got drunk too soon, asking why a medio was taken away from him?—"For the holy sacrament," replied the collector.—"I work hard for what I get, and will give what I like, but not have any thing taken; so where is my threepence?"—"Oh, you sacrilegious wretch!" roared the clerical officer; "you shall have to settle this with our master and holy mother church."

The follies committed in the commencement of the different Mining adventures, seem to have been outrageously extravagant: but scarcely greater, as Mr. Ward fairly argues, than might be expected from men who were wholly without *data* on the subject upon which they were forming an opinion. In the commencement of the mining mania, all that the British public knew of Mexico was derived from the "*Essai Politique*" of Baron Humboldt. Even this book was but imperfectly known, and still more imperfectly understood; and no allowance was made for possible error on the part of the author; or for the still more important consideration that the book had been written fourteen years before, and prior to a civil convulsion, during which the state of mining property—more, perhaps, than any other species of possession—was likely to have been changed. The first step was to believe every thing—at one gulp—that M. Humboldt had seen. The next was to be convinced that there must be a great deal more (gold, of course) that he had not seen. Then, that the native Mexicans, who had worked these mines for some centuries, should know any thing about mining, or about any thing, as compared with the English, was impossible. And lastly, the coolest speculators assumed that—whatever new inventions might, on consideration, arise, or be deemed requisite, what we *had*—the knowledge—was secure:—the processes and machinery which succeeded in England, must, of course, succeed in South America.

These pleasing beliefs, all destined—even the last of them—to be thrown over in the sequel, led to results which are too notorious for it to be necessary that we should dwell upon them. Gentlemen were sent out in pursuit of mines, and mining adventures, whose knowledge of mining had remained a secret, we verily believe, to themselves—certainly to all the world beside—up to the moment when considerable salaries and handsome "outfits" called it into action. Crowds of working miners were sent from Cornwall—over whom, it might have been recollected, it would be impossible abroad to exercise any thing like control; and who, in fact (emancipated from the control to which they were accustomed—the fear of the loss of their employ), became rapidly so demoralized and unmanageable as to produce mischief instead of benefit wherever they went: besides that, being taken out of the particular duty to which they had been habituated (and in which, no doubt, they were eminently skilful), it was found that the native miners did the work three times better. Mr. Ward says:—

"Englishmen of the lower orders appear to undergo a change, on leaving their own country (particularly if exposed to the contagion of a large town), which renders them the most inefficient of human beings: nor is it by an excess of liberality, which only raises them above the sphere in which they were fitted to act, that this evil can be remedied. Indolence, obstinacy, and

insolence take, but too soon, the place of those qualities by which our working classes are distinguished at home; and, as their prejudices are not less strong than those which they have to encounter on the part of the natives, the result, in all cases where mutual assistance is required, cannot be favourable."

Again—of the miners of Cornwall peculiarly:—

"For the credit of England it must be hoped, that those who sought their fortune in Mexico are not to be regarded as a fair specimen of the population of that part of the British dominions. There were some good and useful men amongst them, who have continued in the service of the Association, and are now amongst its most efficient agents; but the generality of the Cornish have left behind them a character for ignorance, low debauchery, insubordination, and insolence, which has very materially diminished the respect which the Mexicans were inclined to entertain for the supposed superiority in intellectual acquirements of the inhabitants of the Old World.

This little fact (as the labourers in question were paid at an extravagant rate of wages—at least double that which they could have gained at home) is worthy the consideration of those "criminal law" theorists, who refer all our crime in this country to "the pressure of poverty."

Next came the crowd of evils necessarily consequent upon working at an enormous distance from our resources; and upon ground too—this was the worst part of the affair—with the peculiarities of which we were wholly unacquainted. Ponderous machines were sent out, in some instances, intended for places at which—from the physical structure of the country, it was impossible that they ever should arrive. Other engines arrived in a mutilated state, or in want of some slight additions, or with some trifle about them forgotten, which a voyage of six months to the United States (as the nearest market) was necessary to supply. In other cases, when steam engines had arrived, and were ready to work—the discovery was made—there was no fuel:—or fuel only to be got at such a price as that to work with it was to give gold for silver. But the most signal instances of the valuelessness of theories, without attention to local circumstances, was in the pearl adventure to the Gulf of California; because that was a case in which—though the failure was total—failure, by the most cautious speculators, could hardly have been suspected.

In the year 1825, it being known that pearl oyster-beds existed in the Gulf of California, it was conceived, by an English company, that if mere Indian divers could get pearls up out of the sea with their hands, with the assistance of a diving-bell, they (the company) might absolutely sweep the bottom. Two vessels were accordingly fitted out expressly for this enterprize, with diving-bells, and every supposed requisite. The conduct of the adventure was entrusted to an active and experienced naval officer; and an arrangement was entered into with the Mexican government (after great difficulties) for the equitable division of profits. Unfortunately, it turned out, that "the heat and the rocky bottom together," prevented the diving-bell from acting at any thing like the depth to which the native divers were accustomed to descend. "One damaged pearl was the result of a first cruize of six weeks: and, after a second attempt, equally long and unsuccessful, the scheme was abandoned as hopeless!" Notwithstanding all the losses, however, that have been incurred by hasty or ill-informed adventurers, Mr. Ward remains of opinion that profit is to be made by mining in Mexico; and his arguments on that point are well entitled to consideration.



The Mexican mode of working the mines varies according to circumstances in different establishments; and the descriptions of this business in detail are too long to be extracted. We may give some general notion of the manner of operation from the account of Mr. Beaufoy:—

"The veins of silver were no doubt originally discovered by fires being accidentally lighted on spots where the ore "cropped out" on the surface; and some portion of metal became smelted and seen; adventurers then began to sink a shaft; or, much more commonly, to dig a hole in the vein itself, following the richer lodes in all their sinuosities, groping about, sometimes above, sometimes below, but leaving nothing behind that was worth taking away.

"I have heard many professional European miners declare, that no workings could be carried on more devoid of all system than those of the Mexicans; and yet, in despite of all the very best of theories, the ignoramuses had contrived to extract the precious contents.

"Whether I am correct or not in the conjecture, I cannot say; but I have often thought, when visiting the old, narrow winding excavations of the natives, that men were capable of going farther under ground, in that pure atmosphere, without a circulation of air, than in denser climates: fire-damps are, I believe, unknown, and, wherever a candle will burn, there the air is not so much stagnated as to prevent breathing.

"If the shaft is perpendicular, a large wooden drum, turned by horses, raises to the surface a sort of sack, made of three great skins, firmly sewed together, and filled with water; for the use and mode of making tubs with staves is utterly unknown, and there are very few mines which have a level deep enough to drain a third part of their galleries. While this is going forward, the carriers work their way to the surface by means of notched poles put across a part of the shaft in a zigzag fashion; and they then give their load to the breakers, who knock the ore into pieces exactly as if they were going to macadamize a road.

"The quantity brought "to grass" by each individual would appear ridiculously small to those who are unacquainted with the difficulties of the low underground passages, and the fatigue of mounting several hundred feet of notched sticks; but it is the long-established usage of the natives, and can only be got rid of by degrees, even in those mines where the shafts will allow of a bucket.

"At the manufactory, the ore is ground, or else pounded very fine under stampers, and then placed on an area, most frequently open to the weather, but preferable if covered from the rain and cold; it is there wetted, and mixed with certain proportions of salt and burnt pyrites, which vary in quantity on every occasion, and can only be known from long experience. This mud, which strongly resembles the scrapings of London streets, is well trodden and mixed together by men or horses; quicksilver is then squeezed through a fine cloth all over the heap, and the mass is again turned over and kicked about for a long succession of days. Thus, according to circumstances of the state of the atmosphere and various other causes, the mud remains from three to six weeks before it is fit to be washed; then it is put into a cistern of water, well stirred up, and allowed to run very gently down a long inclined plane or trough, as represented in the figure. The quicksilver having united itself with the minute particles of the precious metal, they are together heavy enough to sink and collect at the stops on the board, while the refuse dirt is carried off with the water.

"As the great mass of Mexican mine proprietors had not manufactories of their own, they were obliged to send their ore to be amalgamated by other persons; paying them a fixed sum for a given quantity, and all the additional expenses of salt, pyrites, and mercury. It must, therefore be evident, without my entering into prolix details, that the owner of the manufactory had very numerous opportunities of cheating the miner; and that all the energies of the latter were continually exercised to prevent his being grossly robbed.

"The one would damp his salt, only half burn his pyrites, put bullets into the quicksilver to increase the weight, and, by carelessly washing the mud, gain a handsome profit from the refuse carried off. The miner, on the other hand, would calculate to an incredible nicety what each quantity of the ore sent ought to yield in silver."

Mr. Ward examines the different processes at various mines at far greater length; and strongly recommends the relying always, in the first instance, upon the system of the natives; introducing improvement by degrees, and only as we may be satisfied practically that it will be advantageous. Many of Mr. W.'s notices upon this subject are curious and entertaining; but we can only afford one extract as a specimen of their style:—

"I know few sights more interesting than the operation of blasting in the shafts of Rayas. After each "barreto" has undermined the portion of rock allotted to him, he is drawn up to the surface; the ropes belonging to the different malacates are coiled up, so as to leave every thing clear below, and a man called the "Pegädör" descends, whose business it is to fire the slow matches communicating with the mines below.

"As his chance of escaping the effects of the explosion consists in being drawn up with such rapidity as to be placed beyond the reach of the fragments of rock that are projected into the air, the lightest malacate is prepared for his use, and two horses are attached to it, selected for their swiftness and courage, and called Caballos del Pegador, from being reserved for this particular purpose. The man is let down slowly, carrying with him a light, and a small rope, one end of which is held by one of the overseers, who is stationed at the mouth of the shaft. A breathless silence is observed until the signal is given from below, by pulling the cord of communication; when the two men, by whom the horses are previously held, release their heads; and they dash off at full speed until they are stopped, either by the noise of the first explosion, or by seeing, from the quantity of cord wound round the cylinder of the malacate, that the Pegador is already raised to a height of sixty or seventy varas, and is consequently beyond the reach of danger.

"It often happens that the matches do not ignite, in which case the Pegador is lowered down again, and the whole operation repeated, until all the mines have exploded. But, in spite of every precaution, accidents will frequently occur; and there are more Pegadors maimed, or destroyed, than any other kind of mining servants. They acquire, however, great presence of mind in the course of their arduous business: for the Marquis of Rayas told me, that, a few weeks before my visit, the man whom I saw descend, after lighting all the matches, found himself abandoned at the bottom of the mine, from the over-anxiety of those above, who, mistaking a mere vibration of the cord for the signal, ordered the horses to start, and drew up the malacate rope far beyond his reach, before either he or they became aware of the mistake. In stead of losing courage, or wasting time in fruitless efforts to make himself heard above, the Pegador instantly tore out the matches, and was fortunate enough to extinguish them all (seven in number) in time to prevent an explosion."

Much more remains, to which we could willingly, even by a few words, direct attention; but our article has already extended itself almost beyond the limit we originally proposed. The whole examination (by Mr. Ward) of the prospects and capacities of Mexico, apart from the mere question of mining: his notices of the political state of the people, both prior to and after the revolution; and especially the few pages describing the system and policy of Spain with reference to her colonies, are well worthy of steady attention. The account of the revolution, too,

with the causes that led to it, in the beginning of the first volume, is given with a terseness and power of condensation which would do credit to an experienced writer: but we are desirous to employ the small remains of space at our disposal in quoting a few of the notices of those strange occurrences in the trade of Mining, which sufficiently explain (if they cannot justify) the wildness with which, in all times, men have engaged in that description of speculation; and, we may add (reasoning from the same premises), almost lead us to distrust the judgment of the soberest individuals, when they speak of the profits to be derived from the pursuit.

Almost all the valuable mines in Mexico, it appears, have been discovered by accident; and frequently by persons whom the discovery elevated into princes, from the very lowest original conditions of life.

The greatest mines upon the vein of La Luz (we quote here from Mr. Ward) belonged to a "Captain Zuniga," who bequeathed *four millions of dollars* by his will to charitable institutions:—

"Zuniga, on his arrival at Catorce, was merely a muleteer, who visited the mountains with supplies for the newly-discovered district; meat, and every other necessary, being then paid for almost *à peso de plata* (by their weight in silver). Encouraged by the examples of sudden riches which he saw around him, he sold his mules, and purchased with the proceeds (about 2,000 dollars) the two mines from which he afterwards derived such enormous wealth.

"His title of captain he bought in his more prosperous days: indeed, it appears that, from his munificence, he almost bought the Viceroy himself; for, on the great Besamanos days in Mexico, he used to appear at court *with a pocket-handkerchief full of gold toys*, and tell Branciforte (at that time Viceroy), as he passed him almost without a salute, and proceeded to the private apartments of the Vicequeen, 'I don't come to see your Excellency; *Soy un barbaro, y no sé nada de Cortes* (I am a barbarian, and know nothing of courts); *vengo à ver a mi nina* (I come to see my little girl),' the Viceroy's daughter; on whom the contents of the handkerchief were, of course, bestowed."

The same strange chances led to the fortune of almost all the adventurers who enriched themselves at Catorce. The great vein of the Veta Madre was not known, it appears, until 1778,—

"when a free black, by name Milagros, a wandering musician, returning across the Sierra late in the evening from Mâtêhualā, where he had been employed at some village fête, lost his horse, and being forced, in consequence, to pass the night in the mountains, lighted a large fire upon the spot where the shaft of Milagros was afterwards sunk. In the morning, he discovered a *cake of silver* amongst the embers; upon which he immediately denounced the vein, and is said to have drawn from it, within ten yards of the surface, ores producing sixty marcs of silver to the carga."

Don Pedro Medellin, the proprietor of the mine of Dolores,—

"upon one occasion, *spent six-and-thirty thousand dollars* upon an entertainment, given in honour of a godchild, at Saltillo; and, at the time when the Partido amounted to one-third of the ores raised, *common miners* have been known to lose *two or three thousand dollars* in a morning at a cock-fight."

The wonders of the mines of Batopilas, the author himself passes over in a general description, as exceeding his limits in detail.

From the Curwen (one of these), a mine belonging to the Marquis of Bustamante, *one mass of solid silver* was extracted, *weighing 425lbs!*



**The ores of Pastrana—(another)—**

"were so rich, that the lode was worked by bars, with a point at one end, and a chisel at the other, *for cutting out the silver*. The owner of Pastrana used to bring the ores from the mine with flags flying, and the mules adorned with cloths of all colours. The same man received a reproof from the Bishop of Durango, when he visited Batopilas, for *placing bars of silver from the door of his house to the sala*, for the Bishop to walk upon."

Buen Suceso was discovered by an Indian, who swam across the river after a great flood:

"On arriving at the other side, he found the crest of an immense lode laid bare by the force of the water. *The greater part of this crest was pure and massive silver, and sparkling in the sun*. The whole town of Batopilas went to witness this extraordinary sight as soon as the river became fordable. The Indian extracted great wealth from his mine; but, on arriving at the depth of three varas, the abundance of the water obliged him to abandon it, and no attempt has been since made to resume the working."

And these are not tales of the olden time.—These masses of wealth, and the people who hold it, are, in many cases, still in existence:—

**The mine of Morelos was found—**

"in the spring of 1826, by two brothers (Indians), by name Arauco, to one of whom a little maize for tortillas had been refused upon credit the night before. In two months they extracted from their mine 270,000 dollars! yet, in December 1826, they were still living in a wretched hovel close to the source of their wealth, bare-headed and bare-legged, with upwards of 40,000*l.* sterling in silver locked up in their hut. But never was the utter worthlessness of the metal, as such, so clearly demonstrated, as it has been in the case of the Araucos, whose only pleasure consists in contemplating their hoards, and in occasionally throwing away a portion of their richest ores to be scrambled for by their former companions, the workmen."

The mine of Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe is very celebrated:—

"It belongs to Don Francisco Iriarte, a relation of the President's, who *refused an offer of one million of dollars*, made in 1825, by an association of Foreigners, on condition that he should allow them to work his mine for a term of three years. Guadalupe is free from water, and situated at a considerable elevation above the plain; it contains a vein of gold of considerable breadth, and its produce might be increased to ten times its present amount; but the proprietor, a man of very peculiar habits, often refuses to work the mine for months together; and, when compelled to employ labourers upon it, in order to prevent the loss of his title by exposing the mine to a denunciation from some other quarter, never allows more than four arrobas of gold (100*lbs.* weight) to be raised in the week.

"The idea of a man possessed of boundless wealth, but refusing to make any use of the treasures within his reach, will seem incredible in Europe; but Iriarte really does not know the value of money. With at least a million of dollars in gold and silver in his house, he lives in a habitation, the furniture of which is composed of buffaloe-skins, with wooden tables, and chairs of so massive a construction, that it requires two or three men to lift them from one part of the room to the other. His sons, whom he never permits to leave the town, are forced to attend to a little retail shop in Cósala; and his daughter, who is pretty, is suffered to grow up in uneducated idleness. His own habits are abstemious; and his religious notions extremely strict. He dislikes allusions to his wealth, and considers any inquiry respecting his mine almost as a personal offence. To all proposals for a cession of the right of working it, even for a limited time, he has constantly given the same answer—namely,

that he does not want money; and that, if he did, those who offer him the most liberal terms know best that he could take out of his mine double the amount of any thing that they could give, in less time than they would themselves require to raise the money."

For a continuation, at great length, of similar facts, which almost lead us to distrust the *possible* sanity (upon the subject of mining) of every man who is familiar with them, we must refer our readers to the book itself—which, notwithstanding its extent, will repay the labour of perusal. Those who read it can scarcely help perceiving, that mining—like gaming—is a trade which *will* always be carried on—even though in the aggregate it should be carried on at a loss. The prizes held out are enormous; the means by which they are attained (when they *are* attained) simple and rapid; and the blanks—the losers cut their throats—we do not hear of. Taking into account, however, all the difficulty of judging coolly, Mr. Ward, as we have before said, does come to the conclusion, that a steady average profit is to be made upon mining speculations; and the facts by which he supports this assertion undoubtedly have very considerable weight.

For the merits, as to composition, of the two works under our notice, we have already sufficiently discussed these in the course of our extracts.

Mr. Ward's book is a little heavy, from its extent; but the subject is an important one; and the same information could scarcely be conveyed in less compass. Its political views are frequently free and comprehensive; and the tone of its discussion always temperate and guarded. The "Personal Narrative" abounds rather too much with anecdotes of the writer's family and domestic arrangements: but much of it will be read with entertainment, and with profit to any future traveller who may have occasion to tread in the author's footsteps.

Mr. Beaufoy's light volume may serve as a pleasant introduction to the graver and heavier work. It directs our attention to objects; and we refer to Mr. Ward's to be more fully satisfied upon them. In manner, it is often flippant, and, in conclusion, very often wrong; but always bold and lively; and we very often laugh at the author's hits, if we now and then are as much amused with his blunders. There is only one fault, in Mr. Beaufoy, which, although it occurs in no violent degree, yet even as it stands is such as we cannot easily pardon, and which would not have presented itself for our condemnation, if Mr. B. had shewn his work to any friend of well regulated taste or naturally correct judgment. There are, here and there, in the book, matters dilated upon in detail, which would have been better very generally described and briefly handled; and occasionally some attempts at wit, which would have been a great deal better left unattempted altogether. All that it is *necessary* to say upon *any* subject, there are modes of saying without the slightest offence to propriety; and lapses from this discretion are merely so much evidence that the writer either wilfully transgresses, or fails to be familiar with those observances which good society (properly so designated) demands. This fault is the less excusable, as far as it goes, on the part of Mr. Beaufoy, because he can be entertaining (if he is not very profound), without being objectionable at all; and because the abstraction of two or three pages, of no value, from his work would leave it just as amusing as it is, and free from objection altogether.

## HAJJİ BABA IN ENGLAND.\*

Mr. Morier's first three volumes of the *Adventures of Hajji Baba*, were rather roughly treated. For the sins of the author, some officious friend (for we fully acquit Mr. M., himself, from having had any share in the jest) circulated a report, a month before the book appeared, that it was a new novel "by the author of *Anastasius*." And an edition was actually printed in France, some time after the English publication, with Mr. Hope's name in the title page, as the author. Now, if there was any particular puff that could have ensured an immense curiosity about the book, before it appeared, and its merciless damnation afterwards, it was the very report here in question. Who really *was* the author of *Anastasius*, was almost a doubtful matter. In despite of the name—plain and unequivocal—in the dedication, people were not quite satisfied that Mr. Hope was the man. Although, if he were not, the problem was none the nearer solved; for the same difficulties that hung about his claim, would attach to that of any one else. It was hardly conceivable that any man—this was the objection to Mr. Hope—should have written the MOST STRIKING BOOK—we cannot bate one point of this estimate of supremacy—that had been produced within living memory; a book which, as a work of fancy, seemed to combine the best powers of all the best known writers, and yet never write again. But then the difficulty was not got rid of by refusing the claims of Mr. Hope; for it was clear that *somebody* must have done this; unless we put the cape upon some known writer, choosing to masquerade in the back ground—which looking to the subject of the book, and its execution—appeared unlikely; or assumed that it was the posthumous MS. of some extraordinary man, whose powers had remained undeveloped during his life, or who had himself, perhaps, been unconscious of them. On the other hand, in favour of Mr. Hope's claim—independently of the unqualified manner in which that claim is made and recorded—although, frankly to speak, when a gentleman does write *one* good copy of verses, or make *one* good speech in Parliament, we are apt to have a misgiving that somebody else made or wrote the matter for him; yet it is an undoubted truth, and perfectly well known to those who are conversant with the "business" of literature, that a fresh man does now and then execute some one—or two—things excellently well; and can never do any thing worth a farthing afterwards. There were difficulties in the question, however, beyond all these. For instance, though men were known to have produced one good thing and never accomplished a second, yet it was hard to find the case of any man who had produced one good thing and never *attempted* a second. Then—for the probability that Mr. Hope had come by the MS. *dans une manière inconnue*—why the dedication (of about fifty lines to Mrs. Hope) was the only bit of rather clumsy writing in the book. Yet this was met again, on the other hand, by the fact, that dedications, even by the very best hands, are almost invariably artificial and clumsy: so that, like the authorship of *Gil Blas*, and the identity of the Man with the Iron Mask, and the name of the true thief in the case of the *The Diamond Necklace*, the matter of the writing of *Anastasius*, where it had taken speculators up, seemed likely, to the end of time, to set them down. However, be the solution of the mystery what it might, it was quite

\* The *Adventures of Hajji Baba in England*, 2 vols. 12mo., Murray, London.



certain that the whole world had been surprised by Anastasius; and looked, with a degree of anxiety, far beyond what could have been excited by an announcement from Scott or Byron, for the reappearance of the author. The edition of *Hajji Baba* went off like wildfire! In forty-eight hours after its publication, we doubt if there was a literary man in the kingdom who had not seen it. But—"as comes the reckoning when the banquet's o'er,"—the commencement of the jest was sweet as honey, but, in the result, it was as bitter as gall! Mr. Morier was never opened with any thought of his own merits, but with reference always to the powers of the writer whose name (and, with it, his responsibility unluckily) had been thrust upon him. He had to stand the test of a comparison to which scarcely any man (whom we know) would have been equal. Every thing too conspired to favour the deception. His scene lay in the same world with that of Anastasius. He worked with almost the same characters: many of his incidents and descriptions lay in the same course, and took, almost of necessity, the same ground. The question everywhere was—not what is this?—but—what is this, as compared with the former? And the result was, that Mr. Morier fell. That the author of (only) the *Essays on Costume* should have written *Anastasius* was rather incomprehensible: but it was clear that the author must have found *Anastasius* who had written *Hajji Baba*.

The book however, when looked at independently of the name of Mr. Hope, had a merit of its own; and a merit not at all inconsiderable. The sketches of eastern habits and tastes in it were graphic and lively; one or two of the little episodes introduced, far from dull; the plot sufficient, though unable to bear the criticism which compared it with the loftier work; and some of the passages, if not many of the entire scenes, eloquently written. The whole of the earlier and lighter part of the story of *Zeenab*, for instance, was excellent. One writer, who declared without ceremony that the staple of the book was three hundred per cent. below *Anastasius*, admitted that the gossiping dialogues in the chief physician's harem were equal to the former work, and effective in a different way. A great deal of commendation too, is due to the story of the sojourn with the Dervises, the capture by the Turcomans, the marriage with the widow *Shekerleb*, and the adventure with the Diviner, in seeking the inheritance, on the return to *Ispahan*. Some of the camp and pageant scenes were tedious,—they had been done already in *Anastasius*; and all the attempts at passion, and even pathos, were pretty nearly failures. But, upon the whole (through all the abuse that circumstances obtained for it), the book was generally read from beginning to end. And the author obtained, and deserved to obtain, some hold upon the recollection of the public.

The work before us—the second series of *Hajji Baba's* adventures—has some faults (and some merits) which the first production had not: but, on the whole, it is very amusingly written, and far better than (from some specimens of the proposed style of its contents given in the former publication) we expected it to be. There is less of plot about it even than in the first work; indeed of plot, in the sense in which that term is used by novelists, there can scarcely be said to be any; but a constant source of excitement is kept up by the shifting of the characters—even if they be such as take no great hold upon us—into new and singular situations: and, without becoming subject to that sort of novelistic lien which arises out of a care for the individuals before us, we have a

running curiosity to see what, in particular positions, particular people will think and do.

The work sets out with the nomination of Hajji Baba, as appointed and peculiar officer of the Persian shah, to select and take up in the provinces of his master's empire, a collection of presents which are to accompany an embassy to the king of England. These gifts are to consist (as becomes the honour of the shah and the purpose of the embassy) of the choicest specimens of art and splendour that Persia can afford, and especially of such matters as are likely to be acceptable to the illustrious monarch for whose use they are designed. Horses are among the gifts; and even a mare; that "the blessing of a race of horses may be perpetuated to those (the English) who now only possess jades," and that, "instead of grovelling, as hitherto, in the mud, they may be carried on high with their heads in the fifth heaven." Full dress suits are also constructed "for the queen of the Franks, similar to those worn by the banou of the royal Persian harem," with "collyrium for the eyes, *khennah* for staining the hands and feet, jewels for the nose and jewels for the ears, pins for the shirt, a zone for the waist, and rings for fingers as well as toes." Pearls travel to deck the person of the king of England, and "turquoises to protect him from the evil eye." Slaves of all descriptions, including, particularly, "a woman of Ethiopia, who had acquired the peculiar habit of living almost without sleep; and when she did sleep, it was with her eyes open; so that at night, at the door of the shah of England's chamber, she would keep watch better than the fiercest lion;—she was also warranted not to snore; a quality in a watching slave highly esteemed in Persia." And, besides this lady, "a *pehlivan*, or prize-fighter, a negro, whose teeth were filed into saws, of a temper as ferocious as his aspect, who could throw any man of his weight to the ground, carry a jackass, devour a sheep whole, eat fire, and make a fountain of his inside, so as to act as a spout." To these wonders are added—to crown the whole—an eunuch dwarf, the most horrible of all Persia in aspect, "who was the most vindictive, spiteful, and inexorable, of his species, as watchful as a lynx, and as wary as a jackal:" and with whom the guardianship of the king of England's harem would be complete; for, when his features were set in motion, and at the same time he exerted his voice, it was positive that "no woman—be she demon or angel—could, even for one moment, dare to oppose him."

These presents, according to Persian etiquette, previous to their transmission to Frangistan, are submitted to the inspection of the English ambassador resident at the court of the Shah; and immense surprise is created when that officer suggests that "the slaves will none of them be acceptable." The refusal of the *pehlivan*—whose praises the Persian minister sums up in one sentence—"Why, he is an animal to keep in a stable!"—seems quite incomprehensible; but the objection to the eunuch dwarf, and the statement that the King of England does not lock up his wife—and moreover that he has but *one*, creates a burst of merriment and incredulity through the court, "*La illahah illallah!*" cries the vizier—astonished even into forgetfulness of the place in which he stands—"only one wife? Suppose he gets tired of her, what then?" The delight, however, expressed at the gift of the horses, somewhat covers these disappointments. The English ambassador is luckily "no great judge; and, therefore, the animals which a Persian would most

likely have rejected, he accepts with joy." What they want in excellence, too, is "made up in fine sounding titles." "One covered with marks, foreboding ill luck, was called *Khodabaksh*, or the Godsend. Another, white with age, was the Pearl. A third, who would never permit its ears to be touched, was known by the sportive name of *Serbest*, or the Drunkard. Besides which, there was a Hawk, a Hero, and a Bosom-friend, all names descriptive of the qualities of the animal." It had been in contemplation "to add an elephant to the horses (seeing that its daily consumption of food was very inconvenient to the shah's treasury); but, the ambassador having remarked that it would be difficult to transport it on shipboard, this part of the plan was omitted." Two letters are composed with much care from the shah, and banou of Persia, to the king and queen of England. And a discussion, almost fatal to the embassy, arises between the English ambassador and the Persian minister, as to "what part of the letter the royal seal shall be placed upon:" the position being a mark of greater or less respect to Persians. At length, by a happy invention, it is agreed that the seal "shall be sent on a separate piece of paper, loose in the letter; in order that each party may be able to swear that it was intended for any part he may deem most convenient:" and, "with a warning to learn all the languages of Frangistan, to express no surprise at any thing which they may hear or see, and to do every thing in England for the shah's honour, that his face may be white in the eyes of the infidels;" the mission, accompanied by a young Englishman, who is to act as interpreter, quits Ispahan on its way to St. James's.

The chief ambassador from Persia, Mirza Firouz, is by no means devoted to the task assigned him. In fact, he receives the honour at the suggestion of a vizier, who is jealous of his favour with the sultan, and thinks it advisable to get him out of the way. Hajji Baba, whose fortune it is to be protected by the jealous vizier, (and who goes "to England as secretary of the embassy") therefore stands in no great odour in the nostrils of his superior officer; and the latter, at starting, expresses his feelings on the affair generally—and, particularly, as Hajji's patron is concerned—in the following soliloquy:—

"I have done the needful to his father's grave; I will neither spare his wife nor his sisters. May an old ass make love to his mother! By the blessing of the Prophet, a hundred dogs, one after another, will make a corner-stone of his beard, and every day bring their friends to follow their examples! Oh, thou old flint-heart! thou whose stone never sweats! Inshallah! please Allah! whatever curse was ever conceived, or whatever misfortune was ever known to befall, may they all alight on thy head at once!—Then, turning round to me, he exclaimed, 'Hajji! by my soul, and by your own death! you who know the world, who have eaten the dirt both of Turk and Turcoman, how is it possible that you would consent to eat that of an old niggard?'—Then looking straight forwards, and talking aloud as he rode at the head of the party, 'Well, and now I am an elchi! and to whom? to the Franks—to the king of the Franks! May they and their fathers' graves be eternally defiled! And I am, forsooth, to leave my family, my child, my country, to go wandering into unknown regions, amongst beardless infidels, all because this old, ill-begotten vizier chooses to think that the shah was beginning to be too mindful of me!'"

The inferior persons of the embassy, as well as their chief, are a good deal at a loss what to think of a journey to Europe:—



"One asked, 'How shall we get there? underground, or how?'—Another, 'We hear that their only food is the unlawful beast; how can a Mussulman exist there?'—A third said, 'At least we shall get wine, for we are told they drink nothing else, and that all their water is salt.' The nazir avowed his intention to take several loads of rice with him, expecting to find none in Europe; and he seemed very much puzzled how to convey a sufficient quantity of Shiraz syrup in bottles, to make his master's sherbets. The stable-men were anxious to know whether barley grew in the countries they were going to visit, and whether chopped straw was also to be had in abundance. The barber wished to ascertain what quantity of soap he was to convey; and the cook whether pots and pans were common to Franks."

In passing through Turkey, the usual heartburnings break out, between the Turks and the Persians; and in "the capital of the Blood-drinker" (Constantinople), even the hatred of both sides to the Franks appears not strong enough to control this disposition to mutual offence. "Ah, my friend!" exclaims the Turkish minister to the Persian envoy, "when will the world be cleansed from this accursed race of unbelievers? What is to be done?"—"I tell you what," answered the Mirza,—"Allah must do it; for, between you and I, I do not think you ever will." And, on another occasion—"Great," said the mufti, to the Persian ambassador, "will be the mass of impurity with which you will be overwhelmed before you return! How shall you ever cleanse yourself of it?"—"Inshallah! please Heaven," returned the latter, "not by returning through Constantinople!" At length the Persians get on board the English ships prepared for their voyage to Great Britain. And here we shall let the historian speak a little for himself:—

"We had reached the frigate all but about one *maidan*, when, wonderful to behold, at the sound of a shrill whistle, out jumped hundreds of what we took to be rope-dancers; for none but the celebrated Kheez-Ali of Shiraz, inimitable throughout Asia for his feats on the tight rope, could have done what they did. They appeared to balance themselves in rows upon ropes scarcely perceptible to the eye, ascending higher and higher in graduated lines, until on the very tip-top of the mast stood, what we imagined to be either a *gin* or a *dive*, for nothing mortal surely ever attempted such a feat. We had no sooner reached the deck, whither we had all been whisked up (the blessed Ali best knows how), than instantly such discharges of cannon took place, that, with excess of amazement, our livers turned into water, and our brains were dried up.

"'In the name of Allah!' exclaimed the elchi, 'what does this mean? Is this hell? or is it meant for heaven? What news are arrived?' All this he was exclaiming, whilst the captain, standing before him, made low bows, and seemed to claim his admiration. And it was only when the firing had ceased, and that our ears had somewhat recovered the shocks they had received, that the mehmendar stepped up and said, this was done in honour of his excellency, and was the acknowledged mode in England of treating persons of distinction.—'May your shadow never be less!' rejoined the ambassador. 'I am very sensible of the honour,' at the same time thrusting his fingers into his ears; 'and I assure you that this mark of distinction will leave a lasting impression upon me. But what is the use of discharging so many cannon, and wasting so much precious gunpowder? You have fired away more powder than our shah did at the celebrated siege of Tûs, when, with three balls and one cannon, he discomfited a host of Yuzbegs, and kept the whole of their kingdom in fear of his power for ever after.'

"Altogether, the scene that we here witnessed was one which struck us with more astonishment than any thing we had yet seen out of our own country.—'Ah!' said we, 'if the shah had but one such ship in the Caspian, he

would burn the fathers of the Russians!—‘Inshallah! please God!’ was repeated all round; and we lived in the hope that our ambassador, once established in England, it would not be difficult to learn how to build ships; seeing that the Turks, a nation acknowledged by all mankind to be the asses of the human race, made them; and recollecting that the Persians were endowed with more ingenuity and ability than all the rest of the world together.

“The captain then brought his *naibs*, or lieutenants and officers, introducing them to the ambassador, and, among the number, he specially presented a doctor, who was enjoined to take care of our health. He, moreover, led a Frank priest before us, who was the only living sign we had yet seen of religion amongst infidels—for never had we seen one of them even stand still and pray.

“One of the men was a son of the road, as the wandering Arabs say, a traveller. He was evidently a person of experience; for his hair was white, which he might have kept from the gaze of the world had he always worn a turban or head-dress, according to our Eastern fashion. The account which he gave of himself was to us incomprehensible; for it seems he was travelling about the world, at his own expense, for a Frank king, to collect birds, beasts, and fishes, which, as fast as he caught, he stuffed. The moment he perceived us, he eyed us from head to foot, as if he were inspecting horses or camels; and his curiosity was afterwards explained by the knowledge we acquired of his pursuits;—it was evident that, looking upon us as foreign animals, he longed to kill and to stuff us.

The powder in the captain’s hair excites infinite admiration among the Persians; who consider it to be a “white dust which he has poured upon his head in token of humility,” and compliment to their arrival. The knives and forks at dinner, too, with the veto upon any gentleman’s putting his hand into the dish to help another, lead to still greater perplexity. The most admirable affair of all, however, seems to the Orientals to be, the seeing the “idle young men on board the ship” [the midshipmen] appear all at noon, each with an “astrolabe” [a quadrant] in his hands! To see boys handling this instrument of wisdom, and apparently with a purpose to ascertain if the heavens are propitious to the voyage, excites an inexpressible wonder on the part of the ambassador! and having contemplated the exhibition of a little rhubarb on that day, he sends a message, to know from the Frank soothsayers, whether the time is propitious for taking physic. In the mean time the whole party apply themselves diligently to the study of all European peculiarities, and especially of the English language; and, after the chief ambassador has nearly cut off one finger in learning to use the knife at dinner, and Hajji Baba nearly committed a greater mischance, by running his fork into his eye; with no farther calamities than these, the ship reaches the English coast in safety, and the embassy is disembarked at Plymouth:—

“Our sensations upon rowing to the shore were such as we conceived the body of the true believer might feel when seeking for his soul finds it, and sits down to all eternity near a river of milk in the seventh heaven. Although every thing we saw, we were convinced, was impure, and defiled by the presence of mortals doomed to eternal fires, still how did our hearts open when we gazed upon green fields, fresh flowers, and running water!

“But what was our astonishment, when we alighted at the door of a house, at the gate of which stood several denominations of Franks, without their hats, and two or three women unveiled, all ready to receive us, and who, placing themselves in a sort of procession, preceded the ambassador until they reached a room fitted up with looking-glasses, and surrounded by many contrivances,

too numerous now to mention. The mehmandar then told us, that this was to be our habitation for the present; and added, that, whenever we wanted any thing, we had only to pull a string pendant from the wall, when slaves, ready to obey our orders, would appear, quicker than ever the *gins* did to Aladin.

"But what was still more extraordinary, we had remained in this state of surprise not a few minutes, when in came a fair-faced daughter of England, asking us, through the mehmandar, whether we should like to 'see our beds;' at least so we understood her. We knew of no other beds than those which we carried about and spread on the floor, and, therefore, we all willingly pressed forwards to the sight; and here our wonder was again excited. The shah's throne, on which he sits to administer justice, and to make the extremities of the world tremble, was not more magnificent than the bed intended for the ambassador. It must have been constructed upon the famous peacock throne of the Moguls. Upon four pillars of curiously-wrought wood was raised a canopy of rich stuffs, from which were suspended curtains as ample as those which screen the great hall of Tehran. The seat was overlaid with the softest and most luxuriant mattresses; and pillows to recline upon were raised, one above the other, in heaps. Here our moon-faced conductress proposed that the ambassador should pass the night; and the invitation, as may be expected, was greedily accepted; an event to which she appeared perfectly accustomed; inasmuch as it was settled without the least indication of a smile or a blush on her part.—'Allah! there is but one Allah!' exclaimed Mirza Firouz; 'I am in a state of amazement. To eat dirt is one thing, but to eat it after this fashion is another!'"

The dinner at the caravanserai delights the travellers even more than that on board ship. Their satisfaction at the appearance of so much plate, glass, china, &c., is at first unbounded; but is afterwards a little abated by the production of that nuisance which, the Persian historian observes, "meets strangers, go where they will in England—a bit of paper, covered with hieroglyphics, called—"the bill!" After a few hours, the novelty being over, the time at the inn begins to hang somewhat heavy on the hands of the strangers, but is relieved by the "diversion of pulling the strings which hang near the fire-place, to try whether such a ceremony will actually produce the appearance of the slaves, or servants, of the caravanserai:"—and "sure enough they came," says the Hajji, "and tired enough they seemed to be; till, at length, our pulling had no farther effect; and the charm we supposed was broken by our too frequent repetition." Some of the party too are lucky enough to discover a small room, "in which the water is made to rush and disappear as if by magic, in a much more extraordinary manner than through the pipes of the Persian fountains; and the *jelowdars* and stable-boys find much amusement in making the waters play in this place," to the great annoyance of the Franks, &c.

The embassy then proceeds to London, where the ambassador finds himself much disgusted on account of the little respect shewn to him both on the road and on his arrival. No turnings out have been made of troops, or deputations sent to bid him welcome; and the crowds gathered in the streets, instead of "uncovering the head," when the embassy approaches, "point the finger." It is horrible, he says, that an ambassador from the Shah of Persia, should meet with a reception no more ceremonious than that of an "ass load of old rags." The arrangements of the Frank houses, too, when they reach the capital, the whole party find to be, in many points, inconvenient:—



"We passed the first night very ill. Each of us had a bed, the curtains of which were so pretty; that we longed to cut them up for *alcoloks*, or to bind them round our waist; but we were unaccustomed to their heavy coverings, and found, after we had been a short time under them, that our coat and trowsers became disagreeably oppressive. We all agreed that certain white pieces of loose linen, which accompanied each bed, would make excellent shirts; and Taki, the *ferash*, who had only one, determined immediately to improve his stock. The whole household was on the stir long before the Franks thought of moving; but Mohamed Beg was much puzzled about the true hour for saying his morning prayer, for we heard no *muezzins* to announce it from the mosques; and, besides, the nights were so much longer than any we had been accustomed to, that we had almost settled amongst ourselves that the sun never rose in this ill-conditioned city. We had walked about the house for several hours almost in total darkness, and were in despair waiting for the dawn, when at length we heard noises in the streets, indicating that the inhabitants were awake. During the whole night, at intervals, we had watched the cries of what were evidently guards of the night, who, like the *keshekchis* on the walls of the *Ark*, announce that all is right; but those we now heard were quite different. At first, we thought they might be *muezzins*, appointed to cry out the Frangi *azan*, the invitation to the inhabitants to arise and pray; and, indeed, looking at them through the twilight, we were confirmed in our idea; for they were dressed in black, as all the English men of God are; but we were evidently mistaken; because, although they uttered their cry in a variety of loud, shrill tones, yet still no one seemed to rise a moment the sooner, or to have the least idea of praying on their account. And still we were uncertain; but, when the day had completely broken, Mohamed Beg came running in, in great joy, exclaiming, '*Muezzin! muezzin!*' and, pointing to the top of one of the minars which are seen on all the houses, we there saw one of these street clergymen, crying out his profession of faith with all his might."

The visit of the minister for foreign affairs to the embassy takes place so unexpectedly, that nothing but "sweet and bitter coffee" can be prepared for that officer's reception: "the first of which," the Persians observe with surprise, "he scarcely tastes," and that he "makes faces at the latter." It is resolved, however, having due notice—to give the prime minister, on his visit, a formal entertainment:—

"Hassan, the cook, was ordered to exercise all his talent, and to dress a breakfast, which would at once shew his art, and give a specimen of our national luxuries. He prepared several sorts of *pillaus*. He so judiciously mixed sweets and acids, meats and vegetables, and poured over the whole such abundance of liquid butter, that the emblem of blending the interests of the two countries, he assured us, was perfect. Then nothing could be more delicate than our sherbets, and the sweetmeats, particularly the *gezenjibin*, that luxury peculiar to Persia, and of which, considering where our destinies were directing us, we had brought a large store. Several of our sherbet-bowls had been broken on the journey, and Hashim was at a loss how to reimplace them, until, recollecting that he had seen certain vases—some painted, others white—placed in different parts of the English houses, he took possession of three of the handsomest, and served up the sherbets in them. The young *mehmandar*, who happened to have inspected the *conchas*, or trays, as they stood prepared for the breakfast, at the sight of these vases burst into indiscreet laughter, of which none of us could understand the meaning, until, explaining the use to which they were generally applied, we were obliged to hide the face of shame under the veil of ignorance; and rendered thanks to Allah, that we had so providentially escaped the quicksands of pollution.

"The prime vizier was a dervish in appearance, so mild, so kind, that we marvelled how the affairs of this great country could be directed by him."

"A very handsome breakfast was served up to him, but which, strange to say, did not seem to his taste. The ambassador helped him to the choicest bits with his own fingers; he even put his hand into the same mess of rice with him, and gave him his own spoon to drink sherbet with; but he could not be prevailed upon to make the most of the good things before him. We tried him with some *gezenjibin*, which he scrupulously examined; but when Hashim, the footman, had dexterously broken it with his hands, and blown the dust from it with his mouth, he did not seem inclined to carry his curiosity farther.

"Surely," said we, "this infidel cannot affect to think us impure, that he does not choose to taste our food; he, who will not scruple to eat swine's flesh, and to drink of the forbidden wine?—and this, too, when our ambassador has laid by his own scruples, has shut his ears to the commands of our holy Prophet, and has treated the Frank as if he were a true believer." We found that we had still much to learn concerning this extraordinary people."

For the account of the arrival of the directors of the East India Company—the "Kings of India," as the Persians designate them—in six hackney-coaches, to wait upon the embassy—and the horror of the foreigners at such an oblivion of etiquette, we must refer our readers to Hajji Baba himself. And can do little more for the ceremony of the presentation of the ambassador at the English court, the introduction at Almack's and the Italian opera, and the still more imposing adventure of the opening of the session of parliament by the king in person, when his majesty receiving some demonstrations of public disapprobation, two of the Persian suite, who have got in trees into St. James's Park to witness the procession, conceive that "hissing" must be the English mode of expressing devotion to a sovereign, and hiss so fervently that they are taken possession of by a body of the police. The whole of the second volume is occupied with the adventures of the Persians in London; and a love adventure which befalls Hajji Baba, in a family the name of which is Hogg—a family, as he designates them, "of the unclean beast!" and the card of invitation which he writes to admit his friends to one of the ambassador's parties—"Admit one mother Hogg, and two head of daughters"—are amongst the best points in this part of the book. In the end, the ambassador remains for a time in England, and it falls to the lot of Hajji Baba (under circumstances of something diminished splendour from the manner of its outward journey) to conduct the embassy home. The Persians return to Constantinople in a "transport," on board which they experience every description of horror. "The unclean beast," they say, "walked daily upon the deck; encountering them as if in defiance." Its flesh was eaten before their eyes in every corner. The captain of the vessel blasphemed and threatened, and cursed Persia incessantly; and Mohamed Beg (the Mollah or priest attached to the mission) swore "that he had been more severely polluted by what he had encountered on board that ship, than by all he had undergone since his residence with the infidels."

With the help of the prophet, however, the whole party returns to Ispahan; and Hajji Baba, being admitted to an audience of the shah, is examined as to the wonders of Frangistan—in a conversation, with a few extracts from which we shall close our short notice of Mr. Morier's second appearance.

"Well, Hajji, so you have seen Frangistan—what sort of a place is it?"  
 "Owing to the condescension of the Asylum of the Universe," said I, "it is not a bad place."

" 'How is it, compared to Persia?' said the king.

" 'As I am your sacrifice,' said I, 'there can be no comparison.'

" 'Have the Franks any poets?'

" 'May I be your sacrifice,' said I, 'they have; but to say that they approach to either Hafiz or Saadi, may God forgive me for thinking so!'

" 'But they have no nightingales,' said the king; 'say that, I will believe you.'

" 'They have none,' said I; 'but of dogs they have abundance.'

" 'So they have poets!' said his majesty; 'what else have they got? It is said that their women are good—is that true?'

" 'Of that there is no doubt,' said I; 'they would even be worthy, so thinks your slave, of standing before the shah himself.'

" 'You do not say wrong,' said the king. 'We want a Frank woman.' Then turning to the vizier, he said, 'What else was it that we wanted from that country? Is it now in your recollection?'

" 'May I be your sacrifice, said the vizier; 'your slave thinks it was a spying-glass.'

" 'True, true,' answered the shah, recollecting himself; 'it was a spying-glass; a miraculous spying-glass. Is it true,' said he to me, with some hesitation, 'is it true that they make a spying-glass in that country which can look over a mountain? Is such a thing really made?'

" 'Since your majesty says so,' said I, 'it must be so; but, in truth, it was not my good luck to meet with it. But, as I am your sacrifice, may it please your majesty, I have seen things among the Franks equally astonishing; and, therefore, there is no reason that it should not exist.'

" 'What things did you see? Speak boldly.'

" 'I have seen a ship,' said I, 'going against a fierce wind, with the same velocity as a horse, and that by the vapour which arises from boiling water.'

" 'Hajji,' said the king, after a stare and a thought, 'say no lies here. After all, we are a king. Although you are a traveller, and have been to the Franks, yet a lie is a lie, come from whence it may.'

" 'My tongue almost became constipated at this reproof; but taking courage, I continued with vehemence:—'By the salt of the king, may my head be struck off this moment—I am your sacrifice—as I live, I swear that such is the case, and if there be a Frank here, and he be a man, he will confirm my words.'

" 'Say it again,' answered the king, softened by my earnestness. 'What vapour could ever be strong enough to perform such a miracle?'

" 'I then explained what I knew of a steam-engine, and how it acted upon the wheels of a ship.

" 'But to produce steam enough for such a purpose,' said his majesty, 'they must have on board the father of all kettles, grandfather, and great-grandfather, to boot; large enough to boil a camel, much less a sheep.'

" 'Camels, your majesty!' exclaimed I, 'large enough to dress a string of camels!'

" 'Wonderful, wonderful!' exclaimed the shah, in deep thought; 'well, after this, there is no doubt that they can make a spying-glass that looks over the mountain. Order some to be sent immediately,' said he to the vizier."

The narrative of the Hajji interests the royal breast. He is clothed in a dress of honour, and would be made a khan, but that it is thought necessary to reserve that dignity to gratify the chief ambassador with on his arrival. In the mean time, however, the Hajji lives in hope, for he is privileged to stand before the king; and who knows whether time may not see the fulfilment of his wishes. In which trust he finally takes his leave of his British readers:—"Seeking protection at the skirts of their coats, and hoping that their shadow may never be less!"—Mr. Morier's "shadow" is the longer; and his face, (to use one of his own symbols) we should say, is "whitened" by this production.



## THE CAVE OF HAR HASSAN.

ON the south-eastern coast of the island of Malta, there is a remarkable cave, rendered illustrious by the many traditions respecting its ancient inhabitant. It has always gone by the name of Hassan's Cave, from the person with whom it has generally been associated in local story. But the ingenuity and credulity of the people have assigned to him a greater share of renown than falls to the lot of ordinary heroes, and he has adorned the tale of beldame mothers with a fertility of interest which would incline one almost to doubt his identity. He is represented as a hermit, a pirate, a petty king, a chivalrous knight, a gigantic goblin. He seems to have been mighty on land and water, over air and fire. But these accomplishments are not to be understood as being attributed to him *en masse* by any one of his glorifiers; they are so collected only upon comparison of the different versions; and if, when set together, they appear not overabundant for one man's share, why let us not smile at the feats of King Arthur or Jack the Giant Killer.

One of the most favourite records is that which enumerates his worthy deeds during a siege of the island by the Moslemites. He was himself a native of Barbary, and a votary of the creed professed by the besiegers. But for half a century he had found a sanctuary in the hollow rock, and he would not desert the kind mother who had fostered him. Accordingly, he garrisoned his cavern; and, from his commanding post, sorely distressed the enemy's fleet, which was necessarily exposed to his battery. The Water Nymphs alone can say in what numbers the turbaned sinners fell into their embraces, by the stratagems and daring of their great man.

But a more credible, because a more modest story, simply describes him as a recluse, who, disappointed in his own country, fled with an only daughter to this island. There he resided in honour amongst men, and devoted to the nurture of his beloved child, the sole prop of his infirm spirit. She was wooed by a prince of the country, and the smiles of the fair girl, and the ready sanction of her father, promised a happy consummation. But whilst affianced, she was seized with illness of a deadly character; her short race was run before men had time to take note of it, and the heart-broken Hassan fled from the haunts of men to this solitary place, where he lingered for some years in the loneliness of a grave.

These and other less probable traditions excited my curiosity to visit the habitation of so memorable a man. We left Valetta on donkeys, and sallied forth in the direction of the particular point of coast. We had an arduous expedition; for the natives, if aware of the existence, knew nothing as to the locality of the cave. Some volunteered to conduct us without error; but, after knocking down a dozen stone walls to facilitate our progress, and much scampering to and fro on the verge of a high precipitous rock, based by the sea, we found that in truth the place was unknown, save by conjecture. The *casals*, or villages, that lie within this district of the island, are not very many, contiguous, or thickly inhabited; the roads of communication, themselves unfrequented, reach within no practicable distance of the shore, and the incurious character of the peasants, beyond all other obstacles, concealed even from the neighbourhood that knowledge of which we then stood in need. We gazed down the rough side of the rocky eminence in every direction, vainly

seeking the aperture, which, as we were told, at a middle height between our own level and that of the sea, led to the hermitage of Hassan. The sea was far below us, and stretching our view to the verge of its distant horizon, we sighed as though we could evoke the spirit of the recluse from the land of his forefathers. But the sun was fast sinking to his bed, and the shadows from the insulated rock of Filfla already extended to the distant point of shore, above which we were standing. In despair, the donkeys' heads were turned homewards; the vexation of our party broke out in low English curses, which our Maltese *conducteur* vainly endeavoured to interpret; and, retracing our steps, we clambered diligently over the whole series of broken walls, which were no longer a "neighbour's land-mark."

"You might have gone by a nearer route, without doing all this mischief," cried some one close to us; and looking on the other side of a clump of stones that stood in the angle of the field, we saw a stout old man, leaning on a spade, and brushing away the heavy moisture which his then interrupted labour had collected on his brow. He had a benign expression of face, and in the tone of his reproof there was nothing of that moroseness which might have been expected from an owner of the demolished fences. Satisfied with this mild correction, he was resuming his work, when one of us ventured to ask, whether he had guessed our purpose in crossing his fields, that he could thus convict us of having taken a circuitous route?

"I conceive you were looking for the Cave of Har Hassan?"

"Yes, we went in search of it, but,"—

"You failed?—Of course you did; what do these simple fellows know of its situation?—and if they did, would they venture to be your pilot, think you, when not one of them would trust himself there for his life?—Do you still wish to see it?"

To this we replied, that we had hunted for it in every direction, and despaired of finding it; that it must be at some distance, and it was now too late to linger so far from the city, &c. He answered us with an assurance, that we were then not a hundred yards from the entrance, and that he had observed us, shortly before, standing directly over its mouth. If we had any wish, he would be happy to conduct us thither. This proposal was cheerfully assented to; and the courteous old man, laying aside his spade, and resuming an ancient coat, whose colour and shape indicated that it belonged to one of the clerical order, instantly set forward, and in a few minutes had advanced to the brink of the eminence, where we ourselves had been so recently. Here he raised a thin slab of stone, about two feet square, and discovered the commencement of a rude staircase, cut in the side of the rock, so narrow as scarcely to suffice for safe footing, and almost enclosed from above by the projection of rude masses of stone. This descent was almost indistinguishable from any point on the terra-firma where we had been standing, and fatally hazardous to any whose foot or hand could be shaken by the difficulties of its passage. The rocks below us, sometimes fell in a scarped, direct line to the surface of the water, sometimes jutted out in fantastic forms, but never swelling so gradually and obliquely as to allow any deviation from the path prescribed by the limits of the rude staircase. Occasionally the old priest gave his hand, for better security, to his immediate follower, when the projecting rocks above and around us were not sufficiently ragged to be clasped as we advanced. And many were the distrustful doubts, as

the ground became slippery from dew or sea spray, and the slight step wound about a turn in the rock, where a single unsteady look or movement might have been attended by fatal consequences. At last we were at the mouth of the cave. Its position had been well described, as being mid-way between the base and the summit of the rock. The sea roared beneath us, perhaps imprisoned in some natural excavations like this one, whose floor might be the ceiling of another, still more awful and inaccessible. From the entrance, a vast number of galleries, stretched away by different ramifications into the bosom of the earth. These were soon without a ray of light; and, for this reason, the central and principal one which we attempted to penetrate, became almost instantly impervious. Our guide took us along a side corridor, through which we groped our way in damp and darkness, till at a distance a fresh gleam of light assisted our progress to its further end. There we found a smaller mouth, fronting the sea on one side, and terminating on the other in a low arch, where are still to be seen the indications of a door with its hinges and fastenings. And this was the sanctuary of the recluse. Within were discernible the rude couch of stone, the lamp and its receptacle, with many other of those devices, which, though multiplied by wonder-workers till they are worthily deemed fabulous, existed certainly before us, as the ancient substitutes for more costly comforts, accommodated to the wants of the hermit. From the opening of the archway, a vast and glorious view of the Mediterranean presents itself, and no port could have been better chosen as the scene of romantic and superhuman adventures. As we loitered on this interesting ground, a thousand visions naturally occurred to us, as the probable incidents in the life of one who could so utterly cast off the world, and betake himself to a nook in the desolate rock, companioned only by the sea-gull. The very access to his abode was likely to have remained for ever unknown. The old priest himself had resided in the neighbourhood from the time of his childhood, and the secret which he had from his father, was now shared by few, if any. But the marvellous tales which threw a lustre on the fabulous character of him whose heroism and monument were now before us, seem to have no historical foundation. The true account is probably that which I have already quoted. Har Hassan is recorded as being the tenant of this cave, by the laborious historian Abela\*; and it is justly inferred, that he was rather a man of sorrow than of blood, from a very singular tablet that was discovered not many years ago, and translated from the Coptic by a Frenchman, at the command of Buonaparte. I should not have deemed this little history of our pilgrimage worth relating, had it not appeared a proper preface to this remarkable document. For its authenticity I have other warrant than that of the priest who first indulged me with an inspection of it. For, upon comparison with a different version, done in English by an officer of rank on the island, I find as near a concordance as the two languages will admit. Having thus vouched for its genuineness, I cannot think any comment necessary to advance its character for singularity and beauty. It ran as follows:—

“ In the name of the compassionate and merciful God!—May God be propitious to the prophet Mahomet!

“ Peace and blessing attend his family!

“ God is supreme and eternal.

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\* Vide his learned work, “*Malta Illustrata*.”



"All created beings pass away, and disappear, but you have the consolation of the prophet of God.

"Maimonna, daughter of Hassan, son of Ali El Hud, the son of Moaiz of Susa, whom God enlighten and bless, lies in this sepulchre, the prey of death. She ceased to live on Thursday, the 16th of the great month Sehaban, in the year of the Hegira 569. She professed that there was no God, but God alone without equal!"

"Oh! thou, who regardest this tomb! behold, I am betrothed to it as a bride! My eyelids are sealed with ashes! my attractions have passed away!

"Nevertheless, my mournful state of probation is transitory. In the hour of resurrection, when the Creator shall restore me to life, I shall once more joyfully behold my relatives, and exultingly reap the reward of my sorrows."

"The beautiful nature of your docile and uniformly serene mind, my Maimonna, shone in conflicting efforts—now in skilfully striving to repel death, and now in seeking to draw advantage from it.

"It is death itself that offers a transit to the state of celestial reward, where the abodes of the blessed are enjoyed in serenity amongst the shades of most delightful gardens, and the murmurs of the softest rivulets. For this reason we venerate the creed of our Fathers. But the faithless offenders, sprinkled with the waters of oblivion—they who have left no good works behind them—shall rise in condemnation, to suffer the most agonizing torments and everlasting punishments."

OVAH.

#### RETZSCH'S OUTLINES FROM SHAKSPEARE.

THE first series of this striking and most interesting production is before us; and if, on a careful examination, we do not find it quite so good as we had led ourselves and been led by others to look for, we are willing to confess that the disappointment is owing to our own exaggerated and unreasonable expectations, and not to any thing like a failure on the part of the distinguished artist. On hearing that the work was in progress, we had thought of the *Faust* of Goëthe, as compared with the *Hamlet* of Shakspeare; and considering that the same talents were to be employed upon the latter which had so eminently succeeded with the former, we (with a somewhat uncritical simplicity, which the reader will be kind enough to forgive in us) jumped to a false conclusion accordingly.

Perhaps so much reputation was never before gained, with so little effort, and by so apparently inadequate means, as Retzsch at once started into the possession of, almost immediately his outlines from the *Faust* became generally known throughout Europe. His own countrymen admired him, because he reflected from the great work of their great poet all that even *they* can understand of it. We English admired him, partly because our critics apprised us that we were in duty bound so to do, and partly because we really do see farther into that which is natural and true than any of our neighbours. The French admired him, for a reason pretty nearly opposite to the last named, but which it would be

out of place (not to say invidious) for us to dwell upon here. And the other civilized nations of Europe admired him because the English and the French did. Nor are we disposed to contend that all this admiration was exaggerated or undeserved. In fact, the illustrations of Goëthe's extraordinary production are not only worthy of their subject, but they are, for the most part, correspondent with it, and have evidently proceeded from a kindred mind—a mind similarly endowed, both in regard to its strengths and its weaknesses; though possessing both (and especially the latter) in an infinitely less degree. Accordingly, in the outlines from the *Faust*, we meet with much of the poetical purity and beauty that are to be found in the original; little of its wild grandeur and sublimity; and scarcely any of its monstrous and gratuitous absurdities. But there is no reason, in all this, why we should find what we are entitled to look for in illustrations of Shakspeare by the same hand: for of all the truly great poets that ever lived, no two are more essentially unlike, either in their natural or acquired endowments, or the results of them, than Shakspeare and Goëthe; nor are any two of those results more diametrically opposed to each other than the *Faust* and *Hamlet*. And this fact is the more striking, when we remember, that, in general design, there is a great (and, we believe, hitherto, an unobserved) similarity between these two productions; each of them having for its main end and object to shew forth the operations and effects of the habit (upon a certain temperament of mind) of looking at human life in what is called, in the jargon of our day, “a philosophical point of view.” The general result upon the principal character, in either case, is an utter indifference to all that is real and tangible, whether of good or of evil: and a vain and restless yearning after that which he knows to be unattainable, and knows to be worthless, even if he could attain it. But how differently is this general idea worked out in the two cases we are alluding to!—And, assuredly, not less different is the popular effects in each case respectively. In the one, we rise from the perusal, with our belief in goodness—nay, even in truth itself—shaken to its very foundations; our judgment in regard to moral beauty and deformity hoodwinked and put into a state of temporary abeyance; our positive knowledge, as to the qualities and tendencies of our common nature, not only called in question, but mocked at and turned into matter of scorning; and even our sensibilities themselves—the sympathies of

“That human heart by which we live,”

either turned against each other, or trampled in the dirt of empty and unmeaning subtilities. It is true that, in the midst of all this, we never wholly lose sight of that sweet spirit which the author has put to preside over it, but which performs its work in part only. The Margaret of the *Faust* is the dove brooding over a chaos, which is destined to remain a chaos still.

But in *Hamlet*, how different is all managed!—or rather, let us say, (for there is no *management* in the case) how different does all arrange and set itself forth, in virtue of that natural wisdom—no less sweet than deep—which pervades and presides over all the creations of Shakspeare! Like his own Ophelia,—who, even in her madness, turned every thing—“passion—hell itself”—to “favour and to prettiness,”—he turns the weaknesses of human nature into sources of strength, its follies into the finest practical wisdom, and even its crimes themselves into themes of pity

and springs of pathos. And the consequence is, that, whatever we may think or feel in regard to any one of his characters individually—(we are now speaking of the play of Hamlet)—the effect produced by the whole work is that of a gentle, and even a genial melancholy, gliding through and pervading the whole spirit, and inducing a general love for and yearning towards our kind, which even all the *true* philosophy in the world (much less the *false*) is incapable of calling forth—in capable, simply because, according to the fine line of Wordsworth quoted above, it is by the human *heart* that we live, and not the human *mind*—that is to say, the affections and the sympathies, not the thoughts and the understanding.

But, perhaps, we are delaying too long from the examination of our immediate subject. It must be evident, on consideration, that a mind deeply imbued with the spirit of Goëthe, and having eminently succeeded in illustrating and reflecting that spirit by means of tangible forms, is not, *therefore*, the best in the world calculated to perform the same office for Shakspeare. Admitting, however, as we willingly do, that it is the very best and purest portions of Goëthe which Retzsch has for the most part given us in his outlines from the Faust, we still profess ourselves disappointed with his new work: and there most disappointed where we most looked and hoped to have been pleased and satisfied. In the outlines from Goëthe, the Margaret is that pervading and redeeming spirit which she ought to have been in the Faust, but is not. *Therefore* it was that we looked for more of a *human* interest in these illustrations of Hamlet—that play which is humanity itself—even to the very ghost, that glides through it, like a sad thought gliding through the brain.—But, we repeat, the disappointment we have experienced in this particular is not fairly to be attributed to Retzsch, but to ourselves; for Margaret, pure, beautiful, and touching as she is, is but an abstraction after all. In truth, all that is really fine in Goëthe is abstraction: that is to say, all is the result of moral and intellectual subtilities, acting and reacting among themselves exclusively, and working out a world for themselves: which is true, to a certain extent, even to the real world about us; but only so far true as fine sculpture is true to the nature which it professes and seems to represent. There is the form and outline, and even the lights and shades that depend on and grow out of these. We may even fancy (so fine is the skill of the artist) that the vital *spirit* is there. But the vital *blood* is not there; and we cannot (as we can in painting) even *fancy* it to be there: and without *that*—beautiful, and pure, and even true as all may be—all is, at the same time, cold, colourless, and dead. In short, without wishing to push a supposed resemblance too far, we will say that Goëthe is to Shakspeare what Canova (we are almost tempted to say Phidias himself) is to Raphael or Titian. His creations are poetry; but they are the poetry of thought only, not of sentiment, or passion—not, in a word, of human life. They are true, to a certain extent—true, as far as they go; but they are not the whole truth. That vital spark is wanting, which the passionate yearnings of Pygmalion gave at last to the statue; but which all the divine art of his chisel could *not* give.

Turning at once to the “*Outlines to Shakspeare*,” as they are sometimes affectedly entitled,—they form the first series of a work which promises to go through the whole of Shakspeare’s dramatic productions—a series, of similar size and form, being intended to be elicited from each of the great plays. The undertaking is a bold and even a vast one, con-



sidering that the author of it seems impressed with a due notion of the nature of that wonderful genius whom he proposes to illustrate:—or rather, let us say, that he seems to entertain a due admiration for that genius; for we are not at present prepared to admit (not even after the examination of these outlines) that *a foreigner can* thoroughly understand and appreciate Shakspeare: if he could, we, who are his countrymen, might almost as well cease to be so!

This first series consists of seventeen plates—all from the play of Hamlet, except a frontispiece, which is not either very novel or very striking, representing the Apotheosis of the Bard. It merely depicts him, sleeping (and dreaming, doubtless), while borne up towards Heaven on eagle's wings, while Cherubs support him, the Muses of Tragedy and Comedy attend and crown him, and his brother Bards, who have preceded him, tune their harps to hail and receive him among them. There is nothing in this plate calling for particular remark.

PLATE the SECOND is introductory, and shews us the murder in the arbour—that event which may be said to be the spring of all the action of the play.—The good king is sleeping, while his guilty brother pours into his ears “the leprous distilment.” Justice seems to be presiding over the act, in a nich in the centre of the arbour (or pavillion), and the entrance to it is supported by a sort of grotesque *Terminus*, seeming to represent Envy scowling on the scene. From the window opposite to this entrance depends a *spider*.—Now, we confess ourselves unable to comprehend, and, consequently, to appreciate the merit of these allegorical adjuncts. They are in the *manner* of Hogarth, without including a jot of his *matter*. In fact, they are utterly inappropriate. For the rest, the whole is very finely expressed. The figure of the sleeping king—sleeping calmly, and with all his faculties, even while Death is upon him—is admirable; and the murderer—cautious, yet confident at the same time (for he's *brother* to a king!) is no less so:—he is touching, even before the deed is done the crown for which he is doing it. The presiding figure of Justice, too, is dignified and grand; but, as we have said before, entirely out of place. Not that we doubt of a German commentator being able to explain it in a manner altogether satisfactory. And, in fact, it may, for any thing we know to the contrary, be “*German to the matter*,” as Hamlet says of “*carrying a cannon by our side*;”—but assuredly it is not English—still less Shakspearean.

The two next plates—the THIRD and FOURTH—are among the very best; and the reason is, that the ghost is introduced into both of them:—and a ghost is your only true specific for raising to their height the energies of German genius. In truth, human nature is, with them, a species of dream, which they entertain, but do not believe in the reality of. With them, nothing is certain but that which, in its very nature, is incapable of proof; nothing “comes home to their business and bosoms,” but that which has no existence;

“Nothing is, but what is not.”

They are the only true Berkleians, without knowing it. They do not exactly believe a thing because it is incredible or impossible; for this would be coming to a sort of logical conclusion—though by the rule of contrary. But they doubt a thing the moment it seems credible; and if you can demonstrate it to be certain, they desire no better reason for disbelieving and denying it outright! And all this is done in perfect

sincerity and good faith. They are the people, imagined by Hamlet, in one of his merry-mad moods. They

“Doubt that the sun is fire—  
Doubt that the stars do move—  
Doubt truth to be a liar;”

in short, they doubt every thing, except the fact, that any body *can* doubt the truth (to say nothing of the crystal clearness) of Kant's Philosophy and Goëthe's Poetry!—And yet, if you were to assure them that, in point of fact, you do believe in both these verities, they would doubt *that*! To return to our immediate subject—give the Germans a ghost by moonlight, and they hail it as a friend and countryman come to visit them in a foreign land, and bring them tidings of home! This is the secret of Hamlet having been chosen as the first subject of illustration in the present instance. Seriously,—for we plead guilty to a *little* (and only a little) banter and exaggeration in the foregoing account—which, however, we indulged in with the view of expressing, in a *few* words, that feeling which otherwise we must have diffused through many,—seriously, there is no people that sees so far into the secret places of the world of spirits as the Germans do; and, consequently, none that draw forth and depict the beings of that world with so much mingled force and (so to speak) verisimilitude. The ghost, in these two plates, from the first act of Hamlet, is, accordingly, admirable.—In the first place, it is transparent—like the ghosts in Ossian:—you can see, *through it*, the masonry of the ramparts on which it appears. In the next place, nothing can be in a finer ghostly taste than the head-gear which it wears. It is a helmet, with the “beaver up,” of course: but what gives the effect to it is, the wings on either side, which seem to communicate a buoyancy to the whole figure, and at the same time to

“Point with silent fingers to the skies;”

and also the lofty plume, which rises erect and motionless, while those of the other figures are waving and playing in the night wind. There is also one great heavy feather depending from the helmet, as if to correspond with the ample cloak which trails upon the ground, seeming to hold its wearer to the earth, till his ghostly errand is performed, and he can fling aside for ever those “mortal evils,” which still obstruct his passage to a better state of being. The face of this admirable figure is equally fine and appropriate with every other part of it; it is not the face, but the ghost of one; and the whole produces an effect perfect in its way. In the fourth plate, the introduction of the ghost is even still finer. The point of time illustrated, is that where Hamlet swears the officers on guard to secrecy, and where the *voice* alone of the ghost is supposed to be made present to the senses. But in the plate, you are permitted to *see* it, through the marble pavement of the gallery, or platform. The lines which mark out the pavement, and those which give the form of the ghost, cross and intersect each other, neither obliterating, or affecting the other. This is, at once, a fine stroke of imagination, and a fine help to it; but it is addressed to the spectator merely;—for the persons engaged in the scene are not supposed to see anything, except in their “mind's eye.” These human persons, of the two foregoing scenes, are among the best that we shall meet with throughout the

series. They consist of Hamlet, and the two officers on watch ; and, in both scenes, the group is arranged with great ease, yet with great force and spirit ; and the expressions are as fine in themselves, as they are appropriate to the action going on.

PLATE the FIFTH represents Hamlet, commencing the celebrated soliloquy on life and death, in the chamber of Ophelia, with the king and Polonius listening without (*Act 3, Sc. 2.*). In regard to the two principal figures, we conceive this plate to be a total failure. Ophelia, in particular, is a sort of disagreeable nonentity ; but the king and Polonius are capital.

PLATE the SIXTH is the play scene (*Act 3, Sc. 1.*). It contains many figures ; but the point of time chosen, is one from which little or nothing in the way of expression, can be extracted. It is where Hamlet begins to explain the nature of the play ; for he has evidently not reached that point of his explanation at which "the conscience of the king" becomes touched. The Ophelia, in this scene, is much better than in the preceding one—she is utterly self-absorbed, and unconscious of all that is passing about her.

PLATE the SEVENTH is a very admirable one. It is that (*Act 3, Sc. 2*) where Hamlet asks for a "Recorder," and entreats Guildenstern to play upon it. The infinitely deprecating air and action of Guildenstern, are excellent : and the group of players on the left are, perhaps, finer than anything else in this whole series of plates—unless it be the ghost, as before noticed. They are looking on at the conference between Hamlet and the courtier, with that air of empty, idle, yet intent curiosity—(a curiosity utterly apart from all interest in the matter)—which is habitual with that class of persons ; who, by perpetually repeating the thoughts of others, have lost all habit and power of thinking for themselves ; and to whom all things but their own paltry personal interests are matters of equal curiosity and indifference. They want to know all about everything, without caring one farthing about anything. What is the madness of a prince to them, except in so far as it may chance to interfere with some one of their favourite performances ?—*Au reste*, they are thinking how odd it is that a courtier should not know how to play upon a pipe : and if he *had* known how to play upon it, they would have thought how odd *that* was ! It is a little curious, that at least two of these players, if not all three, might pass for very fair portraits of certain of our own players of the present day. If our remark is a just one, there is no need to point out the resemblance more particularly ; and, if it is not a just one, it might seem invidious to do so. But, perhaps, this resemblance exists in our fancy alone ; for all players, when they are not playing, are pretty much alike. Their faces are a kind of plastic mask, which they have acquired the art of moving at will, to certain arbitrary and gratuitous imitations of expression. But in themselves—as Charleville, or Somerton—their faces, like their minds, have no character at all. We should not quit this plate, without remarking that the Hamlet of it is better—more full of appropriate character and spirit—than in any of the others.

PLATE the EIGHTH is good, but not fine. It is from *Act 3, Sc. 3*, where Hamlet finds the king at prayers, and refuses to kill him on that account. There is a sort of conventional grandeur about the king throughout, which is very good, and is particularly so in this plate. But the Hamlet is here poor, and insipid. This plate contains two more of



those touches, *à la Hogarth*, in which the artist seems to have worse than failed. There hangs up in this chamber (where the murderer retires to pray), a picture of the *first murder*!—and the stool on which he is leaning is embroidered with a *scorpion*.

PLATE the NINTH represents the killing of Polonius in the chamber of the queen. In a scene like this it is assuredly injudicious (and it is undoubtedly an unwarrantable liberty with the author) to *shew* us Polonius behind the arras, writhing in a ludicrous agony, under the death-wound he has just received. For the rest, the scene is well enough, but not to be particularly commended.

PLATE the TENTH.—Here the ghost returns (in the same scene), and with it the inspiration of the artist. The whole scene is excellent. The maternal affection and solicitude of the queen, blending with the sadness arising from her secret remorse; the surprised, yet not disturbed or over-balanced air of the prince; the supernatural dignity and solemnity of the ghostly presence; and, finally, the now dead imbecility of Polonius, whose body has fallen backward into the chamber; all this presents a very fine and impressive scene. Our worthy German commentators will, no doubt, find, besides all this, sundry other occult matters in this fine scene—such as a type of our triune state of being, life, death, and immortality, &c. &c.; and conscience forbid that we should restrict them in the exercise of their newly-invented art, of getting more out of the measure than it contains. But, for our parts, this plate is so good, and full of matter, that we are content to take it for what it is—a real scene from Shakspeare's play of Hamlet.

PLATE the ELEVENTH represents Ophelia, distraught, singing her sadly-sweet ditties, and distributing her weeds and flowers (*Act 4, Sc. 5.*). In Ophelia, herself, there is nothing to remark on—literally nothing; but, in the face and air of Laertes, there is a fine and intent meaning; and the king and queen are depicted with great truth of character. There is, also, a death-like stillness over the whole scene, which is highly appropriate and expressive. This is produced by the motionless attitudes of all the listening parties.

PLATE the TWELFTH is the grave-digging scene in the church-yard, with the procession of Ophelia's funeral entering it in the distance. Here, again, Hamlet comes upon us in a manner that does not materially interfere with our notions of him, as acquired from Shakspeare, which is what we can scarcely say in regard to any other of these plates, unless it be the third and fourth. He is reflecting on the skull of Yorick. "Here hung those lips," &c.; and here he is, at once, the prince, the poet, and the subtle refiner upon human life, and its ends, which Shakspeare and nature have made him. There is a good effect of height given to the church in this plate, by carrying it up, quite out of the picture.

PLATE the THIRTEENTH.—This is a plate of many figures, and very elaborate—representing the personal contest between Hamlet and Laertes, in the grave of Ophelia, while all the assembled court and populace, are looking on. There is, undoubtedly, very considerable general talent shewn in this scene; but few, if any, separate and individual strokes of genius; unless it be in the unity of effect which the whole produces, by the art with which each face, figure, and action, is made to conduct and fix the attention upon the chief and centre point of interest. The expressions are extremely various; but they are all sufficiently distinct, and not one of them is either inappropriate or exaggerated.

Finally, there is a brightening, yet, at the same time, a stilling and sad-denying effect given to the whole, by the flower-crowned corpse of Ophelia, which lies between the disputants. By-the-bye, perhaps, we should except, from our denial of any individual instance of high merit in this scene, the expression of the king. He seems to think that there is, indeed "something dangerous" in Hamlet, if he will so conduct himself at a moment like this; and he lifts himself up with a sort of tip-toe, and shrinking astonishment, at imagining what so reckless a person may be likely to do next.

PLATE the FOURTEENTH.—There is great general merit in this scene, as well as in the last. Indeed it is astonishing that so clear, distinct, and forcible a representation can be produced by means of *outlines* merely. This plate depicts the wager with the foils (*Act 5, Sc. 2*). There is, perhaps, some little confusion in the previous scene, on account of the numerous figures; but here, where there is almost as many, there is none whatever. Neither is there the slightest theatrical effect attempted. All is as still, dull, and decorous, as becomes the floor of a presence chamber, and the presence of a king among his courtiers. In some of the individual expressions, too, there is shewn great refinement of perception, set forth by great practical skill of hand. There are no less than five heads, which are remarkable in this respect, from the extreme delicacy of the shades of distinction between each. We allude to the Osrick, on the left; the three heads immediately behind the king; and the one on the right, behind Hamlet. Hamlet himself, in this scene, is again a total failure; but Laertes is very good. The king and queen are indifferent. The point of time is where Hamlet puts by the offered drink.

PLATE the FIFTEENTH.—We have here the same scene, and the same persons, under a totally different aspect; and the contrast is very striking and effective. The point of time is where Hamlet stabs the king:—"then, venom, to thy work!" The utter, open-mouthed astonishment of the king is admirable; and the helpless wonderment of Osrick is equally so;—and in all the rest of the action and grouping, there is much natural force and spirit, without any violence or exaggeration. With Hamlet, however, we are still dissatisfied.

PLATE the SIXTEENTH.—This plate, which is the last, is one that we do not see any occasion for. It merely shews the dead bodies of the parties killed in the last scene, which are placed on biers, at the suggestion of Horatio, in order that he may explain to "the yet unknowing world," how they came by their death. In a scene like this there is no scope whatever for the expression of human passion; and, we are decidedly of opinion, that the last plate should have been the closing one. Nevertheless, there is great variety and individuality, in the numerous faces introduced, of populace, soldiers, &c. We may add, too, that the artist seems to have understood Hamlet himself, when *dead*, better than while living; for his figure on the bier is better worthy of him than almost any other. We are confirmed, too, in this opinion, by a sort of vignette plate, which ornaments the cover of the work before us. It represents an imaginary sarcophagus of Hamlet, and includes figures of the principal *dramatis personæ*. On a tablet, forming the front, is inscribed "Hamlet." Above is the figure of the dead prince, lying after the fashion of the old effigies on tombs. Above, rising from either corner to a point, is a gothic arch, in the centre of which is the plumed and

helmeted head of the ghost, still presiding over the scene, as he did when it was a living one. In niches at either corner, kneel, on the left, the bad king and his guilty companion; and, on the right, Polonius, and his sweet daughter; while over the first couple there grins a harpy, and over the last a cherub broods. The centre of the lower department is occupied by the bust of Laertes. With the exception of the last-named, there is a touching truth and simplicity of expression pervading all these figures—each different, yet each entirely appropriate—which makes this plate one of the most interesting and meritorious of the whole. In fact, here, the artist has not been hampered with any *literal* duties to fulfil, but has been left in a great measure to himself; and, accordingly, here his own feeling of what is touching and true has been his only prompter, at least as to the exact expression required. We will not scruple to add, that, as an *illustration* of the play of Hamlet, this imaginary *addition* to it, pleases and satisfies us better than any one of those which are taken immediately *from* it. It is incomparably the best *comment* on the play that we have ever met with.

We would willingly have closed this paper with some remarks on the peculiar nature of this almost new art, which has arisen among us, of depicting objects by *outlines*, merely; and of which art Retzsch is incomparably the most skilful and accomplished professor. But we have already over-stepped our limits. We may say, however, that the subject is one of extreme interest and curiosity, and well worthy of a strict and severe examination—an examination which we may, perhaps, be tempted to bestow on it hereafter. In the mean time, we will just throw out the inquiry, how is it that, by means of *outlines*, merely, an effect shall be produced, in every respect similar to and correspondent with that produced by the most elaborate *filling up* of those outlines, and the most vivid and natural *colouring* of the whole? We will venture to say, for instance, that nothing whatever could add to the touching expression of the queen, in the plate we have last-named above; and yet the effect is not that cold and solemn one which is produced by sculpture; it is the same effect—not only the same in kind, but in degree—which results from the last perfection of the art of painting. How is this? we repeat. The answer must include an examination into some of the most wonderful and important qualities and operations of the human mind; for it is the *mind* that does every thing in this case—the *eye* merely setting its powers into motion. We furnish the *key* to this curious inquiry, in saying that all is the effect of *the association of ideas*. Z.\*

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\* Perhaps it is but fair to the author of this paper to say, that it has been written at a distance from all books, and in the absence of all knowledge as to what may have been already said, or written, on the subject of it. Should any repetitions, or coincidences, be observable, this will account for their not having been either omitted or noticed.



## CATHOLIC RESOLUTIONS: THE TREATY OF LIMERICK.

THE question of Catholic Emancipation has been discussed in the House of Commons since our last; and the motion for a Committee having been carried, the subject is now pending in the House of Peers. Of the result of such a question in that house, after the experience we have had, it is not possible to be very sanguine: but there is one fact as to which our opinion is decided—that the question stands, of the two, a better chance to be carried under the administration of the Duke of Wellington, than it did under that of Mr. Canning. It is not our purpose, at this moment, to enter into an examination of the course of the noble duke's ministry—even as far as it has gone; farther than to profess, that, constantly as we have maintained his claims to far more than mere military genius against those by whom his capacity for business was denied, that which he has done in the short time which he has been in office, has far outgone our expectation: but, of this we feel convinced, that—if the Catholics have some difficulties, from the duke's known distaste to their cause, to struggle against now, which they would not have had to meet twelve months ago,—on the other hand, they are relieved from the operation of a host of unseen influences which, silently, but effectively, worked against them; and which were far more likely than frank and open opposition, to retard the object for which they were contending.

As regards the Duke of Wellington, the Catholics stand in this position—They have to *convince* him—or, at least, they *had* to do so—that it is expedient to acquiesce in the whole or any portion of their claims: but, *having once convinced him*, they have a minister that dares to *act* on their behalf—such a minister as, we are afraid, it was impossible they ever could have had in the person of Mr. Canning. We gave Mr. Canning, we trust, as a statesman, his due. At the time when he came into power, we defended any course—were glad to witness any coalition—that seemed likely to rid the country of that species of rule, which ruinously (however conscientiously) equally for right or wrong, refused to join in the spirit, or mark the changing necessities, of the time. But we ever believed that—we will admit against his better will—he was a minister—(circumstances made him such)—be those powers what they might—for “the powers that be.” His talents were such as have left little so great behind them. Forcible alike, for objects of mark and value as for purposes of display; more forcible, indeed, as it always seemed to us, when applied distinctly to the former. But, like the minister in Sir Walter Scott's novel, that was “neither flesh, nor fish, nor gude red herring,” the strongest party, or that which for the moment seemed the strongest, “was sure to have lang kale.” The fact was—Mr. Canning was a “trading statesman.” He was in place, or he was nothing. He never stood—we doubt if ever he could have stood—*secure*, as first minister of this country. His office was always notoriously of too much value to him. It was all that gave him influence—standing—fortune—every thing, indeed, but that reputation for talent, which, under all reverses, he must have retained. In a word, he never stood in the position of a prime minister, who could hold his place in defiance of powerful opposition; for he never could have made his opponents see, that—the moment he could no longer hold office with satisfaction—he could afford without a scruple, to resign it.

From these restraints—whatever was the extent of their pressure in the case of Mr. Canning—the Duke of Wellington stands wholly free,

He can cast away his office to-morrow, without a remembrance, if he thinks fit to do so; which is one of the very first reasons why he is likely to be very little molested in it. If he does hold office—the very multitude know and feel this—he will hold it on his own terms. He has a station, a character, a fortune, to fall back upon, quit power when he will, which are equal—must be equal—to man's highest ambition; and of which the powers of no influence, the abuse of no party, can deprive him. Minister or not—ministry is not his trade, though he has shewn those who treated him as a mere soldier, that he can do something in it;—but, minister or no minister—commander-in-chief, or no commander—he has earned his position—he is “THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON”—the man who reversed the tide of Napoleon's fortunes, and carried the arms of England from the shores of Lisbon to the gates of Paris; and whose fame will endure for ages in the records of history, when the arrogancies of those who possess mere power, and the wranglings of those who aspire to it, shall be alike forgotten. The Duke of Wellington, from his position, has the power to defy cabal or clamour; and he holds that power just as equally for purposes of good or of evil. If a man situated and gifted as he is, can have any thing on earth worth gaining—any addition to his fortunes worth wishing for—it must be high opinion—popularity? He knows—it will be admitted he knows so much as this—that popularity is more likely to be obtained by carrying measures which may benefit society, than by opposing them; and, is it less than reasonable, therefore—unless we had evidence to the contrary—to infer, that it is in favour of that course which he believes to be beneficial, that his power and influence will be directed? For these reasons it is that we do not yet despair of seeing the Duke of Wellington acting—for, if once he *believes*, he will certainly act—in favour of an accommodation of the Catholic claims. He is now in office; clothed with authority—and its result, responsibility. He will look at the question with a more anxious attention—now that he himself must decide it; and a soldier, because he did not happen to see an advantage yesterday, feels no scruple in taking the full benefit of it to-day. The recent repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts in England, shews that he can see the folly of a system which annoys vast bodies of men, without producing advantage to any single individual; and, whatever may be the opinion of those parties whose business it is to *make speeches* year after year upon such subjects—to us the repeal of those acts seems to form the recognition of a principle, of which it is impossible that the Roman Catholics should not speedily receive the benefit.

But we are straying from the purpose with which this paper was commenced; which was, less to discuss the general policy of the Catholic Question, than to notice a few of the arguments employed by some of its chief supporters in the recent debate in the House of Commons. An enormous deal of nonsense was uttered on both sides of the House; a result, perhaps, hardly separable from the repeated discussion of a question; upon which a given quantity of talking is considered the annual etiquette, and in which every man tries if it is not possible to utter something which shall have the semblance of novelty, although it is admitted that, there is not the most distant chance of any man's succeeding. Unfortunately, however, in this determination to be original, half the reasonings which were used by the Catholic advocates in the late debate, were of a character so barefacedly untenable as to absolutely throw discredit upon the question;

and, foremost among these stands the topic which occupied more than half Sir Francis Burdett's speech—the claim of the Catholics to political power under the terms of the “Treaty of Limerick.”

The treaty of Limerick, which was made at the time of the Revolution (on the 3rd of October, 1691) between the Commander of the Forces of William the Third, engaged in the siege of that city, and the Irish troops and residents in the interest of James the Second, shut up in it, consists of two lists of articles, those regulating the civil, and those belonging to the military capitulation; and it is the provisions of the first branch only that need be described for the purpose of our present discussion.

The first article, which is the most important one, we shall extract fully; it runs as follows:—“The Roman Catholics of this kingdom shall enjoy such privileges in the exercise of their religion as are consistent with the laws of Ireland, or as they did enjoy in the reign of King Charles the Second. And their Majesties, as soon as their affairs will permit them to summon a Parliament in this kingdom, will endeavour to procure the said Roman Catholics such further security in that particular as may preserve them from any disturbance on account of their religion.”

The second article, which is of considerable length, and which it will be sufficient for us to describe, differs from the first in not applying itself to the Roman Catholics of the kingdom generally. Its provisions are distinctly stated to extend only to “the inhabitants or residents of Limerick, or of any other garrisons now in possession of the Irish, and to soldiers in arms for King James, and those under their protection.” And these persons, who are afterwards repeatedly referred to as “the parties comprised in the second article of the treaty,” (and therefore obviously meant to be distinguished from those provided for in the first), are to enjoy “all their estates of freehold and inheritance, and all the rights, titles, privileges, and immunities, which they enjoyed in the reign of Charles the Second;” with full liberty to use and pursue “all their respective trades, callings, and professions,” on submitting, within a given period, and taking the oath of allegiance to King William.

The third and fourth articles of the treaty extend the same terms described in the second, to all merchants, or reputed merchants, of any place in the counties of Clare and Kerry, or any garrison then held by the Irish, then absent or abroad, on condition of their returning to Ireland, and taking the oath of allegiance within the period of eight months. And the same privilege is granted to three particular Irish officers, named in the article.

The fifth article provides that all persons comprised in the second and third articles shall have a pardon for all offences, and be freed from prosecutions for misdemeanors or other acts done by them since the beginning of the reign of King James the Second. And the sixth article extends the same indemnity for injuries done to private property, such as “the seizing of goods,” &c. during the war.

The remaining articles (with the exception of one, which we shall notice hereafter) are unimportant.

Now, even assuming that this treaty were capable of bearing the construction which some members of the Catholic body are pleased to put upon it, we have no hesitation to declare that we should consider it as wholly worthless at the present day in support of the Catholic claims. The “*nullum tempus occurrit regi*,” and the “*nullum tempus fidei publicæ*,” if they are “old maxims of law,” as Sir Robert Inglis thinks, are among



those antiquities of the law which (as it seems to us) it must be the business of modern common sense to qualify or get rid of. When we talk of the law of "No time against the King," do we not know, while we utter the very words, that, practically, there is no right that is not voided by desuetude ; and that time, of itself, must be taken to conclude every question, unless the world is to be kept in one state of interminable confusion ? Our private rights, our titles, privileges, and even laws—has not society agreed to hold them unmaintainable, unless maintained within a stated period ? Nay, does not enjoyment, apart from any original title, *give a right*, unless within a given time that enjoyment be resisted ? In law, do not a hundred statutes stand upon our books, which—merely from the time which has elapsed since they were acted on—no court, no government, would dare to think, in practice, of enforcing ? But, even this is trifling, Custom, and the example of private rights apart, is it not an absurdity unheard of—an absurdity which nothing but the refinement of this modern age could ever have conceived—to talk of "binding" twenty millions of people by a proof of wax and parchment—by a "treaty," signed a century and a half ago (and never even then fulfilled)—of binding this mass of people (of binding a whole nation !) to do an act, by which the very advisers who recommend the sacrifice, take care to tell them, their lives and liberties will be most imminently endangered !

Truly, if this be "sincerity," and "conscience," and "delicate honour," and "scrupulous honesty," without wishing to seem worse than our neighbours, we must say—give us, in the conduct of the affairs of this country, a little, simple, downright, unscrupulous knavery ! There is virtue, beyond doubt, in sheepskin ; but not quite virtue enough to do all that is here required. It is the sense of power that rules men, although the force outwardly does not appear : John Doe is chiefly respected because he is known to be backed by John Hangman. The executive force to proceed upon a document like this—here is the misfortune—is wanting ; we may issue a writ against an individual, or against a hundred individuals ; but we should hardly know how to go about arresting all England ! But the subject is too serious a one for jest. We set aside the manifest inconvenience which would arise from recognising such a principle, as that we might rake up any forgotten bond, of two centuries or three centuries old, and make experiments, forsooth, upon the construction that it *might bear*—to arrive at any perception of what was really meant by it being impossible. We set aside all this objection ; and, on the plain, single, ground of *expediency*—Mr. Peel has said, as one of the first ministers of the Crown, and of this country, that, "if it could be made apparent to him that any privileges were guaranteed by the Treaty of Limerick, which were now withheld from the Roman Catholics, it would materially alter his view of the Catholic Question:" we ask—"Does Mr. Peel mean to declare as a minister of the Crown, that, because he might believe in a particular construction of this treaty, or of any other treaty, a century and a half old, that ever was signed ; he would be content to give his official support to an act, which, he himself declares, would be fatal to the Constitution, and to the security of this country ?"

If Mr. Peel does mean to recognise a principle like this ; if he would be bound by any document that ever existed, to take the course which he describes, he is not in a state of mind, fit to be a minister of this or any other country. And but for our hopes in the Duke of Wellington, whose military habits of conscience, perhaps, would not carry him quite so far, we should have no pledge for the security of the country at this

25th of May instant. The right honourable secretary has evidently no idea of any thing like an *order* in the discharge of human debts and duties! He never heard it observed that, though a man's shirt was near, his skin was nearer to him still? Because this is no affair of giving up a point of national pride, or a commercial advantage, or even a piece of territory, (not too valuable,) on the faith of a mouldy scrap of paper; the question is one, in Mr. Peel's mind, of our church, of our constitution, of almost our national existence! If a treaty were unluckily produced, which declared that we were sold, all of us, stock and block, to Belzebub, under the same principles, (if the right honourable gentleman should only happen to be brought to think that it was duly signed and executed), he would give us up to a certainty! The piety of Abraham, who offered up his own son, was but a type of that of the right honourable secretary for the Home Department! But enough there is on this head, and more than enough. It is impossible to believe that Mr. Peel entertains any such opinions as those for which he has given himself credit. Either the right honourable secretary, which we should be loath to find, allowed his desire for conciliation, in this debate, to betray him into a pledge; which, had the occasion arisen, he never could have kept; or—that which we should be happy to find—he has not those *serious apprehensions* as to the result of a concession of the Catholic claims, which we were once inclined to fear he had; and which undoubtedly many of those profess to have, who act upon the question with him.

The question, however, in the House of Commons, was not how far the treaty ought at all events to be fulfilled; that seemed, pretty nearly on all sides—so honest a people are we become—a question admitted. But there was the resource of a difference of opinion as to its intent; and, as upon that question we are decidedly opposed to the Catholics themselves, we shall beg our reader's attention for a few moments, while we proceed to shew, that there is not a line in the Treaty which gives that body the remotest claim to the rights or privileges for which they are contending.

To begin, then, we are content to concede, merely to spare time and paper—for the documents, strictly read, can claim no such construction—that the provisions of the Treaty of Limerick apply, *generally* and *collectively* to the *whole* body of the Catholic population of Ireland. Fairly construing the treaty, this is clearly not the case; for it is the *first* article, only, that applies to "The Roman Catholics of this Kingdom," generally. The second, third, and fourth articles, provide distinctly, and in plain, unequivocal words, for "The inhabitants of Limerick, and other garrisons then in possession of the Irish, and officers and soldiers then in arms under the order of King James the Second." And the fifth article, again, which refers to part of the matter preceding, distinctly refers, not to the "Roman Catholics of the Kingdom" generally, provided for by the first article; but specifically "to all persons comprised in the second and third articles of the treaty." But this distinction we are disposed to abandon; because our question is as to the fair effect of the treaty; and, if it had to be fulfilled to-morrow, we should protest against the useless trouble and confusion which must arise out of admitting a portion of the Catholics—most difficult, if not impossible to distinguish in the first generation; and still more impracticable to separate in a second or third, for there are words in the treaty which would render it doubtful, whether the right would not descend to their heirs—to privileges not enjoyed by the rest of their countrymen. And,

therefore, whatever rights may accrue to any of the Catholics under the Treaty of Limerick, we freely consent should be taken by the whole,—our case will rest upon the broad ground—a ground which we shall very shortly, we think, make so clear that nothing but wilfulness or dulness can entertain a doubt about it—that that treaty never guaranteed, or was intended to guarantee, to the Roman Catholics, or any of them, any political privileges or eligibilities whatever.

In the first place, it is a circumstance deserving consideration, that, at the date and time at which this treaty was executed, and for a great many years afterwards—the Catholics of Ireland must have known what was intended by it, very much better than we can possibly know now;—and yet no claim at that time was ever even advanced by them, to political privileges under its allowance. No trace can be shown—we will not speak of any such claim—but of any such suggestion—upon the Bill brought into Parliament but a few weeks after the conclusion of the treaty, for abrogating the oath of Supremacy in Ireland. In the discussion of that Bill, the intent and effects of the Treaty of Limerick were argued, pointedly, and referred to; but not a word ever is hinted about the political rights which it gives to the Catholics, or of the injustice committed by denying them. In the same way, the speech of Sir Toby Butler before the Irish House of Commons, upon this identical treaty, and the violation of some part of its provisions, which referred to private right;—in the whole course of that speech, or of all the political and polemical discussions which occurred in the same stormy period, not a word like a claim on the part of the Catholics to the privileges which they now challenge under the treaty, can be found. And that particular virtue of the treaty seems never to have been discovered until near a century afterwards, when a Dr. Brown (of Dublin) wrote a pamphlet on the State of Ireland: the good Doctor himself, candidly avowing (very much to the distress of those who quote portions of his work in the present day,) that the opinion thus put forth, was *not* that which was *generally entertained in Ireland*, but entirely new, and a discovery of his own.

It may not, however, be so very difficult to comprehend the reason why no claim to political power or privileges was ever set up, in the generation in which it was executed, by the Roman Catholics under the Treaty of Limerick, when we perceive that *not one word at all naming or referring to political powers or privilege*, appears from the beginning to the end of it. The words of the first article of the treaty—the only clause which can be challenged strictly to apply to the Roman Catholics of Ireland generally—are, “that they shall enjoy such privileges, *in the exercise of their religion*,” as are consistent with the laws of Ireland, &c. And again, in the same article, that they shall be “preserved from any *disturbances* upon the account of their said religion.” Now it seems difficult, by any course but that of a wilful and forced construction, adopted in preference to that which words obviously do and ought to bear, even to argue that these terms mean any thing more than that the Catholics shall have *the uninterrupted exercise of the rites and ceremonies of their peculiar faith*. In the present day, when the only privations to which the Catholics are subject are the denial of their right to certain offices and political distinctions, on account of their religion, a special pleader might, perhaps, attempt to contend that an Act “preserving them from *disturbances* on account of their religion,” gave them, by inference, the right to all positions which they might claim, unless debarred by the imposition of oaths incompatible with that religion; but no barrister of three days standing—no man of ordinary reason and intel-



ligence—would ever think, in *making* an Act, of resting his right upon such terms: and the Irish in Limerick, it will be observed, were not ignorant rebels—not mere soldiery, little instructed in terms or competent to negotiation: their treaty was drawn up under the superintendence of Chief Baron Rice and Sir Toby Butler, who were both contracting parties in the execution of it, and who were, moreover, the most eminent lawyers in Ireland at that day. But, looking to the circumstances of the Catholics at the time when the treaty was made, and the penalties to which they were exposed—not touching their claims to political station, but in the more ordinary exercise and profession of their faith: with the Act of Uniformity—the second of Elizabeth—compelling *all* ministers of religion, on pain of punishments, to use the Books of Common Prayer, and administer the sacrament only as there set forth—the Act of the 27th of the same Queen, declaring it high treason for any popish priest to remain in the kingdom (unless such as had taken the oath of supremacy), and felony for any man to harbour or entertain such characters, and penal even for him to know of their presence and not denounce them;—with Acts like these, and numerous others, cramping and hampering the very *private lives* of the Roman Catholics on every side, it is impossible to doubt that the “freedom from disturbance,” promised in the Treaty of Limerick, was meant, in the plain and obvious sense of the words, to be a freedom from all actual molestation on account of their religious worship or creed—not a special exemption from those pledges, which, under particular circumstances, the State demanded from every other description of its subjects. To argue that, in a state of things like that which we describe, to secure the Catholics from “*disturbance on account of their religion*,” was the same thing as to recognise their claim to political authority and power, is as monstrous as it would be to say that, if in the reign of Edward the Third, it had pleased that monarch to execute a treaty, guaranteeing to the Jews freedom from disturbance on account of their religion, that treaty would have made an Israelite eligible to be High Chancellor of the kingdom!

It is true that we are dealing here with the first article only of the treaty; and that the second and third articles, difficult as they are of exposition, and limited as to extent, do contain some words more sweeping than those of the clause that precedes them: providing, that the parties included in those articles, shall enjoy the same “rights, titles, privileges, and immunities,” which they held in the reign of Charles the Second. But here—(apart from the question, what the rights enjoyed in the reign of Charles the Second really were) the words “rights, privileges, and immunities,” are so connected with the previous assurance of enjoyment of the estates—“are to enjoy” (this is the way in which they run) “all their estates, of freehold and inheritance, and all the rights, privileges, immunities,” &c.—that it is impossible not to see that they apply to the interests, and privileges, of private property—to the seignoral, and manorial “rights,” connected with the estates, and not to any privileges of a political character—no word like “public,” or “political,” ever being mentioned. And it should be observed, there is no want of explicitness, or full description, any where as to those “rights and immunities,” which the parties *actually contract for*, and propose to receive and enjoy. After the second and third articles of the treaty, which seem sufficiently declaratory of amnesty, as far as “inference” can go—the undertaking being for the full restoration of titles and estates, on the owners submitting, and taking the oath of allegiance;—after this comes a fifth article—no want of caution, as it strikes us, here?—stipulating,

in a dozen different forms of words, that these very same persons should be freed from prosecution for all offences, or misdemeanors committed by them since the beginning of the reign of James the Second. And, again, a sixth article provides (adding assurance to assurance), still for the same parties, that they shall not be proceeded against for any acts inferences, or general expressions *here*?—Nor in any portion we should submit—as he who runs may read—of the whole treaty.

of private wrong, such as “the seizing of goods,” &c., which might have been done by them during the war. There is no trusting to

But we shall quit the discussion of these quiddities—and we ought already, perhaps, to apologize to our readers for having dwelt so long upon them—because there is one answer to the whole case of this treaty of Limerick, so conclusive and brief, that the marvel is in the fatuity—we do not wish to use a harder term—of those people who can be cognizant of the fact, and yet, set up any claim under it. What will our readers say to the demand of admission to political trusts and offices, charged to be *implied in the terms* of the Treaty of Limerick, if it appears that the recognition of those very eligibilities was actually claimed from William’s general (the Baron de Ginckel), in the conditions proposed by the garrison, three days before the conclusion of the treaty; *and peremptorily rejected by him!* And this is literally the truth.

This simple fact forms one branch of a very short, and, we think, conclusive, case. The Treaty of Limerick was finally executed by the Irish leaders on one side, and the English commander (Baron Ginckel) on the other, on the 3d of October, 1691. On the 29th of September—four days previous—the garrison, believing that to hold the town was impracticable, and having obtained a suspension of hostilities, sent to propose terms of capitulation. The articles then demanded, by the Irish, were seven in number; the most material being the fourth and sixth, which ran in these terms—“The Irish Catholics *to be capable of holding all employments, civil and military, under the crown;*” and—“The Irish Catholics *to be at liberty to be members of corporations, and to exercise all corporate franchises, and immunities.*” Here, then, was the question put fairly. Here was a demand of “offices,” and of “immunities,”—the thing proposed in plain words—and what was the English commander’s answer to it? De Ginckel returned for answer, that “he was a stranger to the Constitution of England; but that he knew enough of it to perceive that the terms demanded were hostile to that constitution, and to his own honour.” On the same day, he erected a new battery, and pressed the town. In the evening, the garrison sent *another message*, to know *what terms* he (the Baron Ginckel) *would be content to grant?* And the result was the conclusion of the “Treaty of Limerick.”

There needs but one addition to this pleasant little history; and that will be a very brief one. There is one little article in the Treaty of Limerick itself, which we adverted to, to be named hereafter—we reserved it as a *bonne bouche* for our readers. In this very treaty, the first second, and third articles of which extend to the Catholics—as some of that body tell us—all the rights and eligibilities of which free subjects can be capable. Which give them (by inference) the right to offices—to seats in parliament—in short, to adopt the description of Sir Francis Burdett, “the *fullest participation in all the rights, and privileges, civil and political of the British Constitution.*” In this very treaty, the early articles of which place (by construction) the Irish Catholics in this total freedom from restraint; giving them, the same honourable baronet says,

"in words than which, he can imagine none more express, or direct," the "enjoyment of all rights and privileges, public, as well as private!"

There is one little article—the seventh—which stipulates "That the noblemen and gentlemen comprised in the second and third articles" of the treaty [for even this right is not claimed for the Irish Catholics generally], "*shall have liberty to ride with a sword and a case of pistols, if they think fit; and to keep a gun in their houses for the purposes of fowling!*" Here are the same people who swear to a contract in the first and second articles of the treaty, by which they are to be clothed in garments of silver from head to foot, covenanting in the seventh to be allowed the indulgence of a cast-off pair of breeches!

Quibble and pretence—fallacy and rottenness—we are anxious to cut away from a good cause, lest they defile and undermine it. We would do this, apart from every consideration of virtue, from mere motives of interest: one lie detected on the cross-examination of a witness, shakes the whole of his evidence in the minds of the jury. There is a hollowness creeping into political discussion—we are afraid something out of the long orations which legislators find it their duty to make (there is not honesty enough in any subject to last out the necessary time) which to plain men is extremely disgusting. Sir Francis Burdett—the representative of the knowledge and intelligence—the "sense keeper" of the city of Westminster—pledges himself in parliament to entire belief in a plea, which a commissioner of a Court of Requests would never hear to its conclusion! Mr. Peel, one of the first ministers of the crown, if he believed in certain intentions of a contract, never fulfilled, and entered into two hundred years ago, would do an act which he assures us would be subversive of the constitution, and dangerous to the peace and safety of the country! And this is the language, and the business (and the truth), of legislation!

The Treaty of Limerick, in our eyes, is of less worth than the last petition of the noisy people who call themselves "The Catholic Association." We cant and equivocate about claims resting upon transactions done a century and a half ago; and forget how much it is our policy to have all that passed a century and a half ago forgotten. The claims of Catholic Ireland stand upon a surer foundation than the faith of treaties: England is bound to them by a bond—worth all the written bonds that ever wasted wax and parchment—the bond of equitable right upon their side, and political expediency on her own. The Irish Catholics are a family in the state that has risen to manhood: they are of too ripe a growth to be kept longer in pupillary subjection. It is now the time to loosen those bonds, and they may yet be loosened cordially and in friendship, which a little space more must burst amid feelings and thoughts of perhaps never-to-be-forgotten enmity. "Marry your daughters," says the wise man, "in haste, lest they marry themselves!"—Do that in time, and do it in your own way, and do it amicably, which a short delay will do in defiance and despite of you.

Upon their fair and undoubted rights, and still more upon the expediency of granting those rights—these are the grounds upon which the Catholics ought to rely. The last is an argument to circumstances; but it is the better, therefore; there is the less hazard that it will fail them. If we see that they must have political freedom—why let them have it. If they must have some share in the large church revenues of their country—when those revenues are at our command—without a shilling of fresh cost, and the question only one of disposal—why should the interests of patronage be preferred, to the interests of the public—the interests



of peace and justice? If we are told that the recognition of this principle would strike at the existence of the established church of England ; that other sectarians will claim that indulgence now extended to the Catholics ; we answer—That time is at a distance yet. The claims of these parties are, as yet, of a different calibre. The necessity is one which will not *yet* arise : but, when it does arise—we have no scruple to say that *we must bend to it*. The question in every such emergency is—can we—the “established”—party—conquer? Can we hold our supremacy without suffering more injury than we should sustain by its abandonment? In the case of the Catholics, Mr. Peel himself knows—he feels it in his sleep—he cannot shut his eyes to it when awake—he is neither a blinded bigot nor a doting idiot—he cannot hide from himself the fact that we *must*, before long, meet that exigency of abandonment. If we could *get rid* of the Irish Catholics—of their danger alike and of their service—we might be content to resist the measure. If we could silence their advocates, among ourselves, the policy might be worth arguing. If we could venture to let their “claims” go to the vote in the English House of Commons in silence, and get a division of ten to one against them, we might have a hope to settle the question in the negative. But is it to be believed by men in possession of their reason—is it within the conception of common sense or probability—that five millions of people, who have the voice of more than half the English legislature with them, will relinquish a question in which—whatever its worth—they take a deep and vital interest?

That the success of that question will relieve the miseries of Ireland, we are not so vain as to suppose : but, coupled with the imposition of the “Poor Laws” (a measure, for the application of which we have a prodigious fancy in that country), it would lay the foundation of relief for them. That, while the Catholic claims remain unconceded, to effect any good—except by a species of coercion, which the spirit of the time will not allow us to have recourse to—will be impossible, we are convinced. But a stronger interest upon which we rely—for it is a nearer—than even the welfare and improvement of Ireland, in advocating the concession of the Catholic claims, is the fact, that in England they cannot much longer be resisted. At this moment, the slightest accident would carry them ; and carry them unfortunately without any of the good consequences which might be looked for from their free concession. Another rebellion in Ireland—quelled with the loss of ten thousand men!—it would be quelled : but would Irish proprietors—would public opinion in this country, run the hazard of its recurrence? A continental war—to which the events of a month might bring us—to which we must come at some time. In the case of war, would not the necessity of concession be instantly too strong to be resisted—unfortunately, just when that very necessity would make concession almost degrading, while it robbed it of almost all its value!

We trust that the Duke of Wellington will look at these facts : we are not without hope that he is looking at them already. He has power : and he has responsibility : and the union is one to which his habits have been accustomed. The principles that guided his military career are all that he need look to, to decide this question ; and we are not without hope that he may bring those principles into action. He may yet look—first to that which *he could wish to do*—and next at that which *circumstances make it best he should do* : And then—as he has been used to do—take measures to accomplish the latter.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*Eccelino da Romana*, by Lord Dillon.

1828. Though hitherto publishing anonymously, \* Lord Dillon's name is far from being unknown in the ranks of literature. So long ago as 1805, he published "A Letter to the Noblemen and Gentlemen who composed the Deputation of the Catholics of Ireland;" and some years after, while colonel, we believe, of the 100th regiment of foot, "A Commentary, in two volumes, on the Military Establishments of the British Empire." But he is better and more favourably known as the author of "Maltravers," and also of a second story, in both of which he enlists the doctrines of fatalism into the service of the novel-reader—not to inculcate—for inculcation, in a matter of this kind, can do nothing—but to vary the interest and excite the imagination, by introducing a new set of motives—new principles of action—just as where fairies or witches are used, or the Wandering Jew, or Frankenstein, or any other agency, superhuman, or infra-human, or extra-human. Belief of these things is beside the purpose; but, harmlessly, we suppose, we may suffer the fancy to roam, without making ourselves worse citizens, or less capable of sustaining and tasting the domestic charities of life. Strictly, fatalism is inseparable from a belief in the acknowledged attributes of the Deity; but no man of common sense, because he professes to believe, or does believe, in the omniscience and foreknowledge of the Creator of all, considers such doctrine as bearing upon his conduct, in any other light than a moral one—to put him on his guard. No man, do what he will, or argue as he will, can get rid of the consciousness of his freedom of action, in the popular sense of the term. The source of mistakes—if mistakes there really be—is the confounding the philosophical and the popular senses of liberty. Inculcation, for practical purposes, is little likely to affect any body's conduct. If the doctrine be true, it can do no harm, obviously; and if it be false, it may be safely left to its own imbecility—it exerts no influence. The consciousness of liberty cannot be extinguished. If any man allege the excuse, for but the turn of a finger, he will be laughed at; and if he murders under the impression of fatalism, he will be hanged; and hanging, after all that has been urged, we have no doubt, is the best possible check upon human crime. The man who should justify a wrong on this ground, would be set down, by the common apprehension, as a rogue; and no philosophy, though there be secrets in it yet undreamed of, will ever establish his innocence. But Lord Dillon has other peculiarities, and very strong ones.

\* His translation of "The Tactics of Ælian" excepted; a volume in 4to., with numerous illustrative plates.

Not to notice, now, his bold and avowed abhorrence of political corruption—he has started from the beaten track, and indulged and revelled in the extraordinary—with the vague expectation and hope of penetrating the dense cloud that wraps the future, and which is, indeed, destined to be no farther penetrable than experience of the past and present will carry us. Dreams, and omens, and warnings, have seized upon his fancy; the darkness of metaphysics has appeared to him a darkness visible, and the forms which people obscurity have operated upon his sensations like defined realities. He has cherished chimeras, but they work well in the regions of feeling and fancy.

But of himself, if more be sought, his lordship has a right to be heard—and he will speak in language which will furnish no unfavourable specimen of his muse.

Should any ask, perchance, who 'twas that pour'd

This unpremeditated lay, oft-times  
In unharmonious verse most quaintly cloth'd,  
Oh, Clio, say, 'twas one who Fate decreed  
Should wander from his hall and bower; who  
Fate

Decreed, though willing, should not glory reap  
In tented fields, though he had sought it far  
In the vast wilderness, beyond the bounds  
Where the Atlantic waves in mountains roll,  
And on the dun Iberian plains; one in  
The senate mute; one, for whom Ceres shakes  
Her spiky head in vain, in vain doth shower  
Her golden grains; one who, with buoyant heart,  
O'er-rode the stormy wave and tempest high,  
That persevering Fate had round him rais'd;  
Who gazing on the sun liv'd and rejoic'd!  
Of artificial man rejected, who,  
Save Nature boon, no other parent own'd;  
The mighty mother from whose papa he drew  
This nourishment; she is my goddess, she  
My parent dear, in her vast book I read,  
And in her breast rejoicing still I live.  
Nature, abhor'd of tyrants and of fools;  
Nature, whose pure code impious man doth blur,  
Accept th' oblations of my grateful heart,  
And if thou canst not govern fate, let me  
Repose in thy kind arms; give me at least  
My health and liberty. To thee I pour  
My matin prayer, grateful to the bright smiles  
Of the all-seeing sun, and when he bends  
His western way, in gentle sleep repose.  
Still Nature love I that all anguish soothes  
That from blind artificial man arose.

But who and what is this Eccelino da Romana? A poem of 10,000 lines, in the old heroic measure, and in blank verse. But the hero? A demon—literally, the son of a demon. Historically, Eccelino is known to the readers of Italian story—and Sismondi, or, for shortness, Perceval, may be referred to—as the tyrant of Padua, Verona, and the neighbouring region, in the 13th century, who, under the sanction of the Emperor, headed the Ghibelline forces

against the Marquis of Este, who led the troops of the Guelphic faction. Eccelino was the especial opponent, not only of the papal authority, but of revelation, and persecuted a Christian with as much zeal and zest as the Christian ever did the pagan or the heretic—with all the malignity of Julian, and a thousand times his cruelty. Cruelty, indeed, was the main attribute of his nature—it was part and parcel of him, and its exercise was unchecked by any counteracting sympathies. He was insensible to the attractions of women, and sacrificed as readily the fair as the “unfair” sex—as Leigh Hunt lately called them—the infant and the aged. “By day and by night, in the cities under his sway, the air rang with the agonizing shrieks of the wretched sufferers expiring under varieties of torture. Eleven thousand of his army falling under his suspicion, on some occasion, he dextrously disarmed them, and threw them all into prisons; and when famine, and massacre, and the executioner, had done their office, *two hundred survived!*” This is the language of a modern historian, borne out to the full by cotemporary, or nearly cotemporary, authority—not, surely, to be credited to the letter—but such a wretch answers the purposes of poetry, if one object of that be the working of passions, in their fullest and wildest excitement.

The mother of this Eccelino was equally conspicuous. She was the daughter of a noble Tuscan family—the Mongonas—a person of no common endowments and acquirements, it may be safely presumed; for she had the reputation of being a sorceress—an adept, we mean—to avoid an equivocal—in the art magic—which, with her beauty, her address, and her spirit of intrigue, combined to give her unusual influence over her contemporaries. This lady, on her death-bed, disclosed to her son the tremendous secret of his birth—the very agreeable information, that he was the offspring of an adulterous intercourse with a demon—an account which Eccelino himself proclaimed, and made use of, as a potent engine to sway a credulous and excited multitude.

The story of this personage constitutes the subject of Lord Dillon’s verse—and he has followed it, he says, as closely as could be made consistent with the general management of a poem. To trace it minutely, with our limits, is impracticable—all we can do, is to present another specimen or two of his powers of versification.

#### Hermione’s form—

Rounded and full, display’d the sanctuary  
Of Love; for love might well have chosen here,  
So fair a shrine, to make his long abode.  
Of ivory and alabaster blent  
Her limbs were form’d, in so exact a mould,  
That their transparent forms might almost seem  
To melt in air, or float impalpable,  
Like the bright moonbeams in the quiet lake.

Nor, though she thus beauteous, ethereal, pure  
As sweetest breath of early flowers, not less  
She glow’d a woman to the touch, that might  
The type of all her sex have been. Her breast  
An altar was, in which did burn a lamp  
Exhaustless; whose bright light shed from her  
eyes

Such rays of tenderness, that e’en might tame  
The lion in his rage, and bid him quit  
His prey, and crouch beneath her feet (for such,  
As olden legends sing, is Beauty’s power!)  
Her voice the silver bells would shame; her hair  
Like Terni’s waterfall did dazzling shine;  
Nor fairer form than her’s hath Fancy bright  
E’er wove, or Grecian chisel ever form’d:  
In marble breathing with ideal grace.

Hermione’s bath—a little too warm and voluptuous, perhaps—but—

On one side rush the waters, and their spray  
Throw ’gainst the rock; then opens there a grot  
Upon the pool, whose pavement, richly wrought,  
Of tessellated stones, more beauteous is  
Than beds of flowers; and from the grotto cool  
A flight of marble steps lead to a bath.  
Around, in animated marble carv’d,  
Diana, with her nymphs, is seen; and there  
Acteon chas’d by his own hounds, that gives  
Warning to eyes profane ne’er to invade  
This sanctuary. Of white Carrara was  
The floor, seen through the pure translucent  
wave;

Here myrtle grew, and sacred laurel screen’d  
The spot. One sultry night the spangled arch  
Of Heav’n was of a darker, deeper blue;  
The moon gleam’d bright with her full face, and  
seem’d

Rejoicing in her orb; the fire-flies’ light  
In mid air sparkled; they the brilliant gems  
Of animated nature, that adorn  
Night’s earthly vesture. Such the hour, the time,  
Hermione now chose to seek the bath,  
Attended by her two most favour’d nymphs,  
Lucinda, Viola; descending now  
With cautious step the grot, they enter straight;  
Loosens Hermione her radiant zone,  
And soon the busy damsels her despoil  
Of those rich robes that half conceal’d her form;  
That form that Phidias’ chisel had not scorn’d,  
To grace the temple of the Paphian queen.  
Her golden hair in azure net is bound;  
Her nymphs, alike unrob’d, follow her steps;  
The lovely three issue from out the grot,  
Back cowering, startled, and asham’d, e’en at  
The cold chaste moon’s modest unscorching look.  
Hermione stretch’d out her ivory foot,  
Then drew it back when she the chillness felt;  
With laugh and joke they stand, and half afraid,  
Hang o’er the brink, then hand in hand the three  
Plunge headlong in the limpid element,  
A lucid garment form’d, through which they  
seem’d

More fair e’en than the floor on which they stood.  
A thousand frolics the gay laughing nymphs  
Perform; they dive, and rise, and plunge, and  
dart,

Nor sportive dolphins e’er more gamesome were;  
And sometimes wanton on the surface float  
Their forms; then turn and sudden disappear.  
The moon alone a conscious witness is  
Of their wild gambols; Nature, mistress sole  
Of these their revels; she a tumult rais’d



In their young blood, which many an image wild  
To giddy fancy gave, and forms grotesque;  
So did warm Venus Dian's hour usurp.  
Their shadowy forms arise from 'neath the wave  
To the warm air; a ruddy glow o'erspreads  
Their milk-white forms, trickling adown with  
drops;

Then by this crystal mirror they are dress'd.  
Nymph of the grot Hermione appears,  
Envelop'd soon beneath her flowing robes;  
But for her tighten'd zone her form were lost,  
For it disclos'd her small round breasts and  
shape

Out-swelling, broad, and full; still 'neath the  
folds

Of her loose dress her limbs do freely move,  
And grace appears in every shadow that  
They cast: broad lights and shades to beauty are  
Allied, for Nature teaches grace divine.

A sweet portrait—before which Virgil's  
*Harpies* and Ovid's *Envy* must veil their  
charms:—

A form she took of ugliness beyond  
What could by pencil be pourtray'd; her head  
A cone appear'd; her chin and nose did meet;  
Her eyes were small, oblique, with squinting  
leer;

So that the vision cross'd; all to the left  
The right eye did command, and so the left  
View'd all to right; a hunch was tow'ring o'er  
Her back; her leathern dugs hung down below  
Her waist; her skin resembled parchment, smok'd,  
And shrivell'd up; her thin and bony arms  
Hung to her knees; her fingers were like claws  
Of griffins, crook'd and arm'd with rounded nails,  
Sharp-pointed, firm, and strong to rend the flesh  
From bones; her teeth were ebon tusks, and  
from

Her mouth there issued sick'ning sulph'rous  
smells,

And a blue flame was visible, that breath'd  
Fell pestilence from out her lips, which seem'd  
Form'd for an outlet to the Stygian lake.  
Such fetid vapours hang o'er stagnant pool,  
And are of reptiles vile the atmosphere.  
Whene'er she spat on earth, from out the slime  
Toads numberless crawl'd into loathsome life.  
Clubb'd and inverted were her feet, like hoofs  
Of asses, and her ears became erect  
Whene'er she heard a noise: her stature tall,  
Gaunt, thin, and bending like a bow; her voice  
Would vary quick, in every sound of bass  
And tenor, loud, or sharp, or shrill, or low;  
And though she could, at pleasure, any form  
Assume, yet this was still her common shape.

For the verbal critic, and indeed for  
critics of all sorts and dimensions, Lord  
Dillon has made work enough. The poem  
is full of irregularities—and offenses, proba-  
bly, against every law, good or bad, that  
ever was laid down in the poetical code; nor  
cares he one fig whose phrases he uses—  
there are some of every body's; but there is  
also great vigour and variety of fancy—bold  
conceptions—strong and condensed expres-  
sions—and a concentrating power of thought  
—enough to diffuse a conviction of high  
ability over a much larger space than even  
the present volume occupies—and to cover a  
multitude of sins.

*Narrative of the Peninsular War, from  
1808 to 1813; by Lord Londonderry.*  
1828.—Lord Londonderry's book, though  
not justly to be entitled a Narrative of the  
Peninsular War from 1808 to 1813, pre-  
sents the clearest and most unencumbered  
account of the British army under General  
Moore and Lord Wellington, that has yet  
been furnished. It is not a narrative of the  
Peninsular War; for of the French troops,  
except those which came in immediate con-  
tact with the British, it speaks incidentally  
only; and the same must be said of the  
Spanish forces which were not acting in  
connexion with them. Nor is it a narrative  
even of the transactions of the British troops  
to 1813; for it stops at the re-capture of  
Ciudad Rodrigo in January 1812, when  
Lord Londonderry, then Major-General  
Charles Stewart, was compelled by ill health  
to resign his appointment of Adjutant-  
General, and return to England. This  
incompleteness of the narrative, whoever  
reads it will, we think, be inclined to regret;  
and we question if any other will supply the  
deficiency with half the personal knowledge  
and soldier-like ability of the present.

The author was attached to Sir John  
Moore's army, and here traces that com-  
mander's hesitating course, and disastrous  
retreat, and redeeming victory, minutely  
and frankly. The military talents—those,  
we mean, of the more commanding kind—  
of that very excellent and amiable indi-  
vidual, it has been, and must be, a vain  
attempt to establish. He was an incom-  
parable second; but as a chief—left to his  
own resources and decision—he had not  
before been tried, and, when tried, was  
surely found wanting. Less calculating and  
balancing—more resolute in shaking off  
unprofessional advisers, though fastened on  
him by orders from home, he might have  
done, before his retreat, and often during  
his retreat, especially before he reached  
Astorga—passing, as he did, too, so many  
admirable positions—what he was obliged  
to do finally at Corunna. Never did more  
frightful consequences attend a precipitate  
retreat; all subordination and discipline  
were at an end—the natives shut their doors  
against them—the troops were enraged,  
and committed a thousand enormities; the  
Spaniards took their revenge, and the sol-  
diers, mad, and drunk, and in despair,  
murdered, and were murdered. Lord Lon-  
donderry has “no hesitation in saying, that  
the most harrowing accounts which have  
yet been laid before the public fall short of  
the reality.” The being compelled to fight  
before embarking, and, perhaps, his death  
on the field, were, for his reputation, the  
most fortunate events that could have oc-  
curred;—had he not thus fought and died,  
he would have been—however undeserved-  
ly—one of the most unpopular commanders  
on record—and as it was, it required, we  
think, no small exertions on the part of his

friends to maintain his credit. "The truth is," observes Lord Londonderry, "with many of the qualities requisite to constitute a *general*, he was deficient in that upon which, more than any other, success in war must ever depend—he wanted confidence in himself—he was afraid of responsibility—he underrated the qualities of his own troops, and greatly overrated those of his adversary. Yet let justice be done. He acted under circumstances at once difficult and trying. He was harassed by being made, in some degree, dependent upon the opinions of others—while of support from the authorities in the country, as well military as civil, he was from the first absolutely destitute. Sir John Moore was, moreover, a brave and high-spirited soldier—he refused to treat for the quiet embarkation of his troops—he preferred the honour of the army to its safety; and by preferring the one, he provided for the other also."

The appointment of Sir Arthur Wellesley to the chief command was singularly welcome to the army—his own conduct at and after the battle of Vimiera, and still more, perhaps, that of his superiors, had endeared him to the troops. He had won the victory, and would willingly have followed it up; and the fruits were thrown away by the ignorance or timidity of others. He arrived in Spain in April 1809, and forthwith marched towards the Douro, and skirmished more than once with Soult, who retiring to Orense, the pursuit was abandoned. Returning to Coimbra, and being there joined by a reinforcement of 5,000 men, he moved towards the south, to open a communication with Cuesta. The conduct of the Spaniards had given considerable dissatisfaction, nor were matters much mended by Sir Arthur's interview with the old and feeble Cuesta. After this interview, Sir Arthur directed his march towards Victor's position—when that able commander withdrew across the Tagus, and being followed by the British troops, in July the battle of Talavera was fought.

Victorious as he had been, Sir Arthur—now created Lord Wellington—found himself, with an army diminished by his victory, and still further enfeebled by sickness—9,000, at one time, on the sick-list—obliged to retreat, leaving behind him many hundreds of the sick, who were, however, treated kindly by the enemy—and in December following, the troops were placed in line along the frontiers of Portugal, between the Douro and the Tagus. In this position, with a few changes, they continued till the summer of 1810, generally in an inactive state, and not, on the whole, in the narrative before us, adequately accounted for—though the non-fulfilment of engagements, on the part of the Spaniards, might justify the commander's holding back a little. At this period, Ciudad Rodrigo, after an obstinate resistance by the native garrison, was taken by Massena; and on the consequent

advance of the French, it became necessary for the British troops to retire within the lines that had been forming, through the spring and summer, at Torres Vedras. These had been completed, to something, as Lord Londonderry curiously phrases it, "of the nature of impregnability"—the object being, of course, to keep the sea open behind them. In the course of this retreat, occurred, in September, the battle of Busaco. Massena continued the pursuit, and finally halted before the lines of Torres Vedras; but finding them, we suppose, to have so much "of the nature of impregnability," he withdrew, and took up a position at Santarem.

At Santarem, Massena remained inactive—or rather, as it afterwards appeared, making preparations for retiring into Spain—and Wellington behind his lines—neither party being in a condition to disturb the other. At last, on the 5th March 1811, Massena suddenly decamped, and hastened towards the frontiers, and Wellington lost not a moment in pursuing him—which ended, however, in the blockade of Almeida by the British. The particulars of this pursuit Lord Londonderry omits—having himself been absent three months, on account of illness. Leaving, now, the forces in the neighbourhood of Almeida, Lord Wellington himself proceeded to Badajos, before which was a considerable force under Beresford; but being quickly recalled to the north, Beresford was left to conduct the siege of Badajos. Now followed the battle of Fuentes de Honora, and the unlucky relief of Almeida—which last event conferred, certainly, no honour on the vigilance of the English troops; and before Wellington could return to Badajos, was fought the murderous battle of Albuera, in May; and in the following month, Wellington, seeing nothing could be done, directed the siege of Badajos to be raised.

By the end of July, the forces were re-assembled before Ciudad Rodrigo, to blockade it; and some time after, the siege of the place was commenced, and in January 1812, a breach being reported practicable, peremptory orders were issued, on the 19th, to carry it by assault, before seven o'clock that night; and before seven, accordingly, it was carried—and here the narrative stops. It is, as we have said, exceedingly distinct. The author is extremely cautious of expressing opinions that imply censure, and seems to write constantly with the fear of his brother officers before his eyes; and of the Duke of Wellington his admiration is perfectly unbounded. The confidence of the army was undoubtedly unlimited; and they must, after all, be the best judges; they gave him full credit for doing all that circumstances would permit, and, of course, not without good reason. But, generally, the style of Lord Londonderry is too laudatory—in every little skirmish the con-

duct of the troops is "*brilliant*"—and the word is indeed used and used, till at last, in the reader's mind, it comes to mean nothing at all.

Of incidental matters, indicating the writer's feelings, it is scarcely worth while to take notice—yet some things are perhaps sufficiently remarkable, particularly when he designates the military expeditions of this country, before that to the Peninsula, as being "unprofitable in their objects, and insignificant in the means." Again, in respect to promotion in the army, under the Duke of York's regulations—which he describes as "rendered by him as equitable as it can be, under a system which admits of advancement by purchase." Considering the quarter from which these remarks come, they are worth remembering. Observe a few sentences of a different cast. Speaking of the French Revolution, he says, "*The sovereigns of Europe found it expedient to oppose the progress of the French Revolution.*"—"The Portuguese are high-spirited, brave, and obedient." Of Saragoza—"not less gratifying to the lovers of freedom was the defence," &c. Let not the reader mistake—this phrase is used only with reference to independence of foreign control—to national freedom—not constitutional—not political freedom.

*The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte, by Wm. Hazlitt, 4 vols. 8vo.; 1828.*—For the aristocrat, and the would-be aristocrat—for the defender of ancient abuses, who will yield to nothing but petty correctives—for the scoffer at political amendment, and the palliator of public profligacy, Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon* is upon the whole so cleverly adapted, that none of them can hope for another more suited to their wishes—it is so tender of sensitive kibes, that, even when treading, as he often does, apparently with great boldness, on forbidden ground, you must feel the most perfect security there will be no real offence to the powers that be. All his reprobation is reserved for what is damned by all parties and all classes, and utterly without redeeming qualities; and the whole is couched in a style bespeaking so much good taste and good society—so flowing, and so agreeable—bedecked too, with a thousand similes, for which even Moore might envy him, that you naturally read it, as you read one of his own historical novels, or any thing else of unreal interest.

Mr. Hazlitt, on the contrary, with the most uncompromising contempt of all conventional fastidiousness, and a perfect loathing for the exclusions of the higher castes of society—thoroughly radical in sensation and sentiment—daunted at nothing—thinks as little of a king as of a beggar, and would scarcely hesitate, perhaps, to affirm plebeian blood to be of as bright a hue as the proudest patrician's. A government, with him, in the most unsparing sense of the terms, exists

solely for the benefit, not of a few domineering families and their adherents, but for the protection of the whole community, great and small; and, utterly without consideration, as he is, for family dignities, he is as likely to respect one who has them not, as one who has; and, with no toleration at all for absurd privileges, as ready to laugh in the face of hereditary wisdom as of hereditary virtues. No,—Mr. H. is all for the aristocracy of virtue and talent; and though the whole world were convinced that not only the political, but the moral worth of a king and his nobles, immeasurably surpass that of the whole mass of the millions below them, he, without mincing the matter, without the least effort to soften the unwelcome truth to the great or the greatest, would not hesitate one moment to express his conviction, that all the virtues the heart of man can conceive are with—and almost exclusively with—the inferior classes.

Filled with these singular sentiments, and prompted to the most unflinching expression of them, he takes up the *Life of Napoleon*, which involves the History of the French Revolution—the crushing of the mighty, and the lifting up of the humble—and, without ceremony, assigns the causes of that explosion to the insolence and oppressions of the great, and its atrocities to the unprincipled combination of foreign states; giving stubborn evidence as he goes along. He hesitates not at stating—what would have shocked Sir Walter to credit for a moment—that England itself, though she did not openly join the coalition of Pilnitz, yet gave it her secret encouragement. By the declaration of Mantua, which preceded the wild and atrocious one of Pilnitz by about a couple of months, and was signed by the Count d'Artois, in conjunction with the emperor of Germany, and king of Sardinia, the king of England was to take an active part, as elector of Hanover. Mr. H. again hesitates as little, indirectly, to charge the government of England with being privy to attempts of assassination. Sir Sydney Smith—the hero of Acre—was spoken of by Bonaparte as crazy, and Mr. H., apparently thinks the same; and Count Ferzen is unceremoniously described as the "favoured lover of the queen of France." Generally, perhaps, he is too peremptory in assigning motives, and deciding questionable points.

Mr. H. proposes to comprise his *Life of Napoleon* in four volumes, of which the two now published bring the history down to the Peace of Amiens. Events, as may be supposed, are given accurately enough—Mr. H. is not likely to spare labour; but we have no space at present to go through them, as we should like to do, with the view of marking more specifically his sentiments as they occur. As a narrative, it will not be found, we imagine, so easy and graceful as Sir Walter's—nor so entertaining. Mr. H. looks



too much to generalities, or to great points, for that; though, no doubt, all that relates to the different campaigns, and to military tactics and battles, is at the least as intelligible as Sir W's.—who, with all his reading up for the occasion, undoubtedly fails in this respect. Mr. H. has an irrepressible tendency to digress and dilate; and we have page after page of discussion—such for instance as the effects of sovereignty on the individual—the character of popery, &c.—which would make admirable essays, and are certainly fitter for his Table Talk, than the Life of Napoleon. Occasionally, too, his peculiar metaphysics come in, and come in too without discussion, as if every body must assent on the first hearing. On the 18th Brumaire, Napoleon, for once, lost his self-possession. “This,” says Mr. H., with all the confidence usual with him, “is easily understood, for no man has more than one sort of courage, namely, in those things, in which he is accustomed to feel his power and see his way clearly.” Now, if Mr. H. had been content with saying, in common parlance, no man is equally courageous at all times, or on all occasions—or no man's nerves are equally firm at all times—or a man is courageous only when he is accustomed to feel, &c.—nobody would have hesitated to go with him. To be sure this would have sounded very like a trite truism; but then, we really think he has expressed no more meaning than is comprised in this same truism; and in this, as is often the case, he is misled by the peculiar cast of his own phraseology, and thinks a novel expression indicative of a new discovery. Again—“Times, habits of business, and reflection, have made many able men, and modified many indifferent characters.”—These are Napoleon's words, speaking of Fouché. Now this, in the general apprehension of men—judging from common experience—is the language of common sense; but common sense is not surely Mr. H's. best attribute. “This,” says he, “is not a just view of nature in general, which never changes, nor did the present instance turn out an exception to the common rule.” We know not, to be sure, speaking physically, whether nature does change, but then we as little know that she does *not* change: and if the actions of men change—which we suppose is the case, when a different set of motives are operating—why then we see no advantage in insisting upon a language, which, in the common usage of it, does not correspond with facts, nor with the general conviction, as indicated by proverbial phrases. “Bonaparte,” continues Mr. H., “was fond of playing with edged tools, thinking he could turn their good qualities to account, and, by dextrous management, prevent their harming him”—and his success for years, was a pretty strong proof of his ability to do so. Because he finally failed, is it to be concluded

that he did nothing in this way?—Speaking, again, of Fayette—“No man is wiser from experience or suffering, or can cast his thoughts and actions in any other mould than that which nature has assigned them,—or so true a patriot would not, after his own and his country's ‘hair-breadth ‘scapes,’ and bleeding wrongs, have tried to *hamper* the revolution in its last struggles, with the same cobweb, flimsy refinements, that he did in its first outset.” What is this but saying that Fayette was insusceptible of improvement, and therefore every man is?

But we defer any thing like examination till the whole is before us. It is sufficient for us to observe that the work is full of vigorous thinking; and at every page, directly or indirectly, the reader will find materials for sweet or bitter reflection. There is no insipidity in Mr. H. He cowers before no difficulty—is deterred by no peril—and compromises none of his convictions; but sets boldly to work, and sweeps before him the filth and rubbish of prejudice, with much the same sort of resolute and dogged spirit, as that with which Hercules turned the Acheulous to cleanse the accumulations of the Augean stable. Admiration for the lofty and unbending character, and the varied and vigorous intellect of his hero, has, we doubt not, somewhat warped his better judgment, and made him think more highly of a man than he ought to think—of a man, who was ready to sacrifice the individual and collective happiness of nations to his own glory, and his own glory to his revenge.

*The Siege of Carlaverock, &c. &c., by Nicholas Harris Nicolas, Esq.; 1828.*—Carlaverock Castle stood in the county, and about nine miles south of the town, of Dumfries, on the north shore of the Solway Frith, at the confluence of the rivers Nith and Locher, and was the first place attacked by Edward I., in his invasion of Scotland in the year 1300. All who owed military service were summoned to attend at Carlisle on the feast of the nativity of John the Baptist; and about the first of July, the assembled troops quitted Carlisle; and about the 10th or 12th, after a desperate resistance on the part of the gallant little garrison, Carlaverock surrendered to the king. The story of this march, siege, and capture was told, it seems, in metre, in about 1,000 lines, by a cotemporary writer, who, on the strength of a line in the poem, where mention is made of “Ma rime de Guy,” is supposed to have been one Walter of Exeter, a monk of some order or other, who is said by Warton, “on good authority, to have written the romantic history of Guy of Warwick about 1292”—but how this Carlaverock poem came to be written in French by an Exeter man, is not accounted for—nor is the matter even noticed.

The tale is told in the most inartificial manner—as like a prose or a rhyming chro-

nicle as possible, and can interest no soul breathing but an antiquary ;—but then Mr. Nicolas thinks there is no soul breathing who is not an antiquary. Almost the whole baronage of England assembled for this splendid expedition, and they are individually enumerated, with a word or two thrown in, sometimes gaily enough, descriptive of character, and the arms of each carefully and scientifically blazoned.

This blazonry, indeed, is evidently, in Mr. Nicolas's eyes, the chief charm of the poem—affording evidence, as it does, that the SCIENCE of heraldry was in a state of maturity and perfection, at a time when some have thoughtlessly supposed it to have been in its infancy. The text is framed from an autograph copy of Glover's, the celebrated herald, compared with another in the Museum—and a third, it seems, is deposited in the office of Ulster King of Arms at Dublin, and modern copies are in the hands of sundry individuals. Besides, about fifty years ago the poem was actually printed in the Antiquarian Repository, with a translation. "But the text," says Mr. Nicolas, "was corrupt, and the translation unfortunate ;" and his fate it has been to remedy both—and no man in the country, by ability, acquirements, and diligence could be more competent to the task. Aided and advised, too, as he has been by a learned brother, Dr. Meyrick, we have no doubt the thing is as pure as silver seven times tried in the fire—every stain burnt out in the critical crucible ; and, if occasion require it, we ourselves, such is our confidence in the parties, shall be ready to swear by its immaculateness. But Mr. Nicolas has not contented himself with a simple translation, though that was no slight labour—obsolete as is much of the language ; but has filled half a quarto with excavations from the mines of Dugdale's Baronage, and fifty others, to illustrate every one of the hundred names which cover the poem—of which we must confess we have not read a great deal, but the little we have read satisfies us much research and labour has been successfully spent in this way—we add not—more than the subject was worth—the setting often easily surpasses the picture.

*Mornings in Spring, by Dr. Drake. 2 vols. ; 1828.*—Dr. Drake has no new materials within, at command—nor any extraordinary shrewdness or sagacity to elicit new developments from without—no, nor any peculiar adroitness in making the old look new ; but he is an indefatigable reader, and a retrospective one. While all around are perhaps too much bent upon the present, he reminds us agreeably of much that we should otherwise forget—but he is too confiding to sift ; and though his very amiable qualities are a pledge that he will set down nought in malice, those same qualities occasionally prompt him to extenuate.

If we were disposed to find fault with Dr. Drake, which we certainly are not, it would be for the leaning he evidently has, with an unreasoning admiration, to paint every body *en beau*—to make little, or rather not little deities of his fellow mortals—to throw a veil—but he does it insensibly—over the frailties that might diminish his own veneration, or that of other worshippers. Dr. Drake would be shocked at any charge of misrepresentation, and yet it is as easy to misrepresent by suppressing as by fabricating—as easy to do so by over-colouring as by under-colouring. In speaking of Drummond of Hawthornden, he expresses an ardent wish that Drummond's account of Ben Jonson's visit and conversation had never seen the light—simply because it gives a less favourable impression of the character of the old dramatist than the fancy of admirers leads them to assign him. Now this is really worse than nonsense. Let us have things as they are—with all the benefits—and there are benefits from the bad as well as the good—to be derived from experience. The best use of biography is to enlarge our acquaintance with mankind ; but to give us nothing but the good and great, is to poison the stream of truth at its source. We would know *all* men did, and *why*—the motives, foul and fair—the principles, bad and good—the actions, wrong and right—to make a true estimate—we are not concerned with divinities, but mortals. The likeness is the thing—the fashion of it is nothing ; give us realities ; for if we are to work on characters as an artist does on the picturesque, why trouble ourselves with facts at all ?—the imagination is fertile enough to give us all we want.

Of the papers with which these new volumes of Dr. Drake present us, the most agreeable by far are the Memoirs of Sir Philip Sidney, and his accomplished sister, the Countess of Pembroke—the Cliffords of Craven—and the Banks of the Esk, or rather the poets and men of genius who have ennobled its waters.

The Memoirs of Sidney detail the family connexions—the father's letter and mother's postscript to him while at Shrewsbury school—the youth's tour on the continent, and his literary acquaintance there—his accomplishments—his embassy to the Palatine of the Rhine—his patronage of Raleigh and Spencer—his *welcome* remonstrance with the queen on her talked-of marriage with Anjou—the insult received at court from the Earl of Oxford, and consequent retirement to his sister's at Wilton—the composition with her of the *Arcadia*—his marriage with Walsingham's daughter—his defence of Leicester's character—his preparations for accompanying Drake in one of his plundering expeditions to America—his competition for the throne of Poland (which amounted, probably, to a little idle gossip among the maids of honour in Eliza-

beth's court)—and his command, under Leicester, of the forces sent to aid the Protestants in the Netherlands—not forgetting, of course, “thy necessity is greater than mine.” Dr. Drake neither questions nor qualifies; and we were even surprised that he ventures to think it “an unfortunate hour when Sidney undertook his uncle's defence. While exhibiting much talent and ingenuity (it was in reply to ‘Leicester's Commonwealth,’ by Parsons, the jesuit) he left,” says Dr. D., “as might have been anticipated, the most heinous charges unrefuted.” “No doubt,” he continues, “Sir Philip believed his uncle less criminal than he was represented, but *he ought not* to have undertaken the exculpation without sufficient data adequate to ensure success”—which is surely very gentle censure—and, from a man of Dr. D.'s generally sound discernment of moral rectitude—not censure of the right kind. The fact proves that Sidney acted like many other men—like the ordinary run, indeed, of common men—prompted or compelled by family considerations and circumstances, to do what they cannot perhaps altogether approve, and would rather leave undone, but want nerve and resolution to refuse what delicacy of feeling forbids. It proves, too, that the romance of Sidney's character lies more in the imagination of admirers, than in the conduct of the man. Sidney is obviously very largely indebted to the panegyrics of poetry, and poetry patronized; and men of sixty are yet alive, it seems, to interpret the language of Spencer like a spinster of sixteen. The paper on the sister is much more agreeable. The Countess had more of the natural about her, and the evidences of her qualities and abilities are, some of them, of a more unsuspicious cast. She appears to have made much of the Arcadia her own; and the versification of the Psalms, which has been recently published—many of which have quite a modern air about them—is almost wholly hers.

The materials for the papers on the Cliffords are taken chiefly from Whitaker's History of Craven. The history of this conspicuous family is traced, from the first lord of the Honour of Skipton, in the reign of Edward II., successively, but briefly, to the tenth lord, who was the son of “Black-faced Clifford,” the murderer of young Rutland. This tenth lord, in consequence of his father's atrocity, was in imminent peril during the triumph of the Yorkists; was secreted by his mother and his nurse, and brought up ostensibly as a shepherd, till the age of twenty-five—visited, occasionally, but cautiously, by his mother; and every thing was of course done, consistently with his safety, to secure his comforts, and keep up the dignity of his feelings. On the accession of Henry VII. he recovered his inheritance, and, though utterly without the

education of books, he did no discredit to his birth and station. This lord is supposed, by Dr. Whitaker, to be the hero of the old ballad of the “Nut Browne Maide,” and, as Dr. Drake thinks, with great probability. The lover specifically describes Westmoreland as his heritage, and himself as a banished man and an outlaw; and the great “lynage” of the lady, and her being a baron's childe, agree perfectly with the descent of his first wife, Anne, daughter of Sir John St. John of Bletsoe. “Interesting,” says Dr. D., “as the ballad of the Nut Brown Maid must assuredly be deemed, merely as a work of fiction, yet does it become incomparably more striking and affecting, when it is discovered to have been built on the basis of reality; and a reality, too, of which the circumstances are, at the same time, in a high degree romantic and extraordinary.”

The son of the shepherd Clifford was the favourite of Henry VIII.; and the grandson, the one whose contests with the Nortons has been told by Wordsworth, in the “White Doe of Rylstone.” On the failure of male descendants in the right line, the property fell into the hands of the well known queen of the north, Anne Clifford, the wife successively of the Earls of Dorset and Pembroke, with whom and whose families she lived, as she herself poetically expresses it, “as the river of Roan or Rhodanus runs through the Lake of Geneva, without mingling any part of its stream with that lake—for I gave myself up to retiredness,” &c. On her second widowhood she withdrew to her estates, and rebuilt her castles; and being cautioned against doing so while Cromwell ruled—“Let him,” said she, “destroy them if he will—I will rebuild as long as he leaves me a shilling in my pocket.” In Charles II.'s reign, the secretary of state wrote to her, and named the member for Appleby—“I have been bullied by an usurper,” was her laconic reply—“I have been neglected by a court; but I will not be dictated to by a subject—your man shan't stand.” Her reign lasted for twenty-six years. “She could talk of all things,” said Dr. Donne, in the style of the times, “from predestination to slea-silk.”

*The Annals of Jamaica, by the Rev. G. W. Bridges, Rector of the Parish of St. Ann, Jamaica, vol. 1; 1827.*—Mr. Bridges is a thorough-going partizan; though mistaking the fervours of party connexions for the zealous pursuit of truth, he has, perhaps insensibly, fallen into the delusion, that conviction the most unshakeable must infallibly follow such manifestly disinterested and unbiassed researches as his. Commencing *ab ovo*, he proposes to trace the history of this, the chief seat of negro slavery; and by shewing, thus historically, that the condition of the slave was once *worse*, to prove it cannot now be bad. Upon this laudable task



he enters with the spirit and resolution of a martyr; though knowing—he says, or implies—that he shall raise a nest of hornets about his ears, his confidence in the purity of his motives bids him set their stings at defiance. His ultimate aim is utterly to sweep away the “prejudices, which, though fostered by the ignorant, or inflamed by the artful, have instilled a fatal poison into the generous and unsuspecting bosoms of the British people.” Bless the man! Suppose him successful in removing the prejudices he talks of; slavery itself remains, and slavery it is—even more than the actual treatment of the victim—which grates the ears of his countrymen: and so long as slavery exists, all talk of any modification of it must be mere sophistry. The bulky volume before us is but a first fasciculus; and the history, and, of course, the removal of prejudice, scarcely begun; for, before that history commences, the reader must wade through a good 140 pages, upon matters some of them not at all relevant, and others at least as well calculated for the history of the world, or a discourse on physical geography. First we have a list of writers on the new world—Spaniards, Italians, French, English, and Scotch, with the merits of four-and-twenty of them carefully balanced—not quite unusefully. Then comes a chapter on the formation of the Caribbean Archipelago, in which the learned author puts forth his newest geology, and by which we learn, that “had the waters of the deluge receded a few hundred yards or so, more, what are now islands would have been the tops of mountains in adjoining continents; and had they receded less, we should have had, if fewer mountains, more islands, and our geographical dictionaries not a leaf the thinner. Nay, had these waters subsided only five-and-twenty fathoms, the crest of the mountain that joins Dover to Calais would have been bared, and a very little more would have converted the Isle of Wight into a hill, separated from Hampshire, by a dry valley, only sixty fathoms; and England itself would become one vast mountain, separated by a deep vale from Normandy, and connected with Flanders by the crest between Dover and Calais; while the mouth of the British Channel, between the Scilly Islands, and Ushant, would become the barrier to the Atlantic.” Prodigious! and all discovered at Jamaica too!

When the author has settled the present and possible claims to distinction of the Archipelago, as satisfactorily as if he had been present at the birth, he proceeds very gravely to determine from what quarter came the population; and not a shade of doubt, it seems, remains to darken Mr. Bridges's convictions, that “Noah, himself, undertook the re-establishment of America.” He lived, argues Mr. Bridges, 350 years after the deluge, and it is not likely would waste all those years without performing great exploits, and undertaking noble enterprises.

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Such a “shipwright and navigator,” at once “inspired and experienced,” as he was—the maker of the largest ship, too, the world ever saw,—would he not build another ship—his own remaining fast on the Mount of Ararat—to repair the desolation of the world? To be sure he would. Possessed as he was too of a knowledge of a thousand things we are unacquainted with, by the tradition of sciences with which our first father was inspired, and whose children he had conversed with—could he be ignorant of these Western Isles? Certainly not. Besides, it is even possible he was himself a native of them; and navigating, as he had boldly done, an *illimitable* ocean, what difficulty—even if he did not himself go to America—could he have had in teaching young Masters Noah, or the Misses Noah, to cross a sea reduced within bounds, and comparatively tranquil, safe, and narrow? Moses again tells us, that *all* the lands and islands were peopled, and of course the children of Noah could not have been ignorant of half the world. No doubt they landed at Mexico, and from thence radiated to all points of the compass. Seriously, we are, for the most part, quoting literally from Mr. Bridges's book. Astronomy and navigation, says he, still proceeding in the same strain, were once completely understood,—because without them the world could not have been peopled; and these same ‘arts,’ having performed their functions, peopled the world—that is, they disappeared—being no longer required for distant navigation. Why they have re-appeared in these later days, Mr. B. has forgotten to inform us—or, perhaps, the succeeding volume will tell us all about the matter. Some idle application of Scripture language follows, which would almost make plain men, as we are, question the writer's sanity.

The chapters on the Indians and Caribbeans are less filled with the conjectural, though very far from being always intelligible. Let the reader try—“The natural shape of the heads of the Indians was destroyed by the universal custom of depressing the sinciput in infancy, or, by manual force, *folding it beneath the occiput*, where it was retained by ligatures and thin metal plates, until the forehead became totally depressed and doubled in thickness”—and Castilian swords broke short upon their skulls. Speaking of the Caribbees—“All intuitive idea of a deity, for whom, according to Rochfort, they had not even a name, was extinguished by the brutality of this people. They feared an evil spirit which they called Maboia, although they did not worship it,” &c. What can the writer mean? It is evident they had an *idea*, though it may not have been an *intuitive* one, of a deity. Where did Mr. B. get his own intuition?

At last commences the history; and Columbus discovers Xaymaca on the 1st May 1494, where Mr. B. reluctantly abandons

the ulterior career of discoveries, to pursue the sole history of this Jamaica—"since become the source of so much wealth to individuals, and one of the brightest jewels in the British crown."

After Columbus finally left the island in 1504, it was not again disturbed till 1509, when Ojeda, and Nicuesa, between whom the Darien government had been divided, were empowered to make what use they pleased of the unoccupied Jamaica; but, before the end of the year, Columbus's son, Diego, through Esquimel, his confidential agent, took possession of it, and commenced a colony at Seville, which grew rapidly into importance. In 1521, the parent stock threw off its scions; but the career of its prosperity was somewhat checked by the death of Diego Columbus in 1526, and the devastations of the French pirates, subsequently known by the name of *Flibustiers*;—the frightened inhabitants fled, and founded St. Jago, which then became the seat of government. In 1554, Seville was almost utterly destroyed by another visit from the French pirates; and, soon after, some English privateers (why are they not called pirates?) completed its destruction. In 1580, the territorial right of Jamaica resting in the dethroned Braganza family, the Portuguese poured into it; and their industry and perseverance quickly accelerated its progress. The country, overrun with hogs, horses, and cattle, was cleared; a bartering trade opened; and the way paved for the cultivation of ginger and sugar. In 1596, St. Jago, which had risen even into magnificence, had its wings clipped by the predatory visit of Sir Anthony Shirley; and again in 1635, by Colonel Jackson from the Windward Islands, who exacted a considerable sum for the preservation of the capital; and, twenty years after, in 1655, the whole island was finally captured by an English squadron, under the command of Penn and Venables, who had been dispatched to seize St. Domingo—not without provocations—if these provocations are not to be called retaliations—the murder of 600 English at Tortogua in 1638, and again, in 1650, at Santa Cruz.

To pour in a supply of people was the first object of the English government, for their new conquest. A supply of Irish was accordingly sent; and the Scotch transmitted all their felons; and an order of council directed one thousand Irish girls to be forwarded with all speed—all with a due regard to public and private morals; and to this illustrious origin—supposing the order of council executed—must the old Creole families, who are as proud as *Lucifer*, trace their splendid descent. The population consisted, in 1659, of 4,500 whites, and 1,400 negroes; and in 1661, the conquest being sanctioned by the restored regal government at home—something like a civil government was manufactured for the new colony—the island partially surveyed—divided into

twelve districts, and a council of twelve appointed—which being violently opposed by the soldiers, Colonel D'Oyly hung one or two of them, "just to let them see, the law could do as much as a court-martial." A colony of Jews now flocked to the island, and its "prosperity" advanced rapidly beyond all precedent—the island having become the mart—the receptacle-general—of stolen property—the seat of exchange and traffic for swarming pirates. So early as 1664 was, in consequence, instituted a representative government—30 members constituting the first assembly; and in 1672 the population, of all colours, had risen to 17,272, and able to sustain itself without farther aid from the mother country. In 1687, James II., as eager for conversion abroad as at home, dispatched the Duke of Albemarle, Monk's son, and his lady, "whose presence, in the gallant language of the Jamaica Legislature, was an honour which the opulent kingdoms of Mexico and Peru would never arrive at, and Columbus's ghost would be appeased for all the indignities he suffered from the Spaniards, could he but know that his beloved soil was hallowed by such footsteps." The duke and duchess were accompanied by Father Churchill, who quickly bestirred himself, and wandered through the country, says Mr. B., literally, an itinerant preacher of the Roman doctrines. "He had the pleasure," adds Mr. B., with evident delight, "in one of his journies, to be half drowned in a river, and half starved on a rock, and vainly hoped to convert the heretics of Jamaica to the true faith."

In 1692, Port Royal was visited by an earthquake, and 3000 persons were swallowed up in an instant, and, with them, all the records of this precious society—a calamity which was quickly followed by an invasion of the French, but successfully repelled by Captain Elliott. Scarcely again was the island recovered from the alarms of invasion, when a revolt of the negroes, under Cadjin broke out, which was not finally quelled for forty-seven years—"costing," says Mr. B., "240,000*l.* and the enactment of forty-four laws." In 1703, Port Royal, which had again reared its head, was completely destroyed by a conflagration, which gave occasion to a new emigration to Kingston—thenceforth the capital of the island. In 1727, was terminated the long quarrel between the colonists and the government at home, respecting the revenue act, by a general acknowledgment of its rights, and that cardinal declaration, which is justly recognized as the *MAGNA CHARTA OF JAMAICA*—"All such laws and statutes of England, as have been at any time esteemed, introduced, used, accepted, or received, as laws in this island, shall, and are hereby declared to be and continue, laws of this his Majesty's Island of Jamaica, for ever." On this memorable epoch stops the history. A

long appendix follows on the History of Slavery—Ecclesiastical History—Natural History, &c.

*The British Gunner, by Captain J. M. Spearman, H. P. Unattached. 1828.*—

The ordnance-service has not, of course, been left without a manual of this kind. One under the title of "The Pocket Gunner," and subsequently another, called "The Little Bombardier and Pocket Gunner," have long been in general use. The author's father, though the fact does not appear in the book itself, was the chief compiler of the latter, which was published with the sanction of Major Adye's name, and has been frequently reprinted, and recently re-edited by Major Elliot, carefully retaining a variety of matters which time and successive improvements have rendered obsolete. These obsolete matters Captain Spearman has unsparingly expunged—introducing, at the same time, a numerous list of substitutions, which the advanced state of the science has suggested. The object of the author, indeed, was not so much to re-compile, as to make an entirely new work—and a very slight comparison will prove, at least, the superiority of the present publication. To

make the volume more completely answer its purpose, the author exhibits not only the whole practice of artillery and gunnery, but—what the former books did not contain—the theory of these sciences; and attempts, moreover, have been made to make the whole valuable "to the lower ranks of the artillery, as well as to the junior members of the service in general." None can doubt, that an acquaintance with the first principles of fortification—as well of the permanent as the field kind—is indispensable to every officer—because there are really none who may not be called upon, in the exigencies of the service, to direct or assist in the construction of field works, temporary bridges, gabions, fascines, &c. To facilitate the acquirement of this essential knowledge, Captain Spearman has carefully collected a number of practical rules, applicable to these various departments of professional science and mechanical labour. The whole is arranged alphabetically, and is very complete—calculated, not only to put the young officer in the track of his profession, but enable him to tread it with distinction to himself, and advantage to the service.

#### MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

THIS is the season of benefits; and, of course, nothing new can be expected on the stage. The performers are too well aware of the hazards of novelty to venture on any of the half-million of buried farces, comedies, and tragedies that pine in the managerial chest, impatient for the day; and those who have to go to benefits must accordingly be satisfied with delights that have delighted them these ten years.

At Covent Garden, Kean's engagement has closed; and, Othello's occupation being o'er, *Peter Wilkins*, with Mrs. Vining in pantaloons, and the flying figurantes, have usurped the stage. The figurantes fly well; the scenery is pretty; the public admiration is divided between Keely and the monkey; and the last display of a general flight, by the whole heavy battalion of the company, never fails "to send the seers laughing to their beds."

The "Invincibles" deserves its name. Corporal Vestris still manœuvres her six little heroes with an adroitness worthy of a German field-marshal. Her moustaches are magnificent, and must infinitely delight the moustache-loving colonel, who has just ordered the Blues to cover their upper lips with hair—no matter to whom it belongs. Heroism is not to be found, of course, where men shave; and, when every regiment in the service shall be moustached, from colonel to corporal, the British army may bid defiance to every force, of the same length of hair, on the map of the world.

At this theatre, opera has calmly died. It lingered through a period sustained by the simple strength of Mr. Sapio; but the public grew weary of the repetition of that accomplished singer and undisturbed actor. The fortitude with which he retained, to the end of the night, the attitude, the smile, nay, almost the very spot on which his feet fixed at the commencement of the play, was worthy of a philosopher; but not perfectly appreciated by so mixed an audience as our's. Miss Stephens, the favourite of so many recollections, has followed him in his glory; and a Mr. Wood now triumphs as a twin star in the horizon, down which Sapio's light has sunk, we presume, for some time.

The "Aladdin" of this theatre, which had been popular some years since, was revived, to compete with the "Aladdin" of Drury Lane. The hero-heroines, Miss Foote and Miss Stephens, having changed houses, and the "Aladdins" having changed natures; the Drury Lane opera being cut down into a melodrama, and the Covent Garden melodrama being swelled into an opera; both were pretty, both pleased the audience, and both lived just three nights.

At Drury Lane, the original monkey has returned to the performance of his duties, if we are to believe the bills—on whose fidelity we, however, cannot always pin our faith, in matters of this importance. His fall will, we hope, produce the rich fruit of prudence, restrain his ambition of rising above the



level of human life, and tell him that imprudent monkeys, as well as ministers, may at length fall to rise no more. Braham has had Miss Fanny Ayton, as a *remplaçante* for Mrs. Glossop. We hope he likes her; for we find our gallantry severely tasked on the subject. The lady is clever in her peculiar way: she has some vivacity, and considerable skill. But her voice disdains the charm of sweetness; and, without it, we can recognize no charm in any singer under the sky.

Macready's return has exhibited him in the same strength of powers, with a more matured judgment. But he plays nothing but *Virginius*. We are ready to acknowledge the merits of the play; but to see it for years together is an actual affliction. We wish the Roman history burned, if it is to be thus our eternal plague; and we can wish no longevity to Mr. Knowles, if he ever dips his pen in its fierce republicanism again. Is not the world of Italian, French, German, and English annals open to him?—and why must he be merciless enough to add abhorrence to the old *ennui* of our school-books?

Some little performances are announced at both theatres, which will probably appear and disappear at the moment while our pages are under the hands of the printer. But the prettiest little affair of this kind that passed before us during the season was an adaptation from the French, entitled the "School for Gallantry." The authorship, on this side of the Channel, was given to Jones—one of the liveliest and most intelligent actors that the stage possesses. The plot was simple—too simple for the national eagerness for perpetual bustle. A Prussian colonel of cavalry, under arrest for some act of intrepidity beyond orders, meets a cornet of another regiment in the prison, whom he invites to share his supper. The cornet, in the course of the dialogue, acknowledges himself to have fallen in love with a beauty at a ball. The colonel laughs at him, and gives him a "system of gallantry."

The colonel's wife has followed him to the prison, and, being mistaken at a distance by her husband for a stranger, finds herself invited to a meeting by the gay colonel. She is indignant, and, with the intention of upbraiding him, answers his billet, and appoints the meeting for midnight. The cornet finds her note, and, conceiving the writer to be the object of his own passion, labours to manœuvre the colonel out of the room. The colonel goes, and awaits the assignation on the terrace. In the mean time, the lady enters; the room is dark; she conceives the cornet to be her husband, and listens to his love-making with a complacency which surprises and delights the timid lover. He forces a ring from her finger. The colonel, impatient of the delay, and pelted by a storm, at last comes in: the lady flies. The cornet boasts of his interview, as a specimen

of his advance in the "School of Gallantry," and shews the ring to his teacher. The colonel opens it, and sees his own name and his wife's in it. It is her wedding ring. He is outrageous. The cornet protests his innocence of the relationship; the wife rushes in, and is horrified at the thought of her having listened to the cornet. The colonel, conscious of the assignation, dares make no reproach; and the three parties, each having something to forget, resolve to forgive.

The French are fond of these minute developments; but they are too gossamery for the English taste. We are a people of reality. We cannot conceive the idea of a man's being glad or sorry for every thing or nothing in the world, taking trouble for a motive in the winds, or being perplexed to the last extremity by an entanglement, through which a child might make his way. We have but little sympathy for voluntary blindness and misery that can medicine itself. But of these things our gay neighbours are fond; and, in the excess of their animal spirits, love, as young Arthur says, to be "sad as night for very wantonness." The little play was found improbable, and too long for an improbability; and, on the third night, it passed away into that region where the plans of discarded statesmen, the passions of past lovers, and the intellects of aldermen are presumed to reside.

The King's theatre has been going on from triumph to triumph. Pasta is singing at the rate of hundreds a week, and Sontag of hundreds a night. Madame Pimporini is coming in a chaise and four over the Alps, to catch the *noblesse* before they can escape with their purses, and help the grand conspiracy for carrying off the circulating medium of England; and Signor Ganderello, who unites the vigour of Veluti, the elegance of Porto, and the dignity of De Begnis, with virtues and majesties that belong to no mortal but himself, is coming to exhilarate and enchant the peerage down to their last shilling. We are sick of the subject. If these foreigners actually give pleasure to ear or eye, let them be paid for the indulgence. But when we know that, of all the dull things that ever tasked the patience of man, an Italian Opera is the dullest; when we see the fact acknowledged, in the interminable yawnings of every soul in the house—the boxes not excepted, in which fashion sits with its back to the stage, babble goes on from end to end of the night, and, but for flirtation, the whole titled multitude—dandies, dowagers, and all—would die in layers on the spot,—what defence can be made for this vulgar foolery?—And vulgar it is, though it were the foolery of princes—for the miserable heartlessness that thus flings away money—and for the thankless and idle spirit of patronage that pampers such people as flourish, and defy the decency of English morals, on this fashionable stage.

## FINE ARTS EXHIBITIONS.

The Somerset-House Exhibition is one of the prominent lions of the merry month of May; and this year it is perhaps as well worth the trouble of a lion-hunter as for any time these half-dozen years. The principal academicians have distinguished themselves by some fine performances. Portraits, of course, take a prominent place, but those portraits have an air of history; and the spirit of the British pencil, in this peculiarly national province, is rapidly refining and elevating itself into the higher style of the great Italian schools. There are a dozen full-lengths in the present Exhibition, any one of which would be valuable, even without a reference to the original; they are at once history, without being confined to the limits of story in attitude or costume; and portrait, ennobled by that kind of indefinite generalization which makes them representatives of majesty and beauty, to an age when the individual resemblance shall be unknown.

It may be almost enough to say, for the interest of the Exhibition, that Lawrence has eight pictures. The first one that strikes the eye, immediately on entering the great room, is a whole-length of the Marchioness of Londonderry—not the old lady whose honest original name of Amelia Ann is transformed, at sixty, into the playful innocence of Emily, but the young and handsome daughter of the Vane. This picture is a *chef-d'œuvre*. The Marchioness, magnificently habited, is leading her young heir from a garden up the steps of her mansion. The attitude, colouring, and general composition, are in the most showy style of the master.

Countess Gower and her Infant Daughter is another and still finer performance of the president. The Countess, handsome and young, is sitting, with the child playing on her knee. The dress, the attitude, and the whole air of the figures, are fashion and grace combined; and the infant is peculiarly beautiful. Yet, however advantageous to the artist may be the present custom of presenting infants half naked or whole naked, very odd results must follow in the course of a few years. The artist paints a child, and displays its limbs in all directions, without any reserve beyond the driest decorums of art. The picture may not change, but the infant must; and in the course of a few years, the grown girl will have the opportunity of indulging herself, and the world besides, with surveying the unveiled beauties in canvas, which once developed themselves to the artist's eye without let or hindrance. In the present picture, the child is so merely a child, that though the exposure of the figure is considerable, it may be passed over as fancy. But we have, every day, staring us in the face, in every printshop, young Lady Fane,

naked from shoulder to flank; and the print from Chantrey's Lady Jane Russell, displaying to the admiring earth her ladyship, in the most scanty of possible chemises, and naked above the knee. All this may be very venial for the present, as it will, undoubtedly, be very amusing for the future. But time will bring its changes; and it would be a contemplation worthy of the maternal ladyships who toss their pretty infants into those pictorial positions, to imagine the effect, when the *bel enfant*, turned into the sylph of sixteen, or the syren of six-and-twenty, or the queen of hearts and diamonds, of six-and-thirty and thenceforth, comes flying, or floating, or sailing along her gallery, to be plunged into the middle of a knot of her own footmen, or a coterie of guests, descanting on the early developments of her form. She must be an extraordinary Lady Georgina indeed, who would feel happy on the occasion; and even the pleasure of being an object of attention in all stages of her existence, would, we think, in but few instances, compensate the awkwardness of the affair. The truth is, that the propensity of all artists to expose the human form is rapidly prevailing in our portraits, and ought to be checked by fashion, the only check by which it can be restrained. The whole question deserves a larger discussion than we can now find time to give. But if the natural delicacies and decorums of society are incompatible with the display of genius in the arts, there should be no hesitation in our choice. We can live without pictures and statues. But without those decorums and delicacies, life would sink into worthlessness and impurity of all kinds. The idea of their incompatibility is a vulgar error. Our artists, brought up in veneration for every thing Greek, have adopted the fantastic idea, that nothing can be worthy of their pencils but nudity.

Yet the distinction between the ancient artist and the modern is, that in Greece, from the nature of the climate, and customs of the people, nudity was not indelicacy to any repulsive degree. In England, from the nature of our customs and modes of thinking, it is indelicacy to a very repulsive degree. And it should be the business of art, to reconcile the grace and beauty of nature, with the grace and beauty of our moral feeling. But to limit pictorial beauty to the undraped form, is to forget that nature, by clothing the forms of the whole inferior animal world, and by making clothing necessary for the human form, in every climate but those which she seems to have given over to barbarism for ever, points out sources of effect, in form and colour, extremely various and beautiful, though totally distinct from those of the undraped figure. It should be further re-

collected, that the greatest artists have exhibited some of their most striking triumphs in clothed figures; Titian's Senators, Raphael's Apostles, the rich costumes of Parmegiano, and a multitude of eminent names, display the resources of the pencil to their fullest extent, and live to this hour in an admiration altogether as lofty and universal, as the most naked display that ever proceeded from the easel.

The common *dictum* of the modern artist is, that the utmost development of the human figure is not indelicate; or that those to whom it is such, have the indelicacy in their own minds. But we know that the fact is quite on the opposite side; that a totally undraped statue, whose purpose is to resemble as closely as possible a totally undraped male or female, is offensive in the degree of the innocence and modesty of the looker-on; that the young and pure-minded must feel the unfitness of the display; and that few men, however enthusiastic they may be in the arts, can see these figures, for the first time, without a consciousness that they are not proper objects of exhibition to minds and eyes which he would preserve pure. The unquestionable fact is, that by our habits and style of education (and who in his senses would desire to change them?) nudity is indecency, whether in the living form, the picture, or the statue. Custom makes a certain display venial; but these limits once exceeded, offence begins; and the artist must be reminded by the public, that not even for supremacy in art, must the proprieties of life be sacrificed. In France and Italy those displays are more common. But long may it be before the manners of France and Italy are adopted by England; before the allusions, which perpetually occur in foreign conversation, and which are founded upon those gross and habitual exhibitions, flourish in English society,—or the dialogues that pass in foreign galleries, in the presence of such pictures and statues, degrade and pollute the English mind. In these observations, we speak with no particular references to individual artists; and if there be a distinction, least of all to the graceful and accomplished power of the president's pencil. But the practice must be checked, let the patronage be whose it may.

The president's finest *portrait*, perhaps, for this year, is Lord Eldon. Nothing can be truer to the original; the face is full of the acuteness and calm intensity of thinking for which his lordship has been memorable. The countenance might be of a graver cast and complexion, without injuring the likeness; but, as an effort of the painter's skill, it is equal to the finest modern performances of the pencil.

His portrait of Lord Grey is less effective. The pencil is blameless, for nothing can be better than the manual work; but the expression, though strongly resembling the

original, yet wants life; the face might as well have been painted from a wax model, and, indeed, has much the look of one.

Lady Lyndhurst's portrait is, if not another failure, scarcely to be called a success. Her ladyship is notoriously a handsome person, who knows the world. The portrait before us, is that of a well looking gipsy, with a professional expression of eye, which, if it were put into words, as definitely as it is put upon canvass, might bring the gentle president, to the utter alarm of his sensitive nature, guilty of, &c. &c. The picture is popular in the exhibition: yet it shows the danger of deviating from an habitual style; the president's *forte* is grace, fashion, and dignity.

Phillips has several portraits; but, at the head of these, and indeed of every male whole length in the exhibition, is the Duke of Sussex. His royal highness is, by nature, and by age, unquestionably one of the most difficult subjects for happy pictorial effect. This is no fault of his, and we say no more about it. But this figure, Phillips has transformed into actual majesty. The dual robes, scarcely differing from the royal, are gathered round his form with the stateliest effect. The visage, though retaining likeness enough to be recognized, is yet made noble; and the attitude, though not totally irreconcilable with the figure of his royal highness, is that of a personage of the highest distinction.

Shee has some very clever pictures, in his peculiar and forcible style. A whole crowd of popular artists follow.

Turner has two prominent landscapes, singularly rich in colour, and almost as singularly baffling description. The principal one is entitled, "Dido directing the Equipment of her Fleet," the whole a fantastic and visionary grouping of wild-looking architecture, wild-looking galleys, and wild-looking men, women, and water. Colour, of the most rainbow kind, is lavished over the picture; every thing is either rosy, or purple, or emerald green, or golden yellow—or all mixed together. The effect is, on the whole, injurious, however showy; the trees, the waves, the very pebbles on the shore, are like nothing that nature ever produced; nor, perhaps, that ever existed in any fancy but Mr. Turner's own. Yet, to deny the work power and beauty would be idle. Both are there; but both wasted on a dream.

Etty, whose rising merit has already brought him into the Academy, has a large composition, from Milton's lovely description of the "Sons of God beguiled by the Daughters of Men;" the passion of the descendants of Shem, for the guilty population of the rebel world:

He looked, and saw a spacious plain, whereon  
Were tents of various hue—

—Whence the sound  
Of instruments that made melodious chime,



Was heard of harp and organ; and whom mov'd  
Their stops and chords was seen.—

—From the tents, behold

A bevy of fair women, richly gay  
In gems and wanton dress. To th' harp they

Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on.

And now of love they treat, till th' evening star,  
Love's harbinger, appeared.—

They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke  
Hymen.

The picture exhibits a great deal of ability, but the composition is enfeebled by its level outline; the whole range of figures, and they are numerous, are nearly in a rank. The pyramidal principle, or any other which gives variety, by breaking the flatness of the outline, has been neglected; and the work is, on the whole, tame. Yet the individual figures are anything but tame. The artist has not found his females guilty of anything like reserve, and though actual grossness is avoided, the writhings and twinings of those handsome half *nudes* in the arms of their athletic admirers, are as close to the unpardonable limits as anything that has lately appealed to the public eye. But, in the opinion of connoisseurs, this fault is probably less than Mr. Etty's sins in colouring. Whether from a hasty study of the old masters, he has dipt his pencil in their dense hues, without discovering their secret of lighting them up, or from some change in his personal perceptions, all his later pictures have a heaviness of colouring, that, while it shows the artist's labour, shows his want of eye for nature. His ambition seems to be bounded by making his figures look as like the painting on china as possible. They have the labour of enamel, the hue, and almost the glaze. His idea of the human face divine too, appears modelled on gypsy beauty, and we now see neither Venus nor Grace from his pencil that does not instantly remind us of Norwood. Another error is his excessive exposure of the female figure; his two Venuses at the Institution scorn to hide any of their charms, though their sullen colours and corpulent shapes are tolerable antidotes. It is difficult to comprehend how this clever artist could have fallen into such blunders. The natural colour of the human exterior is light, lively, and glowing: he flings away his living model, and covers his picture with a composition of dough. The natural form of youth is slight, elastic, and easy: he overloads it with absolute obesity; and without going further into detail, he may be perfectly assured that the brown visage of the gipsy gives but a dingy image of the roses and lilies that, from time immemorial, have made the charm of British beauty. And all this is the more singular, as, a few years since, Mr. Etty was distinguished for the grace and delicacy of his figures, the brilliancy of his colouring, and the fine conceptions of loveliness, displayed in so many of his pictures of nymphs,

sylphs, and those other "Gay creatures of the element—"

That in the colours of the rainbow live,  
And play P the plighted clouds."

He has but to shake off his trammels, be himself, and popular again.

Esther approaching Ahasuerus, by Jones, is a daring attempt of a very ingenious artist to adopt the style of the greatest master of *chiar'oscuro* that the world ever saw. The picture is painted on the model of Rembrandt, and it contains a great deal of beauty; few groupes can display more loveliness than the young jewess and her hand-maidens. But Rembrandt's secret has not been yet found out. We have none of that extraordinary and creative power by which Rembrandt's figures grow out of the darkness, and seem to be born under the eye: that undefined outline, which gradually settles into distinctness; nor that delicious depth of colour, which has been so often called magical, and which evolves from a single obscure tint a thousand, like the light of gems first exposed to the sun.

One of the most original and singular performances of the exhibition is by Danby. The "Opening of the Sixth Seal," an attempt to realize to the eye one of the magnificent and mysterious visions of the Apocalypse; the general fall of nations in "The Great Day of Wrath." The design is taken from the words: "And I beheld, when he had opened the sixth seal, and lo, there was a great earthquake, and the sun became black as sackcloth, and the moon became as blood, and the stars of heaven fell to the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind, and the heavens departed as a scroll," &c.

This scene is evidently beyond the pencil, from its stupendous nature, its succession of catastrophes, and the indistinct conception which must be formed of so terrible and new a combination of ruin. But the artist has exhibited great force of conception, and a facility and power of pencil altogether beyond any of his former efforts. The foreground is filled with the human sufferers in this general undoing of man and nations; every attitude of terror, and expression of woe and calamity are prominent; the convulsion of the elements, the sinking of islands, the breaking up of continents, next meet the eye; above them are the changes of the heavens, the falling stars, the sickening and blasted sun and moon. The work has excited great admiration among the crowds who throng to the exhibition: yet it is, perhaps, less capable of being felt there, amid the glare of surrounding pictures, and even the human concourse, than it will be when once in some chamber dedicated to itself; and when, with silence for his only companion, the spectator may fathom the depths of the artist's thought and power. But a design

like this must not be confined to an individual possessor. We understand that it has been purchased by Mr. Beckford for 500 guineas; but that this is meant to imply no monopoly of the possession. The picture must indeed remain to decorate the walls of some new Fonthill; but an engraving is to be made of it, for the right to which, a large sum has been given; and which, if executed on a commensurate scale of size and excellence, must be at once highly productive to the proprietors of the engraving, and gratifying to the lovers of the arts.

Jackson has, among half a dozen portraits, all exhibiting his force of colour and graphic fidelity of likeness, a more than usually able one of the Countess of Sheffield.\* This artist's style is formed upon a school in which, as there was little female beauty to be found for the painter's eye, the vigour of the pencil was exerted rather on seizing the strong traits of countenance and costume, however rude; but in this portrait he has shown that no delicacy of the female face or figure is too delicate for his pencil; and on this single portrait he might establish his fame.

Pickersgill has his full number of eight pictures. This able artist, who has so rapidly risen into public estimation, displays his usual skill; and the variety of his subjects, from boyhood up to age, try every capacity of the portrait painter.

The Sculpture Room is crowded with works finished and in plaster. Chantry, who, we are glad to see, has returned to the class of his art in which he is most successful, has some fine busts. His attempt to reduce the chaotic features of old Sir William Curtis into the picturesque shows an extraordinary power of overcoming difficulties, that we should have honestly pronounced insuperable.

Behnes, of all our best sculptors the most graceful, has a fine head of the little Princess Victoria.

Westmacott, who is rapidly rising to the place filled by Flaxman, and whose feeling of the antique has no living superior, exhibits a fine group of a Nymph and Zephyr, and a strongly conceived and impressive statue of the late Warren Hastings.

We have no room to do justice to the separate exhibitions which have taken place during this active month. Martin, after expending some years on its production, has at last displayed his "Fall of Nineveh." It is an admirable and extraordinary performance, and probably capable of having been conceived by no man of less fertility of imagination, than this true poet of the pencil. It has obvious faults. It is too similar in its details to his former pictures.

The architecture is not Assyrian but Indian, and is, pillar for pillar, the architecture of his Belshazzar. The battle which fills the middle ground, loses its massiveness by the attempt at excessive detail, and loses the interest of detail by excessive distance; its heroes are lost to every thing but the telescope. The walls, the galleys, and the whole background, are too hazy, and the attitudes of Sardanapalus and his surrounding groups are, perhaps, too theatrical. Still, where shall we find the equal of this great picture, in invention, in the power of story, in design, in the fine faculty of bringing the catastrophe of a mighty nation, a great dynasty, and one of the most singular beings of that dynasty, before our eyes as if the deed were doing at this hour? To those who have not seen this picture—and we hope, for the honour of their taste, there are few who will long leave such an imputation on themselves—we can only say, that an adequate description of the multitude of its objects, the spirit of its combination, or the eccentric richness of its character and colouring, are beyond the pen. The top of the picture is filled with the angry omens of the sky, eclipsing stars, rolling clouds, and bursts of lightning. Below these range the summits of pompous oriental buildings, worthy of the great city of the first kingdom, filling the middle ground on the walls of Nineveh, of colossal magnitude, partially broken down by the inundation, which the oracle announced as the fated sign of the national fall. On the plain at their sides is the final battle of the invaders; a scene of elephants, chariots, and cavalry. Immediately under the eye are Sardanapalus and his slaves and women, preparing to enter the funeral pile; an immense heap of rich ornaments, draperies, and furniture of the palace, raised to consume the last monarch of the empire of Ninus. The artist has made a very striking advance in his drawing of the human figure, and some of the groups are beautiful. The action is still occasionally overstrained. But this may be pardoned, in the force and excitement of the crisis. We must look upon the picture as a whole; and, as such, we congratulate Martin on the most brilliant achievement of his pencil.

Le Thiery, the French artist, who some years ago exhibited "The Judgment of Brutus," with much public admiration, has given up the intermediate time to a picture on the same scale, on "The Death of Virginia." The style of the French school is now familiar to us. It is spirited, learned, and singularly effective in telling the story. But the passion of the Frenchman for the theatre infects the whole of French life, and denaturalizes every production of his mind and hand. The French poet is drawn away from nature by the theatrical appetite for point and surprise. The French sculptor throws his figures into the attitudes of the

\* A very beautiful engraving of this picture has been executed by Dean for "LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE," for the Series of Portraits of the Female Nobility, in course of publication in that elegant periodical.

opera; and the French painter, however subdued, is never much below the positions of Talma and Duchesnois; he seems to have a perpetual eye to the groupings of the stage; and the result is, that every figure is urged to the very verge of extravagance. Of all the excellencies of painting, the Frenchman knows the least of repose. But, passing by this incurable fault of the school, which, however, the artist who desires to be popular in Paris is perhaps not at liberty to abandon, Mons. le Thiere's picture is a vigorous, animated, and faithful performance. The back-ground is filled with the temples and architecture of the city. In the centre of the foreground is the elevated seat, on which the triumvir is seen writhing with rage and terror at the act of Virginius. Below, and close to the spectator, is Virginius, rushing forward with the knife, purple from the bosom of his daughter. Groups of relations, and the populace attacking the lictors, fill up the canvas. The artist has improved in his colouring since his Brutus; but still the colouring is not dense enough for an English eye. The picture wants the roundness and firmness of nature, and altogether more resembles a finely-wrought piece of tapestry, or a richly-stained silk, than the forcible work of oil on canvas. It would make a finer fresco than a painting. In these remarks we have no national feeling. We are gratified by seeing an accomplished

native of a foreign country submit his works to our patronage; and feeling that there is room enough for all, we think that, so far from injuring the British artist, an extension of this honourable intercourse would be equally serviceable to all. Let our artists acquire the learning, the keen and accurate attention to classical costume, and the narrative vigour of the French, and they will have gained a prodigious addition to their effect on the cultivated mind of England. The popularity of monkey painting, kennels, and pig-styes, would be no more a degradation to the pencil and the public, and we should have the nobler forms of man and nature, alone, brought before us by the genius of British painting.

Lane's picture at the King's Mews we unfortunately saw only at an hour when no judgment could be formed of it. It is a colossal grouping of the angelic figures that might be supposed to have passed before Joseph in his vision. It is said to have occupied the artist during seven years at Rome; to have been honoured with the plaudits of Cammucini and the leading professors; to have provoked the alarm of the Pope, who, being a *célibataire*, disapproved of the idea of Mary and her husband asleep on the same mattress, and to have procured the exile of the painter from Rome, by the more formidable wrath of the Inquisition.

## PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### DOMESTIC.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY.

February 21, 1828.—An account was read of the accident to the packet ship the New York, from lightning, by T. Stewart Traile, M.D., of Liverpool. Of this circumstance we gave a detailed account some time since in this journal from a different source, and it would be needless to repeat the particulars.—March 20. A paper was read on the phenomena of volcanos, by Sir H. Davy. In a paper on the decomposition of the earths, published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1812, the author offered it as a conjecture, that the metals of the alkalies and earths might exist in the interior of the globe, and on being exposed to the action of air and water, give rise to volcanic fires, and to the production of lavas, by the slow cooling of which, basaltic and other crystalline rocks might subsequently be formed. Having made some observations on the eruption of Vesuvius in 1820, the phenomena which presented themselves to the author afforded a sufficient refutation of all the ancient hypotheses, in which volcanic fires were ascribed to such chemical causes as the combustion of mineral coal, or the action of sulphur upon iron; and are perfectly consistent with

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the supposition of their depending upon the oxidation of the metals of the earths, upon an extensive scale, in immense subterranean cavities, to which water or atmospheric air may occasionally have access.

#### ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

February 8.—This day being the anniversary, Dr. Olinthus Gregory, one of the secretaries, read the report of the council to the Eighth Annual General Meeting. The Society, we are happy to learn, is increasing its numerical strength, while the objects in which it is engaged, and the labours which it has performed, have attracted the admiration of Europe. The President, J. F. W. Herschel, Esq., then delivered a medal to Sir T. Brisbane, and another to Mr. Dunlop, accompanying the presentation with an interesting and eloquent address. After which, one of the Vice Presidents having taken the chair, delivered to Mr. Herschel, as proxy for his venerable aunt, Miss Caroline Herschel, a gold medal of the Society, for her unceasing and valuable labours, continued up to the present time, and which will insure her name being transmitted with honour to posterity, associated with that of her distinguished brother, and of his highly gifted son.

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## FOREIGN.

## INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris.—January 14.—M. Biot read a memoir on double refraction, and M. Ozenne, one on a new obstetric apparatus.—22. The minister of war requested the communication of an old report on ovens heated with pit coal.—Ordered. M. Arago made some observations, verbally, one relative to an Aurora Borealis, invisible at Paris, but which he had predicted from the agitations of the magnetic needle, and which was observed in England on March 29, 1826; the other regarded the singular effects produced on a vessel struck by lightning in its passage from America to Liverpool, an account of which had been forwarded by Captain Scoresby; while some experiments of M. Savary explained the phenomena. M. Ch. Dupin, read a notice regarding elementary instruction in la Touraine, and replied to many remarks contained in a memoir read by M. Duvau, at a former meeting. M. Warden read a letter relative to some isles newly discovered by Captain Coffen, near the coast of Japan. M. Legendre, who had recently brought under the notice of the Academy some new discoveries made in the theory of elliptic functions by M. Jacobi, announced, that in number 127 of the *Astronomical Journal*, of Altona, there was a memoir by this young mathematician, containing the demonstration of a very general theorem for the transformation of elliptic functions of the first order. M. Arnsedson, residing at Stockholm, was elected a correspondent of the Academy, in the section of chemistry. M. Cauchy presented a memoir on the remainders of functions expressed by definite integrals.—28. M. Delesert communicated to the Academy a letter he had received from America, containing news of M. Bonpland. M. de Blainville another from MM. Quoy and Gaymard, concerning different zoological observations made on the coast of New Zealand. M. Arago read for M. Becquerel a note in which this philosopher detailed some experiments he had made on the electric properties of Tourmaline. The same member also communicated a letter from M. Valz, of Nîmes, containing the elements of the last two comets. The orbit of one of them has some resemblance to the comet of 1780, calculated by M. Dehain; and the writer expressed his intention of investigating the question of their identity with great care. MM. Girard and Navier made rather an unfavourable report on M. Endormy's memoir entitled "Researches on the Weight and Dimensions requisite for the Sails of a Windmill, to produce their greatest effect." M. Geoffroy read a memoir on the Trochilos and Bdella of Herodotus and of the

service they render the crocodile. February 4. MM. de Jonnes detailed the effects of the numerous earthquakes by which the Antilles had been desolated during the last six months of 1827. M. de Freycinet read a letter addressed to him by MM. Quoy and Gaymard, dated Tonga Tabou (one of the Friendly Islands), May 14, 1827. M. Arago added to the communication he had made at the preceding meeting, that M. Schwerd had remarked before M. Valz that the elements of the comets of 1827 resembled those of the one of 1780, calculated by Dehain. MM. Latreille and Dumeril made a highly favourable report on the memoir of M. Bretonneau, entitled "Notice on the blistering properties of some insects of the family of Cantharides," and recommended it for publication in the *Mémoires des Savans Etrangers*. MM. Sylvestre and Coquebert-Montbret reported on a memoir by M. Duvau, called a statistical essay on the department of the Indre-et-Loire, and the Academy recommended him to continue his researches. M. Gay Lussac announced, that M. Guinet had succeeded in manufacturing ultra-marine according to the process of MM. Clement and Desormes, and had produced a colour more rich and brilliant than the natural lapis-lazuli. 11. MM. Cordier and Brudant reported favourably on a memoir called "A Geognostic Description of the Bas-Boulonais," by M. Roset, a geographical engineer officer. MM. Cuvier and Dumeril reported on the manuscripts, drawings, and collections, sent to the Academy and Museum of Natural History, by MM. Quoy and Gaymard, and the Academy recommended them to the Minister of Marine, as worthy of all the support the government could bestow. MM. G. St. Hilaire, Dumeril, and Boyer, reported on a paper by M. Lisfranc, detailing the process by which, from cutting the skin of the forehead, he had succeeded in forming a new and efficient nose for a patient submitted to his care, and recommended its insertion in the *Recueil des Savans Etrangers*. 18. The director of the Veterinary School of Alfort sent the under-tooth of an elephant, found fifteen feet below the surface of the ground, in working a stratum of moss and flints near the villages of Alfort and Maisons. A favourable report was made by MM. Legendre, Poinset, and Cauchy, on a memoir of M. Pouchret, as a continuation of one on the centres of harmonic means. 25. MM. Geoffroy, St. Hilaire, and Dumeril reported on the memoir of MM. Audoin and Milne Edwards, concerning the nervous system of the crustacea, and recommended its insertion in the *Recueil des Savans Etrangers*. M. Desfontaines made a report on the New Flora of the Environs of Paris by M. Chevalier.

## VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

**Astronomy.**—We mentioned, some months since, that a new star had been discovered in the trapezium of the nebula  $\theta$  Orionis, by M. Struve, of Dorpat. Before the constellation of Orion disappeared in the sun's rays, this fifth star became extinct, whence it would appear to be a variable star, of long and, perhaps, irregular return. In a subsequent number we shall insert a catalogue of all the stars at present ascertained to be variable.

**Education.**—The progress throughout Europe of schools on the Lancasterian system is well known; the following is an authentic statement of their annual increase in the kingdom of Denmark.—First year (31st Dec.) 1823, 244 schools; second year, ditto, 1824, 605 schools; third year, ditto, 1825, 1143, schools; fourth year, ditto, 1826, 1545, schools; fifth year, ditto, 1827, 2003, schools. Schools organizing in 1828, 368.—That is to say, 2371 schools for the Danish dominions.

**Mont Blanc.**—M. Alexander Roger, an engineer officer, in the service of the Swiss confederation, has been occupied in some new measurements of the height of Mont Blanc; and from his observations, as well as from those before made by M. Corabreug, it results that the height of this mountain above the lake of Geneva is 4,435 metres very nearly, or about 14550·77 English feet; that the elevation of Geneva above the level of the sea is 376 metres, 1233·618 English feet, and consequently the height of Mont Blanc above the level of the sea is 4811 metres—15784·388 English feet.

**Meteorology.**—The following mean temperatures for each month in the year, from a register kept at Santa Cruz, afford a fair representation of the climate of the Canary Islands.

	Reaumur.	Fahrenheit.
January.....	14·15	63·7
February.....	14·35	64·3
March.....	15·63	67·1
April.....	15·70	67·2
May.....	17·83	72·1
June.....	18·62	73·8
July.....	20·12	77·2
August.....	20·84	78·9
September.....	20·19	77·4
October.....	18·36	74·5
November.....	17·08	70·4
December.....	15·03	65·9

The progression of the temperature, in the different months, follows the law common to places without the tropics; the greatest heat and the greatest cold are in the months following the solstices. The mean temperature of the coldest month, January, is the same as the mean temperature of the whole year in Southern Italy.

**Newspapers.**—From a statistical essay on the periodical press throughout the world,

recently published in Paris, by M. Adrien Balbi, we extract the following curious results.

	Population	No. of Journals.
Anglo American Confederation, or United States of North America.....	11,600,000	800
British Dominions.....	142,180,000	578
Total of States having an English origin.....	153,780,000	1378
Total of all the other States in the world.....	583,220,000	1790

## GENERAL SUMMARY.

Europe.....	227,500,000	2,142
America.....	39,300,000	978
Asia.....	390,000,000	27
Africa.....	60,000,000	12
Islands.....	20,000,000	9
Total for the Globe.....	737,000,000	3,168

The population given is that which existed at the end of 1826, in the principal states of the different parts of the globe; and especially in Europe and America. Some of the data, however, on which the estimates were founded, go back to the years 1817, 1818, 1819, 1820, and 1821.

In the total number of Journals, not only are the political and literary newspapers included, but whatever can be comprehended under the title of periodical publications: almanacks and the proceedings of societies being excepted. The statements, however, are given only as careful approximations to truth, while the results are to be regarded as *minima*, and not as *maxima*.

**Domestic Economy.**—The benefits which Count Rumford, the ingenious inventor of the grates which bear his name, conferred on the public, are duly appreciated. Still, so defective is the usual process of warming houses, that it has been calculated that not more than from five to six per cent. of the heat developed by the combustion is imparted to the room in which the fire is kept. An inquiry having once been made in the Institute of France, relative to some researches in which Count Rumford was engaged, a member, at present living, and as much distinguished for the extent and depth of his acquirements, as for the brilliancy of his wit, replied—“Il s'occupe à présent avec des expériences pour faire sa cuisine avec la fumée de la cheminée de son voisin.”

**Natural History.**—An Australian paper mentions that a whale has been recently taken in Oyster Bay, Van Diemen's Land, exhibiting a most singular phenomenon. On cutting it up, the blubber appeared of a blood red, and, after boiling, the oil, which is of a very good quality, assumed the same colour. The fish exhibited no extraordinary appearance externally, but turned out seven tons of oil, specimens of which have been sent to the faculty for analysis.

**Archæology.**—A fisherman of Calais drew up, a short time since, a cannon, of very ancient form, from the bottom of the sea, by means of his nets. M. de Rheims has since removed the rust from it, and on taking off the breech, was much surprised to find the piece still charged. Specimens of the powder have been taken, from which, of course, all the saltpetre has disappeared, after a submersion, as it is supposed, of three centuries. The ball was of lead, and was not oxidized to a depth greater than that of half a line.

**Artificial Fulminary Tubes.**—We mentioned in a late number some enormous tubes of vitrified sand, produced by lightning, which were presented to the French Academy of Sciences. MM. Brudant, Hachette, and Savary, undertook the task of endeavouring to make some by artificial means. The natural ones are hollow—the channel through them not being straight—the sides are smooth within, and rough externally. The one which gave rise to these experiments was seventeen feet in length. The philosophers engaged in this experiment, succeeded, by means of a most powerful electric battery, in producing tubes altogether similar to the natural ones, only being of less consistency, and not exceeding a few centimetres in length, or about half an inch.

**Disease of Silk Worms, and its Cure.**—In the southern provinces of France, where silk worms are bred, it is very common to find them attacked by a disease called the jaundice, in consequence of the colour acquired by them: and very careful examination is continually made for the discovery of such worms as may be attacked by it, that they may be removed, lest the disease, being

contagious, should spread to the others. The Abbé Eyséric, of Carpentras, had recourse to a remedy in these cases, which, though apparently dangerous, has been warranted by the success of twenty years. He used to powder his worms over with quick lime, by means of a silk sieve; he then gave them mulberry leaves moistened with a few drops of wine, and the insects instantly set about devouring the leaves with an eagerness which they did not usually show; not one of the hurdles upon which he raised his worms appeared infected with the jaundice. It was at first supposed that the cocoons of silk were injured by this process; this however is not the case, and his method of practice is now adopted generally in the department of Vaucluse.

**Patent Fleam.**—On several occasions we have mentioned the ingenious inventions of Mr. Weiss—the superiority of his stomach pump is acknowledged by all who require to employ such an instrument—an apparatus for restoring suspended animation, to which we alluded some time since, having received many improvements, has been found of the greatest practical utility. We have recently met with a fleam by this indefatigable artist, by which the former clumsy and uncertain method of venesection of animals, effected by impelling the blade with a blow from a stick, is superseded by a spring, the action of which can be rendered proportionate to the force required, while a smaller spring immediately throws back the blade from the vein which has been opened. We need not expatiate on the advantages of this machine, but cordially recommend it to the patronage of the public.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Mr. Cooper, the Author of the *Spy*, *Pioneers*, *Red Rover*, &c. has a Work on the eve of publication, entitled *Notions of the Americans*, picked up by a Travelling Bachelor, in 2 vols, 8vo.

I. D'Israeli, Esq. has nearly ready, in 2 vols, 8vo., *The Life and Reign of Charles I. King of England*.

On Deafness, its Causes, Prevention, and Cure. By John Stevenson, Esq.

On the Curative Influence of the Southern Coast of England, more especially that of Hastings. By Dr. Harwood.

The Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D., M.R.I.A., has nearly ready, in 1 vol., post 8vo., a Narrative of a Journey from Constantinople to England.

Brief Remarks on the Practicability of applying a Spheroidal Correction to the Bearings by Compass at Sea. By Lieut.-Colonel J. Hobbs, Royal Engineers.

The Rev. S. T. Bloomfield, M.A., announces, in Eight Volumes, 8vo., a new English Translation, with Notes, of the *History of Thucydides*.

A Barrister is preparing An Essay on the Power of Rectors and Vicars to lease their Glebe and Tithes for Twenty-one Years, or for Three Lives, so as to bind their Successors.

A Supplement to the Rev. G. S. Faber's *Difficulties of Romanism*, in Reply to an Answer by the Bishop of Strasbourg, late of Aire.

A Spinster's Tour in France and Italy.

Fishes of Ceylon, after Drawings from Nature. By John Whitchurch Bennett.

Subterraneous Travels of Niels Khium, from the Latin of Lewis Holberg.

A Series of Treatises on the Principal Branches of Manufacturing Chemistry. By M. Astley, of Edinburgh, is about to be published.

Mr. Edward Upham, after much labo-



rious research, has just completed his Work on *Buddhism*; it will appear in Imperial 4to, and be illustrated with numerous Engravings, from Cingalese Originals.

Mr. Williams, of Cheltenham, announces *The Cheltenham Album*, a New Quarterly Magazine of General Literature.

*The Life and Administration of the late Marquis of Londonderry*, is said to be nearly completed.

An Officer in the Columbian Navy has in the Press his *Recollections of a Service of Three Years, during the War of Extermination in the Republics of Venezuela and Columbia*.

Capt. G. Beauclerk is preparing his *Journey to Morocco*.

Dr. Arnott's *Elements of Physics*, of which we gave a high character on its first publication, some months back, is about to appear in a Third Edition.

Dr. John Crawford Whitehead is engaged on a Tragedy, to be called the *Reign of James II., or the Revolution of 1688*, with Historical Notes, &c.

The Author of *Vivian Grey* announces *The Voyage of Captain Popanilla*, in 1 vol.

Mr. Crawford is about to publish his *Journal of an Embassy from the Governor General of India to the Courts of Siam and Cochinchina*, in 1 vol, 4to, with plates.

Mr. Murray is about to publish the late Captain Clapperton's *Journal of an Expedition of Discovery in the Interior of Africa*, with a Portrait of the Author, and Notes from the Journal of his surviving Servant, Richard Lander.

Dr. Woodhouse's *Annotations on the Apocalypse*, is nearly ready.

#### LIST OF NEW WORKS.

##### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

*Memoirs of the Life and Administration of the Right Hon. William Cecil, Lord Burghley, Secretary of State in the Reign of Edward VI., and Lord High Treasurer of England in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.* By Rev. Edward Nares, D.D., Regius Professor of History in the University of Oxford. Vol. 1, 4to. £3. 3s. Large paper, £4. 4s.

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## PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

New Patents sealed in May 1828.

To William Marshall, of Fountain Grove, Huddersfield, York, Shear Manufacturer, for improvements in machinery, for cutting

or shearing, cropping and finishing, cloth, and other articles, manufactured from wool, or other raw materials—26th April; two months.

To Thomas Breidenback, of Birmingham, Warwick, merchant, for a machine, or improved mode, by use of machinery, for forming or manufacturing tubes, or rods, and for other purposes—26th April; 4 months.

To James Griffen, of Witley Moor Works, near Dudley, Worcester, Scythe Manufacturer, for an improvement in the manufacturing of scythe backs, chaff knife backs, and hay knife backs—26th April; 6 months.

To John James Watt, of Stracey-street, Stepney, Middlesex, Surgeon, for his discovery of a certain chemical agent, by which animal poison may be destroyed, and the disease, consequent thereon, effectually prevented—29th April; 6 months.

To Charles Carpenter Bompas, of the Inner Temple, Esq., for improvements in the propelling of locomotive carriages, and machines, and boats, and other vessels—29th April; 6 months.

To Thomas Hillman, of Mill Wall, Poplar, Middlesex, mast-maker, for certain improvements in the construction and fastening of made masts—1st of May; 6 months.

To Jonathan Brownell, of Sheffield, York, cutler, for an improved method of transferring vessels from a higher to a lower level, or from a lower to a higher level, on canals, and, also, for the more conveniently raising or lowering of weights, carriages, or goods, on rail roads, and for other purposes—1st May; 6 months.

To James Palmer, of Globe Road, Mile End, Middlesex, paper-maker, for certain improvements in the moulds, machinery, or apparatus, for making paper—6th May; 6 months.

To Thomas Adams, of Oldbury, Salop, manufacturer, for improvements on instruments, trusses, or apparatus, for the relief, or cure, of Hernia, or rupture—6th May; 6 months.

To Francis Westley, of Leicester, cutler, for an improved apparatus, to be used for the purpose of whetting or sharpening the edges of the blades of knives, or other cutting instruments—6th May; 2 months.

To Samuel Brooking, Esq., of Plymouth, Devon, for a certain turning or shipping fid, for securing and releasing the upper masts of ships and vessels—6th May; 6 months.

To Matthew Fullwood, junior, of Stratford, Essex, gentleman, for a cement mastic, or composition, which he intends to denominate German cement—6th May; 2 months.

To John Benjamin Macneil, of Foleshill, Coventry, engineer, for certain improvements in preparing, and applying, materials for the making, constructing, or rendering more durable, roads, and other ways, which materials, so prepared, are applicable to other purposes—6th May; 6 months.

Thomas Jackson, of Red Lion Street, Holborn, Middlesex, watch-maker, for a new metal stud, to be applied to boots, shoes, and other like articles of manufacture—13th May; 6 months.

To John Ford, of Wandsworth Road, Vauxhall, Surrey, machine maker, for certain improvements in machinery, for clearing, opening, scribbling, carding, combing, rubbing, and spinning wool, and for carding, roving, or shivering, and spinning cotton, short stapled flax, hemp, and silk, either separately or combined; and for spinning or twisting long stapled flax, hemp, silk, mohair, or other fibrous substances, and either separately or combined—13th May; 6 months.

To Thomas Bousar Crompton, of Tamworth, Lancaster, paper maker, and Enoch Taylor, of Marsden, in Yorkshire, millwright, for certain improvements in that part of the process of paper making, which relates to the cutting—13th May; 2 months.

To Charles Chubb, of St. Paul's Churchyard, London, patent-lock manufacturer, for certain improvements in the construction of latches, which may be used for fastening doors, or gates—17th May; 6 months.

To Thomas, William, and John Powell, Bristol, glass merchants, and stone-ware manufacturers, for certain improvements in the process, machinery, or apparatus, for forming, making, or producing moulds, or vessels, for refining sugar, and in the application of materials hitherto unused in making the said moulds—17th May; 2 months.

*List of Patents, which, having been granted in June 1814, expire in the present month of June 1828.*

7.—William Sellars, Kemsey Elms, Worcester, for his method of spinning and laying of ropes, threads, &c., by machinery.

— George Heywood, Stourbridge, Stafford, for his improved plan of turning rolls, and of rolling gun and pistol barrels previous to welding.

— John Stubbs Jorden, Birmingham, for his improved method of making the lights, &c., of horticultural buildings.

— Grant Preston, London, for his concave cabin stoves.

— John Buxton, London, for his improved method of twisting and laying cotton, silk, and other articles.

18.—Thomas Tindal, Scarborough, for his improvements on the steam engine, with appendages thereof.

25.—John Maberly and John Barrow, London, for their method of securing carriage glasses.

28.—William Francis Hamilton, London, for his improvements in the making of soda-water, and other liquids impregnated with carbonic acid gas.



## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

## THE DUCHESS OF DURAS.

The Duchess of Duras, distinguished as the friend of Madame de Staël, and no less by her own literary talents, died lately at Nice, after a long and painful illness. This lady was the daughter of the Count de Kersaint, who voted against the decapitation of Louis XVI. He, in consequence, resigned his office of deputy on the 20th of January, 1793; and, on the same day, he inserted in the *Moniteur* a letter, which is considered to have cost him his life. "If," said the writer, "I have had the misfortune to be the colleague of the panegyrist and instigators of the 2d of September, I would defend my memory from the reproach of having been their accomplice; for this, a moment only remains to me: to-morrow [21st of January], perhaps it will be no longer time."

In her two very popular novels, "Ourika," and "Edouard," the Duchess of Duras is considered, by the French critics, to have successfully emulated the Tenaïns, Lafayette, &c. An exile almost from her birth, she died, as we have already stated, in a foreign land. In her last moments, however, she had the consolation of being attended by her two daughters, the Duchess of Rauzan and Madame de la Rochejaquelein.

## SIR JAMES EDWARD SMITH, M.D. F.R.S.

Sir James Edward Smith, one of the founders, and first President, of the Linnæan Society, was a native of Norwich. He was bred to the medical profession, but never practised in London. He studied for some time at Leyden; and, having a taste for natural history, especially botany, he, on his return from the Continent, was introduced to the royal family, and engaged by her Majesty, Queen Charlotte, to instruct the Princesses, who were then young, in his own favourite pursuit. He was thus employed for two years, and, according to report, was not adequately compensated for his exertions. We know not whether any soreness were induced in the mind of Dr. Smith by what he might deem a want of liberality; but, in his "Sketch of a Tour to the Continent," a work in three volumes, published in the year 1793, he made some statements respecting a distinguished personage in France, which were understood to give great offence at Buckingham House, where he

was never afterwards in favour. His present majesty, however, when Regent, was pleased to confer upon him the honour of knighthood.

On taking his degree of M.D. at Leyden, Dr. Smith's thesis was—" *Demonstratio quædam de Generatione Complectens.*" Early in life, he purchased the collection, or a part of the collection, of Linnæus; and, in conjunction with Dr. Goodenough, late Bishop of Carlisle, and others, he established the Linnæan Society, of which, for many years, he was annually elected President. His residence was at Norwich, where he practised as a physician; but he was accustomed to visit London every year, to preside at the anniversary of the Linnæan Society; and, generally, at the same time, he delivered Botanical Lectures at the Royal Institution. Some years since, he proposed to deliver a course of lectures on botany at Cambridge, but was interdicted, unless he would subscribe to the thirty-nine articles of the church of England. This he refused, and, in consequence, a sharp controversy ensued.

Besides tracts, and contributions to the Transactions of the Linnæan Society, the Philosophical Transactions, Nicholson's Journal, and other scientific works, the literary productions of Sir James Smith, during an extended period of forty-two years, filled numerous volumes. Amongst them we find;—English Botany, 8vo., 1790; Plantarum Icones hactenus ineditæ, 1791; C. Linnæi Flora Lapponica, 1792; Spicilegium Botanicum, folio, 1792; Dissertation on the Sexes of Plants, from Linnæus; Syllabus of a Course of Lectures on Botany, 1795; Natural History of the Lepidopterous Insects of Georgia, 2 vols. folio, 1797; Tracts relative to Natural History, 1798; Flora Græca, in conjunction with Dr. Sibthorpe; Flora Britannica, 3 vols. 1803-4; Lachesi's Lapponica, or a Tour in Lapland, by Linnæus, 2 vols. 8vo. 1811; the English Flora, Vol. IV. 1828, published the day before his death.

Sir James Smith died at Norwich, on Monday, the 17th of March. On Wednesday following, at the meeting of the Linnæan Society, the intelligence of his decease was communicated; when the members, as a tribute of respect to their friend and President, immediately retired.

## MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE favourable change of the wind, towards the latter end of last month, did not continue many days, but was succeeded, either by winds in a constant easterly direction, or by repeated vicissitudes of temperature, not very favourable to the recovery of the corn crops from that discoloured and sickly appearance which they had so long worn. However, they have universally assumed a deeper and more healthy green, and upon good dry soils they

are improving rapidly; and, should the wind continue in the southern or western quarters (whither it returned on the 24th inst.), for any length of time, the effect, at this critical season, will be most important and beneficial. A still more important crisis is at hand, including the blooming or flowering process of the wheat; and there is an ancient speculation, that a warm and moist winter is generally succeeded by a chilly, dry, and ungenial summer. There must, however, be many exceptions to this old rule, and we trust our better fortune will provide us with one in the present year; otherwise, the unfavourable difference will be great indeed, in both the quality and quantity of the crops.

Barley sowing was not generally so forward as we had hoped in our last report; much seed, upon the heavy lands, not having been got in until the middle of the present month. With respect to such lands, but to such only, no doubt the delay will prove advantageous. The early-sown barleys, in certain parts of the country, are represented as choked with charlock or may-weed; a fact not very creditable to the farmers of those districts, or to English husbandry; but too many farmers, as we have before stated, entertain a strange predilection for their old friends, the perennial or heir-loom weeds. Thence, one great source of the complaints against farming. Though the wheats stand thick upon the soil, they begin now to be described as *one-legged*, single, and spiry, not branching in the luxuriance of the most productive seasons; in course, the chief hope arises from a large and well-filled ear, granting such advantage can arise from a weak stem. This character of the crop, we apprehend, does not extend to the best, or to good lands. Barley and oats, it is supposed, will be the most productive corn crops of the present year, though the wire-worm has been particularly busy with the latter, as have the slug and grub, those blessings of a mild winter, with the beans and peas; the fly, also, has been injurious to peas in upland grounds. Nevertheless, these pulse crops are of considerable promise. Vetches, clovers, and all artificial grasses, have succeeded in the highest degree, and stand first of all crops, for bulk and luxuriance. We have cut grasses, but have not yet begun haysel, in this county. The expectation of a heavy crop continues, with a great after-grass, should the summer prove favourable, the bottoms being so thick.

Little or nothing is said of the hop culture, but that their price is advancing, from the late unfavourable state of the weather, and that the stock in the hands of the growers is very light. In some parts, the breadth of potatoes will be considerably reduced; in others, particularly in Scotland and in Wales, they are planting to the full extent of last year, notwithstanding the present very low and losing price, on the speculation of a demand for the potatoe-flour manufacture, and of their increased consumption as cattle food; this root and mangold wurtzel having lately, in many quarters, superseded the use of the common turnip. We must own, we have not yet acceded to the fashionable opinion of any advantage to be derived from the use of potatoe-flour. Potatoe planting is finished on the best cultivated lands; indeed, those planted early in April are said to be most productive, and of superior quality. Beet-sowing was finished after that of the barley, and the lands promise to be in a fine condition for the reception of the turnip-seed. The blossom for the orchard and common fruits has escaped sufficiently for the promise of a fair crop; not quite so with the wall fruits.

Of live stock, the fat are declining and the store advancing, both seasonably, in price. Feeding, it is said, has not been a profitable concern during the last three years, from the too great price of stores; the remedy for which can lie only in the hands of the graziers themselves. The fall of lambs, in general, may be deemed satisfactory, though a considerable number of them, and some ewes, have been lost, from the variable and harsh nature of the spring temperature. Mutton suffered a considerable reduction of price on the finish of the turnip crop, as it would be attended with risk to put fattened sheep upon green food. Milch cows and pigs stand upon their usual ground of advantage in sale. Horses are, on the average, somewhat cheaper, the spring demand being satisfied; but that scarce commodity, good ones—strange that they should be scarce—are yet of high figure, and so likely to continue.

Wales appears to have suffered most, and Scotland least, from a mild and wet winter and inclement spring. Bones have become the crack manure of the day, beating salt and saltpetre out of the pit. In fattening cattle, is it not improbable that, anon, linseed will take the upper hand of its cousin, cake. The jeremiads on the approaching corn bill yet continue in full feather, to the height of utter ruin—at least, emigration to New South Wales. But this really is, and will be soon found, a highly prejudiced and erroneous view of a most important national question.

*Smithfield.*—Beef, 3s. to 4s. 6d.—Mutton, 4s. to 4s. 4d.—Veal, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 4d.—Pork, 4s. 6d. to 6s. 2d.—Lamb, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 8d.—Raw fat, 2s. 3d.

*Corn Exchange.*—Wheat, 40s. to 68s.—Barley, 28s. to 35s.—Oats, 16s. to 30s.—Bread, 9½d. the 4 lb. fine loaf.—Hay, 72s. to 105s.—Clover ditto, 90s. to 115s.—Straw, 30s. to 40s.

Coals in the Pool, 27s. to 37s. 3d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, May 26, 1828.*

*M.M. New Series.*—VOL. V. No. 30.

4 P

## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

**Sugar.**—The new good and fine Muscovadoes have met a ready sale, immediately on their being brought forward, and at fair prices; the Low Browns are again fully 2s. per cwt. lower, on account of the holders pressing sales; and we may state, that, in general, the importers are very anxious to sell; and, if the same spirit continues to prevail, it may have an unfavourable effect on the market prices. The total sales of the week were estimated at 34,000 hogsheads, of which 14,200 hogsheads have been sold.

In the Refined market, there has been a small decrease. Molasses are on the advance. The sales of Coffee have gone off heavily; but we cannot state any reduction in the prices.

**Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.**—The average weekly deliverances of Rum, for the last six weeks, are above 900 casks. A considerable portion is for the Government contract. The sales of Brandy are confined to parcels for shipping. In Geneva, few sales are reported.

**Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.**—The accounts from St. Petersburg are of the 28th ultimo; exchange, 10½ per rouble; Tallow, 96½ to 97; Hemp, 92; Flax, 90.

**Course of Foreign Exchange.**—Amsterdam, 12. 2.—Rotterdam, 12. 3.—Hamburg, 13. 13.—Altona, 13. 13.—Paris, 25. 35.—Bordeaux, 25. 65.—Frankfort, 15½.—Petersburgh, 10.—Vienna, 10.—Dublin, 1½.—Madrid, 35½.—Bilboa, 35½.—Trieste, 10. 3.—Cork, 1½.—Cadiz, 35½.—Barcelona, 35½.—Seville, 31.—Gibraltar, 44.—Lisbon, 46.

**Bullion per Oz.**—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—In Bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars, standard, £0. 0s. 0d.

**Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.**—Birmingham CANAL, 284½.—Coven-try, 1,100½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 105½.—Grand Junction, 315½.—Kennet and Avon, 29½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 404½.—Oxford, 680½.—Regent's, 29½.—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 820½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 265½.—London DOCKS (Stock), 87½.—West India (Stock), 217½.—East London WATER WORKS, 120½.—Grand Junction, —½.—West Middlesex, 66½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 9½.—Globe, 153½.—Guardian, 20½½.—Hope Life, 5½.—Imperial Fire, 98½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 55½.—City, 0½.—British, 8 dis.—Leeds, 195½.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from the 22d of April to the 23d of May 1828; extracted from the London Gazette.*

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

John Nelson, Cobham place, Finsbury-square, dealer and chapman  
W. Wright, Chipping Ongar, wine-merchant  
W. Windham, Holt, Norfolk, carpenter

## BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 104.]

*Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.*

Burke, P. Haymarket, victualler. [Wilde and Co., College-hill]  
Bakewell, J. Manchester, glue-manufacturer. [Chester, Staple-inn; Tindall and Varey, Manchester]  
Bowman, E. Penrith, Cumberland, timber-merchant. [Addison, Gray's-inn; Atkinson, Penrith]  
Bedford, J. and T. Croose, Wood-street, ware-housemen. [Young, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house]  
Butts, T. jun., Crayford, Kent, mill-sawyer. [Tahourdin, Child's-place, Temple-bar]  
Bevill, J. W. Cheltenham, tobacco-nist. [Bridger, Finsbury-circus; Cecil, Oxford]  
Bullivant, C. F. Ripley, Derby, dealer. [James, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house]  
Bryant, W. H. Mile-end-road, coal-merchant. [Eicke, Old Bond-street]  
Brown, J. Adam's-court, Broad-street, auctioneer. [Towne, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street]  
Buck, W. Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square, coach-maker. [Watt, Dean street, South-wark]  
Brook, J. L. Okehampton, druggist. [Brutton and Co., New Broad-street; Ford, Exeter]  
Browne, J. Kidderminster, silversmith. [Tooke and Carr, Bedford-row; Capper, Birmingham]  
Bramley, H. Throgmorton-street, bill-broker. [Pearce and Co., Swithin's-lane]  
Back, R. and J. Bateman, Compton-street, Clerk-enwell, malt-roasters. [Maxon, Little Friday-street]  
Bevan, J. and J. Rigby, St. Helen's, Lancashire, soap-boilers. [Chester, Staple-inn; Barnes, St. Helen's]  
Clough, J. Addingham, York, cotton-manufacturer. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Cunliffe, Manchester]  
Clayton, J. Mottram-in-Longendale, Chester, flour-dealer. [Tyler, Temple; Hunt, Stockport]  
Chittenden, J. Dover, Chemist. [Egan and Waterman, Essex-street; Chalk, Dover]  
Clarke, T. Marlborough, woollen-draper. [Price and Bolton, Lincoln's-inn]  
Davies, W. Camberwell, coal-merchant. [Meymott and Son, Great Surrey-street, Blackfriar's-road]  
Darby, J. Rood-lane, perfumer. [Gatty and Co., Angel-court, Throgmorton-street]



- Emmerson, R. Aldermanbury, warehouseman. [Thomson and Co., King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street]
- Ensor, T. Long Malford, tallow-chandler. [Clinton and Son, Chancery-lane; Last, Hadleigh]
- Freeman, E. Cheltenham, lodging-housekeeper. [Lowndes and Gatty, Red-lion-square; Cresswell, Redditch, Worcester]
- Fountain, J. St. Neot's, draper. [Lloyd, Bartlett's-buildings]
- Fisk, W. Gate-street, dealer. [Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle]
- Frame, W. Jones-street, Berkeley-square, boot-maker. [Roberts, Macclesfield-street]
- Fitch, C. A. Allen-street, Goswell-street, bacon-drier. [Heard, Great Prescott-street]
- Gallemore, J. sen., J. and J. Gallemore, and T. Liddel, Manchester, calico-printers. [Makinson and Sanders, Temple; Atkinson, Manchester]
- Germain, T. Drury-lane, baker. [Wright, Little Alie-street]
- Gelder, B. North and South Cliff, East Riding, York, farmer. Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Harle, York
- Gamble, C. Shottlegate, Derby, joiner. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Moss, Derby]
- Gains, T. Loughborough, corn-factor. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Bond, Leicester]
- Gibbon, J. senior, Canton-place, Commercial-road, block-maker. [Atkins and Davis, Fox Ordinary-court, Nicholas-lane]
- Hooper, T. St. Philip and Jacob, Gloucester, maltster. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Stephens and Goodhind, Bristol]
- Holt, C. Coventry, baker. [Allen and Co., Carlisle-street; Boyle, Coventry]
- Hunter, R. Aldgate, oilman. [Thompson, George street, Minorities]
- Hockin, P. C. Launceston, money-scrivener. [Coode, Guilford-street; Gurney, Launceston]
- Hobbins, R. Cheltenham, innkeeper. [King, Bedford-place; Packwood, Cheltenham]
- Harker, W. Cropton, York, schoolmaster. [Adlington and Co., Bedford row]
- Handcock, J. Exeter, victualler. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Furlong, Exeter]
- Holdich, T. Spalding, grocer. [Bennett, Featherstone-buildings; Taylor, Uppingham]
- Hodson, G. Sheffield, bone-merchant. [Duncan, Gray's-inn; Broomhead, Sheffield]
- Haigh, J. Milnsbridge, York, scribbling-miller. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Allison, Huddersfield]
- Hopkins, M. E. St. Peter's-alley, merchant. [Gregory, King's Arms-yard]
- James, N. Bristol, wine-merchant. [Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Evans, Bristol]
- Johnson, S. Margate, coachmaster. [Willett, Essex-street; Dering and Brooks, Margate]
- Jenkinson, T. Manchester, calenderer. [Wilson, Southampton-street; Pauldens, Stockport]
- Kelley, J. Leeds, bricklayer. [Strangeways and Co., Barnard's-inn; Scott and Co., Leeds]
- Kingsbury, H. Broad-street, Radcliffe, builder. [Fisher and Spencer, Walbrook-buildings]
- Llewellyn, T. Bridgend, Glamorgan, innkeeper. [Gregory, Clement's-inn; Lewis, Bridgend]
- Longbottom, T. Keighley, York, machine-maker. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Hamerton, Todmorden]
- Laporte, D. Poland-street, tailor. [Nott, Ryder-street]
- Levy, L. Birmingham, slopseller. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Haddfield and Co., Manchester]
- Mortimer, J. and W. Rawfolds, Yorkshire, machine-makers. [Butterfield, Gray's-inn; Lister, Cleckheaton, Leeds]
- Mitchell, J. Robert-street, Southwark, victualler. [Dicas, Pope's Head-alley]
- Maybruch, F. Old Cavendish-street, tailor. [Howard, Bouverie-street]
- Masson, W. Queen-street, Cheapside, merchant. [Kirkman and Co., Cannon-street]
- Mills, G. St. James's-street, bookseller. [Bowden and Walters, Aldermanbury]
- Moorhouse, J. L., and J. Hebden-bridge, Halifax, cotton-spinners. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Seddon, Manchester]
- Marsden, J. Sowerby-bridge, York, corn-merchant. [Dawson and Hawkins, New Boswell-court; Howarth and Co., Ripponden]
- Menzies, J. Charles-street, Manchester-square, tailor. [Ralls, Nottingham-terrace, New-road]
- Nicholls, J. Kidderminster, innkeeper. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Higgins, Ledbury]
- Pearson, T. and W. Reeves, Savoy-street, wine-merchants. [Parry, Tokenhouse-yard]
- Pratt, S. Crispin-street, Spitalfields, drysalter. [Norton, Jewin-street]
- Powell, W. Wetherby, York, ham-factor. [Lys, Took's-court; Upton, Wetherby]
- Pinder, T. Halifax, porter-merchant. [Jaques and Battye, Coleman-street; Holroyde, Halifax]
- Patsons, J. Fulham-road, upholsterer. Wills, Ely-place
- Parsey, I. Brighton, haberdasher. [Jay and Ashton, Serjeant's-inn]
- Powell, J. Bishopsgate-street, grocer. [Drough, Shoreditch]
- Parsons, J. Standon, Herts, horse-dealer. [Weymouth, Chancery-lane]
- Phillips, J. Tavistock-street, linen-draper. [Harnett, Northumberland-street]
- Pennell, J. D. Exeter, picture-dealer. [Drake, Red-lion-square]
- Pate, M. Bennett-street, tailor. [Crowder and Maynard, Lothbury]
- Pringle, W. H. London-road, St. George's-fields, victualler. [Flashman, Ely-place]
- Prior, J. Worksworth, Derby, small-ware-manufacturer. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Haddfield and Co., Manchester]
- Pilcher, S. Ramsgate, baker. [Redaway, Clement's-inn; Wells, Ramsgate]
- Rock, P. Wollastone, Stafford, farmer. [Hemming and Baxter, Gray's-inn; Stanley, Drayton-in-Hales, Salop]
- Robinson, J. Clare-street, Clare-market, linen-draper. [Jones, Size-lane]
- Rashleigh, W. Falmouth, grocer. [Alexander and Son, Carey-street; Coryndon and Son, Plymouth]
- Rumney, T. Gough-square, furrier. [Tilson and Son, Coleman-street]
- Read, A. Lower Grosvenor-street, hotel-keeper. [Miller, New-inn]
- Roper, W. T. Houndsditch, carpenter. [Cranch, Union-court, Broad-street]
- Rhodes, J. Gomersal, York, maltster. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Higham, Mill-bridge, Leeds]
- Revans, J. junior, and H. S. Chapman, London and Quebec, merchants. [White and Co., Great St. Helen's]
- Smith, T. High street, Lambeth, smith. [Howard, Bouverie-street]
- Shore, T. B. Kidderminster, victualler. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Colmore, Birmingham]
- Stevens, J. Deverel-street, Great Dover-road, builder. [Fitch, Union street, Southwark]
- Sunderland, J. Leeds, woolstapler. [Wiglesworth and Risdale, Gray's-inn; Grant, Leeds]
- Sugden, T. Haworth, York, worsted-manufacturer. [Evitt and Co., Haydon-square; Craven, Halifax]
- Swann, W. Bungay, linen-draper. [Ashurst, Sainbrook-court]
- Swalwell, M. Kennington-gravel-pits, schoolmistress. [Umney, Chancery-lane]
- Torry, J. Little Union-street, Hoxton, builder. [James, Bucklersbury]
- Tolson, M. Regent-street, milliner. [Turner and Pearce, Bloomsbury-square]
- Valerio, D. Crown-court, Threadneedle-street, wine-merchant. [Wright, Carey-street]
- Wisedill, W. Friday-street, ironmonger. [Hewitt, Tokenhouse-yard]
- Williams, H. St. George's-circus, Southwark, wine-merchant. [Smith, Golden-square]
- Warrington, H. W. Johnson-street, Shadwell, brewer. [Finch, Lothbury]

Wells, T. W. High-street, Shadwell, tobacconist.  
[Hockley, Quality-court, Chancery-lane  
Woodhead, B. Thongsbridge, York, scribbling-  
millers. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Brown,  
Huddersfield  
Williams, R. Cheltenham, builder. [King, Ser-  
jeant's-inn; Chaddborn, Gloucester

Wilson, J. Wigton, draper. [Mounsey and Gray,  
Staple-inn; Ewart, Carlisle  
Ward, G. A. Birmingham, cabinet-maker. [Clarke  
and Co., Chancery-lane; Colmore, Birmingham  
Walker, R. Manchester, woollen shawl-manu-  
facturer. [Lowes, Southampton - buildings;  
Cooke and Co., Salford.

### ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. G. Tyndall, to the Augmented Curacy of Holywell, Oxford.—Rev. R. Dixon, to the Rectory of Niton, Isle of Wight.—Rev. W. Jackson, to the Rectory of Lowther, Westmoreland.—Hon. and Rev. H. Hobart, to the Living of Wantage, Berks.—Rev. J. Hopkinson, to the Rectory of Elton, Northampton.—Rev. J. Steel, to the Perpetual Curacy of Cowbit, Lincolnshire.—Rev. T. Seabrooke, to the Vicarage of Wickhambroke, Suffolk.—Rev. W. Polwhele, to the Vicarage of St. Anthony, Cornwall.—Rev. A. Rogers, to be Chaplain to His Majesty's ship Sibylle.—Rev. H. T. Jones, to the Rectory of Tackley, Oxon.—Rev. M. Glosse, to the Lectureship of Limehouse, Middlesex.—Rev. J. Lillistone, to the Rectory of Barsham, Suffolk.—Rev. W. Fitzhugh, to be a Prebend of Wells Cathedral.—Rev. F. Custance, to the Vicarage of Steeple-cum-Stangate, Essex.—Right Rev. Bishop of Rochester, and Dean of

Worcester, to the Vicarage of Bromsgrove, with King's Norton annexed.—Rev. C. Pugh, to the Vicarage of Barton, Cambridge.—Rev. M. H. Miller, to the Vicarage of Scarborough.—Rev. R. M. Boulton, to the Vicarage of Eleham, Kent.—Rev. A. Morgan, to the Deanery of Killaloe.—Rev. M. Worsley, to the Perpetual Curacy of Winster, Derby.—Rev. C. Bazeley, to the Living of South Church, Essex.—Rev. C. Bardin, to the Living of Newton Hamilton.—Rev. J. Browné, to be Curate to the Church of the Holy Trinity, Cheltenham.—Rev. J. Merewether, to the Rectory of New Radnor, Hereford.—Rev. T. Dyer, to the Rectory of Abbess Roding, Essex.—Rev. S. M. Walker, to the Vicarage of St. Enoder, Cornwall.—Rev. H. S. Hamilton, to the Vicarage of Grahavey, Down.—Rev. J. Greg, to the Parish of Kilsallaghan, Dublin.

### POLITICAL APPOINTMENT.

John Goodwin, Esq. to be Consul at the Cape Verde Islands, to reside at St. Jago.

### INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

#### CHRONOLOGY.

May 1.—The Anniversary Dinner of the Society of Foreigners in Distress, held at the London Tavern, the Duke of Clarence in the chair. The King of France sent £100 by Prince Polignac.

2.—Sale of fancy work at the Mansion-house, for the Ophthalmic Institution, netted upwards of £2,000.

3.—Deputation of maltsters had a conference with the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

— Anti-Slavery Meeting held at the Freemasons'-tavern, the Duke of Gloucester in the chair; when it was resolved to petition Parliament to abolish the laws in favour of slave-grown produce, and to enforce such measures as may redeem the pledges that have been given for the ultimate extinction of slavery.

7.—The Recorder of London made his report to the King of the prisoners under sentence of death, when six were ordered for execution.

— The Anniversary Dinner of the Deaf and Dumb Society, held at the London Tavern, the Duke of Gloucester in the chair. The general statement of receipts and disbursements for the year 1827 was laid before the meeting; when it appeared that the receipts, up to December 1827,

amounted to £11,200. 8s. 6d.; and the disbursements for the same year, £10,231. 18s.

7.—The Annual Meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, held at the Freemasons'-tavern, Lord Teignmouth in the chair. The treasurer stated the receipts of the society to have been last year £69,000, and the payments had increased to £86,000; the number of branch societies is at present 591. Upwards of 42,000 bibles and testaments had been distributed more than the preceding year.

8.—The Anniversary of the Society of the Sons of the Clergy, at St. Paul's; the collection amounted to (including the dinner at Stationers'-hall) £971. 6s. 2d.

9.—Corporation and Test Acts' Repeal Bill received royal assent.

— A deputation from the country bankers had an interview with the Duke of Wellington, relative to their affairs, and the renewal of the Bank charter.

10.—A deputation of maltsters had an interview with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, when it was intimated to them that a new malt act would be framed.

— A deputation of distillers had an interview with the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

— Lord Portsmouth's marriage with Miss

Hanson annulled in Arches Court, and costs to be paid by her.

10.—The Anniversary Dinner of the Artists' Fund Society, held at the Freemasons' tavern, the Lord Chancellor in the chair. List of subscriptions amounted to upwards of £1,000.

12.—The following resolution passed the House of Commons:—"That it is expedient to consider the state of the laws affecting His Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects, with the view of effecting such a final adjustment of them, as may be conducive to the peace and strength of the United Kingdom, the stability of the Protestant Establishment, and the general satisfaction and concord of all parties."

13.—A deputation of West India merchants and planters waited on the Duke of Wellington, Secretaries Peel and Huskisson, relative to colonial affairs.

— Five culprits executed at the Old Bailey.

14. The Anniversary Meeting of the Society for Promoting the Building of Churches was held, when it appeared that, during the last year, 70 grants had been voted to the amount of £9,672, by the aid of which 15,946 additional sittings will be procured; 13,092 of them are to be free and unappropriated.

— Princess Olive of Cumberland brought up by the Deputy Marshall of the King's Bench Prison into the Court of King's Bench, when Mr. Justice Bayley ordered her to be discharged.

— The Russian declaration of war against the Sublime Porte arrived in England; it is dated Petersburg, April 26, 1828.

16.—The Anniversary Meeting of the London Hibernian Society, held at Freemasons' tavern. The report stated that 69 new schools had been added last year, and 4,204 additional scholars—making in all 1,046 schools, containing 67,326 scholars.

17.—The Annual Meeting, at the London-tavern, of The Protestant Society for the Protection of Religious Liberty; when thanks were voted to Lords Holland and John Russell, and the majority of both Houses of Parliament, &c. &c., for their exertions in the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts.

#### MARRIAGES.

At Esher, A. Hamilton, esq., to Lady Jane Montgomerie, daughter of the late Lord Eglinton.—At St. Luke's, Chelsea, the Marquis of Carmarthen to Lady Hervey.—At Hampton-court-palace, Captain G. P. Rose, M.P., to Phoebe Susannah, fifth daughter of the late Major-General Vesey.—At Mary-le-bone, Sir B. C. Doyle to Miss Vivian.—Hon. N. H. C. Massey, second son of Lord Clarina, to Miss E. Lyon.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lieut.-Col. E. P. Buckley to Lady C. Bouverie, daughter of Lord Radnor.—At St. Mary-le-bone, T. C. Hornyold, esq., to Lucy Mary Sanders, a descendant of the sixth

Earl of Anglesea.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, F. Walpole, esq., to Miss E. Knight.—W. John, only son of the late Hon. Col. W. Monson, and grandson to the second Lord Monson, to Miss Eliza Larken.—At Clapham, J. M. Siordet, esq., to Miss L. S. Siordet.—At St. James's church, Hon. W. Russell, eldest son of Lord W. Russell, to Miss Campbell, niece to the Duke of Argyll.—At Mary-le-bone, T. C. M. Dyer, esq., to Catherine Elizabeth, fourth daughter of the late Sir E. Knatchbull, Bart.

#### DEATHS.

70, Mrs. Gye, mother of F. Gye, esq., M.P. Chippingham.—In Stratford place, Harriet, Lady Willson.—J. Abbot, esq., only brother to Lord Tenterden.—In Bentinck-street, 73, R. E. Welby, esq.—At Stoke Newington, T. H. Cooper, esq.—At Islington, 69, Mr. H. White; he was proprietor and editor of the Sunday paper called "The Independent Whig," and other popular journals.—85, Mr. Cuthell.—In Chandos-street, Stephana Frances, daughter of the late Hon. Mr. Justice Dampier.—Albemarle, eldest son of the Hon. Lindsey Burrell.—In the Temple, E. Quin, esq.—In Bethlehem-hospital, Margaret Nicholson, who attempted the life of George III. forty-three years ago; she was supposed to be nearly 100 years of age.—At Boxley-house, 78, the Hon. Elizabeth Marsham.—Maria Justina, lady of Henry Count Reuss.—In Bloomsbury-square, J. H. Harrington, esq., late member of the Supreme Council, Bengal.—In Portland-place, J. Vivian, esq.—At Linford-house, Eleanor, wife of Vice-Admiral Sir B. Moorsom.

#### MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Paris, at the British Ambassador's, Lord Sussex Lennox to Mary, eldest daughter of Lord Cloncurry, and late Baroness Robeck.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

At Nevis, 67, J. Cottle, esq., president of the island.—At St. John's, New Brunswick, the Hon. T. Wetmore, attorney-general.—At Vienna, the Princess Dowager Lobkowitz, sister to the amiable and unfortunate Princess Lamballe, who was so cruelly mangled at the massacre of the prisons in Paris, solely for having been the friend of Marie Antoinette.—At Paris, Mr. Paravey, the banker; and the Duc de Rivière, governor of the Duc de Bordeaux.—At Rome, the Right Hon. Sir W. Drummond, K.C., formerly minister at Naples.—At Soccootoc, in Africa, Captain Clapperton, of fever and dysentery, on April 13, after a month's illness.—Lieut.-Col. Archibald Macdonald, adjutant-general to the king's troops in India.—Count de Seze, the faithful and courageous defender of Louis XVI.—At Abbeville, 76, Peter Moore, esq., late M.P. for Coventry.—At Nantes, Sir Robert Clayton, bart.—At Canton, Sir W. Fraser, bart.

### MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES; WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.  
At the late meeting of the Botanical and Horti-

cultural Society of these counties, it was resolved to establish a Botanical and Horticultural Li-



brary, and that money be immediately placed at the disposal of the committee for the purchase of books.

A week or two back, while the workmen were trenching the ground for planting, before the house of Mr. Blackbird, at Villa Real, near Newcastle, they found a curious rude stone coffin, or chest, composed of six flag-stones, containing the skeleton of a tall man, in complete preservation, with a vase or urn standing by the side of his head, which, on examination, appears to be one of the most perfect specimens of the ancient British sepulchral vases that has yet been found. Mr. Blackbird has presented it to the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle.

Newcastle, North and South Shields, Sunderland, and the Wearmouths, have petitioned Parliament against the act for prohibiting the circulation of one pound notes after April next.

A man, named Johnson, entertained the good folks of Chester-le-street, a few days back, by running five times from the south to the north end of that town and back, within half an hour, the distance being five miles. His only recompence was a few pence subscribed by the bystanders.

A few days ago, while some men were employed in draining a field near to Seaham, the property of the Rev. Mr. Cresswell, they discovered, in a very marshy part of it, and at a depth of about eight feet from the surface, an oaken coffin, containing human bones. The coffin fell to pieces on being exposed to the air; and it, together with its contents, are supposed to have been entombed at least a century.

On the 11th of May, a Sunday School for 100 children was opened at Newcastle.

*Married.* At Durham, Mr. R. Ward to Miss E. Watson; Mr. R. Hope to Miss Maddison.—At Gateshead, Mr. H. Thompson to Miss Ann Mather. At Tynemouth, A. Watt, esq., to Miss Kelso.—At Newcastle, G. Wood, esq., to Miss Wood.

*Died.* At Newcastle, Mrs. Airey; Mr. G. Henderson; Miss Myers.—At Durham, Mrs. Wilson; 95, Ann Crook.—At Bishopwearmouth, Miss Dawson; Mr. G. Hopper.—At Darlington, Mr. Foster.—At North Shields, Mrs. Hardy.—At Bishop Auckland, 100, J. Clay.—At South Shields, Mrs. Bell.

#### YORKSHIRE.

At the meeting, held at Leeds, of the merchants, manufacturers, woolstaplers, and others interested in the woollen trade, assembled to petition Parliament against any additional impost upon the importation of foreign wool, it was stated, that, in the year 1819, there was invested in the borough of Leeds capital to the amount of £500,000 in buildings and machinery, for the manufacture of cloth from foreign wool, which had increased to one million. That within the same period, the number of persons employed in this manufacture had increased from 10,500 to 21,000, and the amount of wages paid had augmented from £6,000 to £12,000 weekly; that the quantity of cloth manufactured had been doubled within that period—and that one-fourth of this increase had taken place since January, 1826.

Mr. Wm. Wade, of the Bay Horse, Skipton, has a ewe, which, a day or two ago, yeaned a lamb with five legs. The extra leg had two distinct feet. The lamb is living, and in good health.

The foundation stone for a new museum, at Scarborough, has been laid by Sir John Johnstone, bart.

The manufacturers of woollens have taken the alarm at the complaints made relative to the low duty on wool. Meetings have been held at Leeds and other places, to petition Parliament against any increase of the duties on that article.

The magistrates of the West Riding have determined to take counsel's opinion, as to whether the coroners can legally require payment of their allowances until they have submitted their accounts to the examination of the magistrates, and whether they may examine the coroners on oath.

All the Agricultural Associations of Yorkshire have petitioned against the corn bill; the chief opposition is made to the scale of duties, when the price is under 58s.

A new canal is on the tapis in this county, for the purpose of forming a junction between the Aire and Calder Company's canal and the Stainforth and Keadley canal, at a point between Knottingly and Goole.

It would appear, from statements made at a meeting of the manufacturers of Leeds, to petition against any additional duty on foreign wools; that the amount of capital invested in the wool trade, and the number of hands employed, have doubled since 1819.

An ingenious mechanic in Sheffield has taken out a patent for an invention to abolish locks on canals, by means of which vessels may be raised from one level to another, 30, 40, or 50 yards, and by extremely simple machinery.

An estate of the crown, situate at Eekington, consisting of cottages, land, and collieries, was sold, the first week in May, in 94 lots, for £22,505; the timber upon the lots was valued at £12,671. 6s.

That beautiful building, York Minster, was so surrounded by houses, that there was no direction in which a good view of it could be obtained; within these few days, a house and shop have been pulled down adjoining the high Minster gates, and a fine view of the west front is thus thrown open, much to the gratification of the public. All such magnificent relics of ancient piety and architecture ought to be insulated.

*Married.* At Calverley, S. Parkinson, esq., to Miss Harcastle.—At Leeds, the Rev. W. Williamson to Miss Lydia Fawcett.—Mr. T. Noble to Miss Nussey.—At Sheffield, the Rev. J. Fletcher to Miss Hobson.—At Thorp Arch, the Rev. E. Peacroft to Miss Rhodes.—At Adlingfleet, the Rev. E. Ward to Miss Bowzer.—At Leeds, Mr. W. B. Shaw to Miss Atkinson.—At Bolton-abbey, F. J. Law, esq., to Miss Elizabeth Crofts.—At Hull, A. Wilkinson, esq., to Miss Ann Wilkinson.—At Whitby, R. W. Haden, esq., to Miss Brodriek.—At Crofton, B. Mickelthwait, esq., to Miss Charlotte Hodson.—At Knaresborough, W. Collins, esq., to Miss Elizabeth Emma Smyth.—At Scarborough, Mr. Hindmarsh to Miss Cook.

*Died.* At Halifax, Miss Harriot Rawson.—At Hull, C. Bailey, esq.—At York, Mr. J. Mawson; Miss Barker.—At the Hermitage, Southcave, T. Homily, esq.—At Beverley, G. Macdonald, esq.—At Fulford, Miss Horner.—Near Doncaster, W. Haigh, esq.—At York, Mrs. Whinnyates.—At Sheffield, the Rev. R. Rimmer, a Roman Catholic clergyman.—At Patrington, J. Sawyer, esq.—At Finchley-hall, Miss Matilda Dawson.—At the Grange, near Bedale, Mrs. Wyvill.

## LINCOLNSHIRE.

The Lord Chancellor, in giving judgment on the petition presented relative to the Stamford Charity, said, "As the main object was to remodel this charity in a manner different from the intention of the founder, and as the parties presenting it had failed in point of law to support their petition, it must be dismissed with the payment of the costs which they had occasioned."

*Died.*] At Sleaford, 74, B. Handley, esq.

## NOTTINGHAM AND DERBY.

The committee for superintending the building of the new county gaol and house of correction, at Derby, have at length made their report thereon, by which it appears that the total expenditure amounts to £63,335. 5s. 6d. The report says, "that experience has proved the merits of the new gaol, in the main points of security and tendency to effect the reformation of the prisoners; merits the more to be appreciated, as one class of prisoners already confined has been of a description not to be surpassed in ingenuity or in resolute audacity in attempting to escape."—There are 169 cells, some of which can contain three prisoners each—and the gaol will contain 315, although 173 prisoners is the greatest number that has hitherto been confined at the same time.

*Married.*] At Norwell, Rev. H. Des Vœux to Miss Mitton.—J. L. Eyre, esq., of Highfield, to Pulcherie de Sommersy, daughter of the late Marquis de Sommersy.—W. W. Abney, esq., of Measham-hall, to Helen Buchanan, eldest daughter of Mr. and Lady Buchanan.

*Died.*] At Twyford, 96, S. Clark; he kept the ferry there for half a century.—At Belper, 73, J. Tomlinson, commonly called "Blind Jemmy," having lost his eyes more than 50 years ago, and yet was a pedlar and collector of rags, and trudged with his widow in the above callings full half a century.—At Chesterfield, 84, Mrs. A. Wilkinson.—At Derby, 71, Mr. C. Barnett, who had been present at the battle of April 12, 1782, under Admiral Rodney, against the French fleet, under le Comte de Grasse.

## LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

The Hugh Johnson has sailed from Liverpool for New York with upwards of 200 emigrants on board. Among them were several farmers from the inland counties, who, with their families and capital, intend to try their fortune in the new world. The bulk of the emigrants were agricultural labourers and their families, who have been deported at the expense of their parishes; they were chiefly from Essex and Kent. The number of emigrants to British America are few compared with that which is proceeding to the United States. The Jessie is bound to New York with between two and three hundred emigrants; and the St. George, for the same city, with upwards of one hundred and sixty.

The authorities of Minshull Vernon, in the parish of Middlewich, have, for the present year, appointed a female constable, a female overseer, and a female supervisor.—*Manchester Gazette.*

*Died.*] At Liverpool, 72, the Rev. W. Myles, who for 50 years was a minister in the Society of the Wesleyan Methodists.

## SALOP AND STAFFORD.

By the abstract of the account of the disburse-

ments for the county of Salop, it appears that they amounted to £10,550. 12s. 8d.; and that upwards of £5,000 of that sum was paid for criminal jurisprudence, including the coroner's fees, &c.

A new Sunday School has been opened at Leek, so that upwards of 1,000 children are now taught, where half a century ago there were not means for instructing 50!

*Married.*] At Handsworth, S. Knight, junior, esq., to Miss Moilliet.

*Died.*] At Rowley, W. Keen, esq., deputy-clerk of the peace for the county of Stafford.—At Wrockwardine, 74, the Rev. J. Gilpin; he had been vicar of that place almost half a century, and was author of "Sermons," in 2 vols., and various other works.

## LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

By the abstract of the treasurer's accounts for the expenditure of the borough of Leicester, for the year ending Epiphany Sessions, 1828, it appears that it amounted to the sum of £4,822, almost the whole of which was used in its criminal jurisprudence and accessories.

*Died.*] At Barrow-upon-Soar, J. Hull, 85, who, though blind, had been clerk of the parish for 56 years.—Rev. G. B. Mitchell, vicar of St. Mary's and All Saints, Leicester.—At Leicester, P. F. Benfield, esq., only son of the late Paul Benfield, esq.

## WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

At a meeting lately held at Northampton, it was resolved, that the sum of £6,000, a part of the Yeomanry Cavalry Fund, should be appropriated towards the erection of the proposed Lunatic Asylum; and that the residue, amounting to nearly £1,000, should go towards defraying the expenses of National Schools in villages in that county.

A School of Medicine and Surgery has been instituted at Birmingham, for communicating medical and surgical information, in a course of lectures, by different physicians and surgeons, to young gentlemen brought up to the profession in that town, which will be of great use to the different pupils, in relation to the future and finishing part of their education in the metropolis.

The Governors and Committee of the House of Recovery at Birmingham have opened their establishment for the reception of patients.

The road between Northampton and Bedford, through Cold Brayfield, is now completed, and in a good state for travelling upon.

The causes of the ribbon trade of Coventry not being so flourishing as it usually is in spring, are the influx of foreign manufactured goods into the London market, and the uncertainty of the alterations promised to be made by ministers in the existing silk laws.

*Married.*] E. Greaves, esq., of Warwick, to Mrs. Ward, of Barford.—At Long Compton, T. B. Ikin, esq., to Miss A. M. Crosse.

*Died.*] Lady Harriet Finch, sister to the Earl of Aylesford.—At Fawsley park, the Rev. H. Holyake, rector of Preston Capes, and vicar of Bidford and Salford.

## WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

*Married.*] At Hereford, the Rev. H. Smith to Cassandra Cecil, youngest daughter of the late Admiral Chamberlayne.

*Died.*] At Worcester, Elizabeth, wife of Sir Edward Derry, bart.—At Wellington, 61, Mrs. M. Edwards, of the small-pox.

## GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

At the first anniversary of the opening of the Gloucester and Berkeley canal, it appeared by the report, that, during the year, 3,256 vessels (the tonnage of which amounted to 158,862) had entered the canal.

The governor, guardians, and assistants of the poor of the city of Bristol, have published their account of the payments for the year March 1827 to March 1828, by which it appears, that the sum of £39,685, 15s. 6<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>d. was paid for the maintenance of the poor. £2,259. 6s. 11d. was paid for the average of 310 cases, employed at stone-breaking, making laces, knitting, and plating straw.

The Vice-Chancellor has decided, that Chipping Sodbury School was a grammar-school, and that, of course, the master was not obliged to teach the scholars reading, writing, and arithmetic, but that the instruction was to be confined to the dead languages!!!

*Died.*] At Oldham Common, Bitton, 103, S. Haynes; he has left a widow older than himself; and 4 daughters, widows; also 22 grand-children, 29 great grand, and 2 great-great-grand children. —82, Rev. A. Akehurst, rector of Iron Acton.

## DORSET AND WILTS.

For the last few days, the fishermen along the coast at Bridport, have been actively employed in taking mackarel, which have appeared in greater numbers in the bay than for many years past. The supply has been so abundant, that very fine fish have been selling at the rate of 2s. 6d. per hundred.

## DEVON AND SOMERSET.

At the recent annual meeting of the Bristol Ship Owners' Society, the report of their committee was read, and it was unanimously resolved, among other objects relative to the depression of the Shipping Interest, and the alteration of the Navigation Laws, "that it is the opinion of this meeting that the Reciprocity Treaties with the Northern States of Europe are highly detrimental to the British Shipping Interest, and have most materially augmented its distress!" The following is given as the tonnage of ships built in the British empire for the last three years—1825, 294,924; in 1826, 179,020; in 1827, 145,809!!!

The workmen employed in demolishing the old bridge at Totness, discovered the foundation stone of that structure, on which was inscribed the date, A.D. 1111; thus the bridge has been standing 717 years.

The dry rot has aroused the special attention of the Lord High Admiral and the authorities connected with our naval establishments; who concur in opinion, that the most effectual method of preventing the evil complained of is, to have the timber well seasoned before it is applied to use. Hitherto this plan has been partially pursued. In future, all the requisite timber for building a ship, whatever may be its rate, will be prepared and kept to season; for which service a number of shipwrights have been ordered, at Plymouth, immediately to work on models for the smaller classes.

The already spacious quay at Bideford is to be extended, and the bridge better lighted.

*Married.*] At Bath, E. Cluide, esq., to Catherine Harriet, daughter of Lieut.-General Sir W.

Cockburn and Ryslaw, bart.—At Sulcombe-Regis, the Rev. H. D. Ryder, son of the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and nephew to Earl Harrowly, to Miss Cornelia Sarah Cornish.

*Died.*] At Bath, 73, T. Walker, esq., the last surviving brother of the opulent firm of iron manufacturers at Rotherham, in Yorkshire; he is supposed to have left behind him £1,000,000!!! —At Bath, Dr. J. M. Nooth, late superintendent-general of H.M.'s military hospitals in America and Europe.—At Frome, Mr. J. Bayly; his funeral was attended by 22 uncles!—At Exeter, Mr. J. Dymond, author of "An Enquiry into the Accordancy of War with the Principles of Christianity."

## OXFORD AND BERKS.

Sunday, May 11, the Churchwardens of St. Ebbe, Oxford, appeared at the doors of that church with pencils and paper, and refused the members of the University admission, and demanded their names, stating that they did so by order of the University authorities; notwithstanding, many of those *in statu pupillari*, forced their admission!!!

*Died.*] At Iffley, 73, W. Nowell, esq., Vice-Admiral of the Blue.—At Bampton, 73, J. Andrews, esq.—At Quainton, 82, Mrs. Lipscomb, mother of Dr. Lipscomb, distinguished by his medical and topographical writings.

## NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

*Married.*] At Lynn, Mr. Garland to Miss Miller.

*Died.*] At Woodbridge, 64, J. Clarkson, esq., founder and first governor of Sierra Leone.—71, Rev. J. Smith, rector of Holt.—At Norwich, 66, Mrs. H. Gurney, a member of the Society of Friends.—At Bury, 70, Mrs. Ingram.

## CAMBRIDGE AND HUNTINGDON.

By an abstract of the Cambridge county treasurer's account of disbursements, from Christmas 1826 to Christmas 1827, it appears that the sum amounted to £2,970. 6s. 9d., nearly the whole of which was disbursed in criminal justice, and its attendant auxiliaries, gaols, sessions, assizes, &c. &c.

A member of St. John's College, Cambridge, has been convicted of being concerned in a gambling transaction with a person *in statu pupillari*, of having afterwards challenged the said person to fight a duel, and, subsequently, upon his refusal to accept the challenge, of publicly and violently assaulting him; it has been, therefore, ordered and decreed by the vice-chancellor and heads of colleges, that if any person *in statu pupillari* associate, or hold communication with the said late member of St. John's, on any pretence whatsoever, he shall be suspended, rusticated, or expelled!!!

At a late congregation at Cambridge, a grace unanimously passed the senate, for petitioning Parliament for the melioration of slavery in our West India Colonies, and for its ultimate abolition.

*Died.*] At Godmanchester, Margaret Rayner, widow of the late Sir Thomas Pate Hankin.—At Cambridge, 81, Rev. T. Kerrich, principal librarian of the University.

## HANTS AND SUSSEX.

The Earl of Egremont has given 1,000 guineas to the Chichester Infirmary.

A frightful accident lately occurred at Brighton; a one-horse close carriage, in which were three ladies, was precipitated from the cliff to the beach.



a depth of 50 feet! One lady had her right arm broken, and her head and face much lacerated. The other ladies, wonderful as it may appear, were but very slightly hurt, and the horse sustained but little damage! Hoo, the driver, was very much injured, and his recovery is doubtful.

*Died.*] At Brighton, 76, H. Boulton, esq., uncle to Sir C. M. Burrell, bart., M.P.—At Portsmouth, 71, Mrs. Ann Nicholas; she had accumulated 2,900 bright farthings found in a box, for purchasing her coffin.

#### CORNWALL.

A new chapel has been lately opened at Truro, and that part of it which is appropriated to the use of the poor, contained seats for 800 persons, which were entirely filled.

At a special meeting of the friends of the slaves in the British Colonies, held at Bodmin, it was lately resolved to petition Parliament to carry into effect their promised amelioration of May 1823.

Flora-Day was celebrated at Helston with the usual gaieties; the number of strangers who were desirous of witnessing this desirable festival, peculiar to Helston, was considerable, and they appeared to enjoy the animating scene. The dancing through the streets, &c., was kept up with great spirit; and the ball in the evening was very fully attended by the beauty and fashion of the town and neighbourhood.

#### WALES.

Mr. Bakewell, in his Introduction to Geology, calculates that the coal in Northumberland and Durham will be exhausted in the period of 350 years; that the coal fields of Derbyshire, the West Riding of Yorkshire, Staffordshire, Whitehaven, and Lancashire, will none of them last longer than that time; but that the immense coal field of South Wales would supply the whole consumption of the country for two thousand years. This last coal-field extends over 1,200 square miles, is of an average thickness of 95 feet, and contains 100,000 tons of coal per acre, or 65,000,000 tons per square mile. The coal is of an inferior quality; but it is probable that improved methods of burning will be discovered, which will cause an economy in the use of the fuel.

The Trinity Board has now fully determined to build a light-house on Caldy Island, near Tenby, for which preparations are commenced. The site is selected, and arrangements made for the supply of stones, &c. The accomplishment of this object has long been wished for, and will prove of eminent utility to vessels entering the bay.

*Married.*] At Machynlleth, L. Pughe, esq., banker, Dolgelly, to Miss Lewis of the former place.

*Died.*] 77, T. A. Smith, esq., lord lieutenant of Carnarvon.—At Pentrevelin, near Llangollen, 78, Mr. E. Hughes.—At Hafotty, Glan y Bala, parish of Llanddeiniolen, 99, Janet Owen; she has left a numerous race of children, grand-children, and great-grand-children behind her; one of her daughters (who is married) is now nearly 80 years of age; she retained all her faculties unimpaired till about the close of last autumn.—At Holywell, Flint, of a decline, in his 18th year, universally and deeply regretted, Charles Samuel, second son of the late amiable and lamented Capt. John Taylor, late paymaster of the 54th regiment of foot, and of the Royal Flint Militia, and grandson of the late George Billingham, esq., Captain R.N., and great-grandson of the late William Bill-

ingham, esq., J.P. and M.P., of Mytchen-hall, Surrey, and High Billingham and Gate-street, Sussex, and great nephew of the late Hon. Admiral T. Brodrick.

#### SCOTLAND.

The county of Aberdeen has unanimously resolved to Petition Parliament for a revision of the Excise Laws.

There is a great number of shops unlet in all quarters of Edinburgh. Small places of business, with rents under £20, have, in aggregate, let pretty well, and brought at or about their former rates; but the rents of most of the large shops have fallen materially, and not a few of them are let at two-thirds of their former rent. In general, dwelling houses have fallen about one-sixth, and there is still a great number to let.

The captains of the steam-packets trading between Glasgow and Ireland have, at the request of the custom-house, been making up, from their passage-books, a statement of the number of deck and steerage passengers carried by them from Ireland; and on comparing the imports with the exports, they find, on an average, that fully more passengers go from Glasgow to Ireland than from Ireland to Glasgow.

#### IRELAND.

An address of congratulation was recently presented to the Lord Lieutenant by the Marquises of Downshire and Westmeath, Lords Landaff, Bective, and Gort, Mr. Latouche, Mr. O'Connell, and several other persons of different parties. The Lord Lieutenant, in his reply, declared himself highly gratified, and added, "When I contemplate the elements of which this deputation is composed, when I observe in it men of the highest rank and reputation in the country, men differing from each other in their religious creeds, and in their political sentiments, but all coming forward with common accord to hail the arrival of the king's representative, whose chief aim is now known to be to promote the union of all, the abolition of every invidious party distinction, and the advancement of the general good, I am sanguine enough to anticipate that happy days are at hand; and I indulge the flattering hope that I may have the heartfelt gratification of witnessing the innumerable benefits and blessings which would, I firmly believe, immediately accrue to all classes of society in this country, from the establishment of mutual confidence, harmony, and tranquillity throughout Ireland."

The Lord Lieutenant attended, by invitation, a dinner of the musical society in Dublin, called the Beef Steak Club. On his health being drank with rapturous applause, his excellency acknowledged the honour, and then proceeded to say—"That if this had been a political club, he should not have attended it, as he assumed the government of the country independent, unprejudiced, unfettered by any political engagement, uninfluenced by any party feeling, and with but one object in view—the prosperity of Ireland."

*Married.*] At Dromore, Rev. W. H. Wynne, nephew of O. Wynne, esq., M.P., Hazlewood, Sligo, to Sarah Saurin, daughter of the Bishop of Dromore.—J. Cumings, esq., to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of T. Bligh, esq., of Brittas, Meath, and niece of Lord Darnley.

*Died.*] At Cork, 91, J. Boyton, esq., late Lieutenant in the 6th Royal Veteran battalion; he fought at Bunker's Hill.

## DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of April to the 25th of May, 1828.

Apr.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	N 4 Pr. Ct. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols for Acc.,
26	208½ 9½	85½ ½	85½ 6	—	92½ 3	102½ ½	19½ 5-16	249	—	64 65p	85½ 6
27	—	85½ ½	85½ 6	93	92½ 3	102½ ½	19½ 5-16	—	99p	64 65p	85½ 6
28	—	85½ ½	85½ 6	93	92½ 3	102½ ½	19½ 5-16	—	99 100p	64 65p	85½ 6
29	208½ 9	85½ ½	85½ 6	93	92½ 3	102½ ½	19½ 5-16	—	99 100p	64 65p	85½ 6
30	208½ 9	85½ ½	85½ 6	93	92½ 3	102½ ½	19½ 5-16	249½	99 100p	64 66p	85½ 6
May											
1	—	84½ ½	85½ 6	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½ ½	19 3-16 ½	—	97p	63 65p	85½ 6
2	—	84½ ½	85½ 6	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½ ½	19 3-16 ½	—	—	64 65p	85½ 6
3	207½ 8	84½ ½	85½ 6	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½ ½	19 3-16 ½	—	—	64 65p	85½ 6
4	—	84½ ½	85½ 6	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½ ½	19 3-16 ½	249	98p	64 66p	85½ 6
5	—	84½ ½	85½ 6	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½ ½	19 3-16 ½	248½	97p	66 67p	85½ 6
6	—	84½ ½	85½ 6	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½ ½	19 3-16 ½	248½	98p	65 66p	85½ 6
7	207	84½ ½	85½ 6	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½ ½	19 3-16 ½	—	—	64 66p	85½ 6
8	207½ 8	84½ ½	85½ 6	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½ ½	19 3-16 ½	—	96p	64 65p	85½ 6
9	—	84½ ½	85½ 6	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½ ½	19 3-16 ½	—	98p	63 65p	85½ 6
10	—	84½ ½	85½ 6	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½ ½	19 3-16 ½	—	—	—	—
11	—	84½ ½	85½ 6	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½ ½	19 3-16 ½	248	97 99p	63 64p	85½ 6
12	206½ 8	84½ ½	85½ 6	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½ ½	19 3-16 ½	—	98 99p	63 65p	85½ 6
13	—	84½ ½	85½ 6	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½ ½	19 3-16 ½	—	97p	63 65p	85½ 6
14	207½ 8	84½ ½	85½ 6	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½ ½	19 3-16 ½	—	—	—	—
15	—	84½ ½	85½ 6	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½ ½	19 3-16 ½	248	98p	63 65p	85½ 6
16	206½ 8	84½ ½	85½ 6	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½ ½	19 3-16 ½	—	97 99p	63 65p	85½ 6
17	—	85½ ½	85½ 6	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½ ½	19 3-16 ½	—	—	—	—
18	—	85½ ½	85½ 6	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½ ½	19 3-16 ½	249½	98 99p	63 65p	85½ 6
19	—	85½ ½	85½ 6	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½ ½	19 3-16 ½	—	98 99p	64 65p	85½ 6
20	207	84½ ½	85½ 6	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½ ½	19 3-16 ½	—	99p	64 65p	85½ 6
21	206½ 7	84½ ½	85½ 6	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½ ½	19 3-16 ½	—	99p	63 65p	85½ 6
22	206½ 7	84½ ½	85½ 6	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½ ½	19 3-16 ½	—	99p	62 69p	85½ 6
23	206½ 7	84½ ½	85½ 6	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½ ½	19 3-16 ½	248	98 99p	61 63p	85½ 6
24	—	85½ ½	85½ 6	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½ ½	19 3-16 ½	—	—	—	—
25	—	85½ ½	85½ 6	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½ ½	19 3-16 ½	—	—	—	—

E. EYTON, Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.

## MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From April 20th, to May 19th, 1828.

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co. 50, High Holborn.

April.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm.			Barometer.		De Lue's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.		
			9 A. M.	Max.	Min.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P. M.
20	15	☾	47	50	43	29 67	29 57	98	98	SE	ENE	Clo.	Clo.	Sleet
21	—	—	46	49	39	29 60	29 54	96	98	NE	N	Rain	Show.	Rain
22	25	—	44	50	44	29 51	29 60	94	98	W	WSW	Clo.	Clo.	Clo.
23	—	—	49	56	47	29 67	29 70	97	98	NW	W	—	—	Rain
24	—	—	55	60	50	29 67	29 76	86	94	NW	W	Fair	Fair	Fair
25	—	—	56	59	47	29 73	29 62	92	84	SW	WSW	—	Clo.	Clo.
26	—	—	54	59	46	29 85	30 01	80	79	NW	WNW	—	Fine	Fine
27	—	—	60	65	48	30 06	30 10	80	80	W	WSW	—	—	—
28	—	—	64	70	53	30 14	30 15	80	78	SW	SW	—	—	—
29	—	—	68	72	57	30 11	30 07	75	84	SW	WSW	—	—	—
30	—	—	62	64	48	30 19	30 21	90	90	NNE	SE	—	—	—
May														
1	13	—	54	63	45	30 24	30 18	90	90	S	ENE	—	—	Fair
2	—	—	51	61	48	30 12	30 03	90	94	SE	SE	—	—	Clo.
3	—	—	52	60	50	29 98	29 84	96	98	SE	S	Rain	Rain	—
4	—	—	48	63	48	29 76	29 63	98	98	WNW	NNW	—	—	Fair
5	—	—	57	59	46	29 57	29 57	85	86	NW	NW	Clo.	Fair	—
6	—	—	51	58	45	29 60	29 67	88	92	W	NNW	Fair	—	—
7	—	—	51	60	46	29 71	29 75	97	98	NE	NE	—	—	Rain
8	—	—	57	59	43	29 75	29 53	98	96	E	ENE	Rain	—	Fine
9	—	—	51	62	47	29 92	30 02	90	88	N	WNW	Fair	Fine	—
10	—	—	57	66	53	30 04	30 00	89	90	WNW	W	—	—	—
11	—	—	59	63	51	30 00	30 04	85	88	ENE	ENE	—	—	—
12	—	—	54	64	47	30 07	30 16	88	87	ENE	ENE	—	—	—
13	—	—	57	65	51	30 12	30 09	85	92	SW	ENE	—	—	—
14	—	—	62	65	47	30 05	30 00	90	90	E	E	—	—	—
15	—	—	58	67	58	29 94	29 85	90	90	ESE	E	—	—	—
16	—	—	63	70	57	29 74	29 74	90	90	E	ENE	—	—	—
17	—	—	64	68	56	29 70	29 69	90	94	E	E	—	—	Sleet
18	—	—	59	63	47	29 70	29 70	91	89	SSE	ESE	—	—	Fine
19	—	—	58	63	48	29 70	29 71	88	78	SSE	E	—	—	—

The Quantity of Rain fallen in the Month of April was 1 inch and 95-100ths.

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